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THE FORUM

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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A. M.
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INTRODUCTION BY
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME X

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JOHN GAY.

John Gay, an English poet, born at Barnstaple, baptized Sept. 16, 1685; died in London, Dec. 4, 1732. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London, but turned his attention to literary pursuits. In 1713 he published "Rural Sports," a poem dedicated to Pope, which led to a close friendship between the two poets. This was followed by "The Shepherd's Week," a kind of parody on the "Pastorals" of Ambrose Philips. He subsequently wrote several comedies; and in 1727 brought out the "Beggar's Opera," which produced fame and money. This was followed by the comic opera of "Polly," the representation of which was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. Other works are "The What D'ye Call It," a farce (1715); "Poems," including "Black-Eyed Susan" and "The Captives," a tragedy (1724); "Acis and Galatea" (1732). Gay lost nearly all of his considerable property in the "South Sea Bubble," and during the later years of his life he was an inmate of the house of the Duke of Queensberry. Apart from the two comic operas, Gay's best works are "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Street of London," and the "Fables," of which a very good edition was published in 1856.

The Hare and Many Friends.

(From the "Fables.")

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who in a civil way
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied: — "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord: —
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offense, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm:
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares!

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offense.
Excuse me then. You know my heart:
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see, the hounds are just in view."

The Sick Man and the Angel.

Is there no hope? the Sick Man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man with gasping breath: —
I feel the chilling wound of death;
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men overreach in trade;
'Tis self-defense in each profession;
Sure, self-defense is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increased. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduced a family to need, —
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am numbered with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown.
An angel came. Ah, friend! he cried,
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times

Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power;
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbors want, and you abound.
But why such haste? the Sick Man whines:
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.
Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain;
From every side, with all your might,
You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
Where there is life there's hope, he cried;
Then why such haste? — so groaned and died.

The Juggler.

A juggler long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The Devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame; she read his bill;
Convinced of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.
Is this, then, he so famed for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.
Provoked, the juggler cried, 'Tis done.
In science I submit to none.
Thus said, the cups and balls he played;
By turns, this here, that there, conveyed.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turned to birds.
His little boxes change the grain;
Trick after trick deludes the train.

THE JUGGLER

From a Painting by L. Knaus

Bbbh
1

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, — and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his ivory eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.
  Vice now swept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
  This magic looking-glass, she cries
(There, hand it round), will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desired,
And every man himself admired.
  Next to a senator addressing:
See this bank-note; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone;
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanished, and he spoke.
  Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
  A purse she to a thief exposed,
At once his ready fingers closed:
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled:
He sees a halter in its stead.
  She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
  A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanished with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
  She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from her pockets fills her box.

. . . . . .

  A counter in a miser's hand
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
  A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art.
Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice hath improved your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan.

A Ballad.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
Oh, where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

A Ballad.

(From "What D'ye Call It?")

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

"The merchant robbed of pleasure
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear!
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied,—
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head and died.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

Emanuel Geibel, a German poet, born at Lübeck, Oct. 17, 1815; died there, April 6, 1884. In 1838 he went to Athens as tutor in the Russian Ambassador's family. Here he continued his studies. On his return to Lübeck he published in 1840 a volume of poems, and with Curtius a volume of translations from the Greek poets, entitled "Classische Studien." His poem "Zeitstimmen" appeared in 1841, and "Spanische Volkslieder und Romanzen" in 1843; "King Roderick," a drama (1844); "King Sigurd's Betrothal" and "Zwölf Sonette für Schleswig-Holstein" (1846); "The Songs of Junius" (1848); "The death of Siegfried" (1851); the "Spanisches Liederbuch," translated in conjunction with Paul Heyse (1852); "Neue Gedichte" (1856); "Brunhilde," a tragedy (1857); "Gedichte und Gedenkblätter," (1864); "Sophonisbe" (1868); "Heroldsrufe" (1871); "Spätherbstblätter" (1877). After the publication of his first volume of poems the King of Prussia granted him a yearly pension. In 1852, at the invitation of King Maximilian II., he went as an honorary professor in the faculty of Philosophy to Munich. After the death of the King he was obliged, in 1868, to resign his position and return to Lübeck.

To George Herwegh.

Thy song resounded in my ear,
  So sharp and clear, with thrilling ring,
As if from out his sepulcher
  Had stepped an ancient poet king.
And yet I hurl my glove at thee,
  In mail be clad, in steel be shod,
Come on into the lists with me!
War to the knife's point, war with thee,
  Thou poet by the Grace of God. . . .

Or, why this clashing of the steel,
  These battles which thy song demands,
This glow in which thy passions reel
  And burn like flaming firebands?

No! thus no German arm is nerved;
We too may fight for what is new,
Round freedom's banner we have served,
In serried ranks, but e'er preserved
Our ancient loyalty so true.

Put up thy sword, then, in its sheath,
As Peter once when he had sinned;
For murder wears not freedom's wreath,
As Paris in thy ear hath dinned.
Through mind alone she beareth fruit,
And he who would with stains of blood
Her vesture pure and bright pollute,
And though he struck an angel's lute,
Fights for the world, not for his God.

As It Often Happens.

"He loves thee not," thus spoke they to the maid,
"He sports with thee" — she bowed her head in grief,
And o'er her cheek the pearly tear-drops strayed
Like dew from roses; why this rash belief?
And when he found that doubt assailed the maid,
His froward heart its sadness would not own,
He drank, and laughed aloud, and sang and played,
To weep throughout the night alone.

What though an angel whispered in her ear,
"Stretch out thy hand, he's faithful still to thee,"
What though, amid his woes, a voice he hear,
"She loves thee still, thy own sweet love is she.
Speak one kind word, hear one kind word replied;
So is the spell that separates ye broken."
They came, they met. — Alas! O pride! O pride!
That one short word remained unspoken.

And so they parted. In the minster's aisle
Thus fades away the altar lamp's red light,
It first grows dim, then flickers forth awhile,
Once more 'tis clear, then all is dark, dark night.
So died their love, lamented first with tears.
With longing sighed for back, and then — forgot,
Until the past but as a dream appears,
A dream of love, where love was not.

Yet oft by moonlight from their couch they rose,
Moist with the tears that mourned their wretched lot,
Still on their cheeks the burning drops repose;
They had been dreaming both — I know not what,
They thought then of the blissful times long past,
And of their doubts, their broken, plighted troth,
The gulf between them now, so deep, so vast,
O God forgive, forgive them both!

The Woodland.

The wood grows denser at each stride;
No path more, no trail!
Only murm'ring waters glide
Through tangled ferns and woodland flowers pale.
Ah, and under the great oaks teeming
How soft the moss, the grass, how high!
And the heavenly depth of cloudless sky,
How blue through the leaves it seems to me!
Here I'll sit, resting and dreaming,
Dreaming of thee.

HENRY GEORGE.

George, Henry, an American political economist, was born at Philadelphia, September 2, 1839; died at New York, October 29, 1897. He attended the public schools until 1853, when he went into a counting-room, and then to sea, learning something of printing in the meanwhile. In 1858 he reached California, where he became a reporter and afterward editor of various papers, among them the "San Francisco Times and Post." In August, 1880, he removed to New York. He spent a year in England and Ireland, in 1881 and 1882. Mr. George is chiefly known through his addresses and books upon economic questions, in which he attributes the evils of society to the treatment of land as subject to full individual ownership, and contends that, while the possession of land should be left to the individual, it should be subject to the payment to the community of land values proper, or economic rent. This doctrine, now known as *The Single Tax*, aims at abolishing all taxes for raising revenues except a tax levied on the value of land irrespective of improvements. He has published "Our Land and Land Policy" (1871); "Progress and Poverty" (1879); "Irish Land Question" (1881); "Social Problems" (1883); "Property in Land" (1884); "Protection or Free Trade" (1886); "The Condition of Labor, an Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII." (1891); and "A Perplexed Philosopher" (Herbert Spencer) (1892). Mr. George visited Great Britain again in 1883–84, 1884–85, and 1889, lecturing on economic questions, particularly that of land ownership, and in 1890 made a similar tour through Australia. Between 1887 and 1890 Mr. George published the "Standard," a weekly paper, in New York.

The Enslavement of Laborers the Ultimate Result of Private Property in Land.[1]

(From "Progress and Poverty.")

If chattel slavery be unjust, then is private property in land unjust.

For let the circumstances be what they may — the ownership of land will always give the ownership of men, to a degree

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measured by the necessity (real or artificial) for the use of land. This is but a statement in different form of the law of rent.

And when that necessity is absolute — when starvation is the alternative to the use of land, then does the ownership of men involved in the ownership of land become absolute.

Place one hundred men on an island from which there is no escape, and whether you make one of these men the absolute owner of the other ninety-nine, or the absolute owner of the soil of the island, will make no difference either to him or to them.

In the one case, as the other, the one will be the absolute master of the ninety-nine — his power extending even to life and death, for simply to refuse them permission to live upon the island would be to force them into the sea.

Upon a larger scale, and through more complex relations, the same cause must operate in the same way and to the same end — the ultimate result, the enslavement of laborers, becoming apparent just as the pressure increases which compels them to live on and from land which is treated as the exclusive property of others. Take a country in which the soil is divided among a number of proprietors, instead of being in the hands of one, and in which, as in modern production, the capitalist has been specialized from the laborer, and manufactures and exchange, in all their many branches, have been separated from agriculture. Though less direct and obvious, the relations between the owners of the soil and the laborers will, with increase of population and the improvement of the arts, tend to the same absolute mastery on the one hand and the same abject helplessness on the other, as in the case of the island we have supposed. Rent will advance, while wages will fall. Of the aggregate produce, the land owner will get a constantly increasing, the laborer a constantly diminishing share. Just as removal to cheaper land becomes difficult or impossible, laborers, no matter what they produce, will be reduced to a bare living, and the free competition among them, where land is monopolized, will force them to a condition which, though they may be mocked with the titles and insignia of freedom, will be virtually that of slavery.

There is nothing strange in the fact that, in spite of the enormous increase in productive power which this century has witnessed, and which is still going on, the wages of labor in the lower and wider strata of industry should everywhere tend to the wages of slavery — just enough to keep the laborer in working condition. For the ownership of the land on which and

from which a man must live is virtually the ownership of the man himself, and in acknowledging the right of some individuals to the exclusive use and enjoyment of the earth, we condemn other individuals to slavery as fully and as completely as though we had formally made them chattels.

In a simpler form of society, where production chiefly consists in the direct application of labor to the soil, the slavery that is the necessary result of, according to some, the exclusive right to the soil from which all must live, is plainly seen in helotism, in villeinage, in serfdom.

Chattel slavery originated in the capture of prisoners in war, and, though it has existed to some extent in every part of the globe, its area has been small, its effects trivial, as compared with the forms of slavery which have originated in the appropriation of land. No people as a mass have ever been reduced to chattel slavery to men of their own race, nor yet on any large scale has any people ever been reduced to slavery of this kind by conquest. The general subjection of the many to the few, which we meet with wherever society has reached a certain development, has resulted from the appropriation of land as individual property. It is the ownership of the soil that everywhere gives the ownership of the men that live upon it. It is slavery of this kind to which the enduring pyramids and the colossal monuments of Egypt yet bear witness, and of the institution of which we have, perhaps, a vague tradition in the biblical story of the famine during which the Pharaoh purchased up the lands of the people. It was slavery of this kind to which, in the twilight of history, the conquerors of Greece reduced the original inhabitants of that peninsula, transforming them into helots by making them pay rent for their lands. It was the growth of the *latifundia*, or great landed estates, which transmuted the population of ancient Italy from a race of hardy husbandmen, whose robust virtues conquered the world, into a race of cringing bondsmen; it was the appropriation of the land as the absolute property of their chieftains which gradually turned the descendants of free and equal Gallic, Teutonic, and Hunnish warriors into colonii and villeins, and which changed the independent burghers of Sclavonic village communities into the boors of Russia and the serfs of Poland; which instituted the feudalism of China and Japan, as well as that of Europe, and which made the High Chiefs of Polynesia the all but absolute masters of their fel-

lows. How it came to pass that the Aryan shepherds and warriors who, as comparative philology tells us, descended from the common birthplace of the Indo-Germanic race into the lowlands of India, were turned into the suppliant and cringing Hindoo, the Sanscrit verse which I have before quoted gives us a hint. The white parasols and the elephants mad with pride of the Indian Rajah are the flowers of grants of land. And could we find the key to the records of the long-buried civilizations that lie entombed in the gigantic ruins of Yucatan and Guatemala, telling at once of the pride of a ruling class and the unrequited toil to which the masses were condemned, we should read, in all human probability, of a slavery imposed upon the great body of the people through the appropriation of the land as the property of a few — of another illustration of the universal truth that they who possess the land are masters of the men who dwell upon it.

The necessary relation between labor and land, the absolute power which the ownership of land gives over men who cannot live but by using it, explains what is otherwise inexplicable — the growth and persistence of institutions, manners, and ideas so utterly repugnant to the natural sense of liberty and equality.

When the idea of individual ownership, which so justly and naturally attaches to things of human production, is extended to land, all the rest is a mere matter of development. The strongest and most cunning easily acquire a superior share in this species of property, which is to be had, not by production, but by appropriation, and in becoming lords of the land they become necessarily lords of their fellow-men. The ownership of land is the basis of aristocracy. It was not nobility that gave land, but the possession of land that gave nobility. All the enormous privileges of the nobility of mediæval Europe flowed from their position as the owners of the soil. The simple principle of the ownership of the soil produced, on the one side, the lord, on the other, the vassal — the one having all rights, the other none. The right of the lord to the soil acknowledged and maintained, those who lived upon it could do so only upon his terms. The manners and conditions of the times made those terms include services and servitudes, as well as rents in produce or money, but the essential thing that compelled them was the ownership of land. This power exists wherever the ownership of land exists, and can be brought out wherever the competition for the use of land is great enough

to enable the landlord to make his own terms. The English landowner of to-day has, in the law which recognizes his exclusive right to the land, essentially all the power which his predecessor the feudal baron had. He might command rent in services or servitudes. He might compel his tenants to dress themselves in a particular way, to profess a particular religion, to send their children to a particular school, to submit their differences to his decision, to fall upon their knees when he spoke to them, to follow him around dressed in his livery, or to sacrifice to him female honor, if they would prefer these things to being driven off his land. He could demand, in short, any terms on which men would still consent to live on his land, and the law could not prevent him so long as it did not qualify his ownership, for compliance with them would assume the form of a free contract or voluntary act. And English landlords do exercise such of these powers as in the manners of the times they care to. Having shaken off the obligation of providing for the defence of the country, they no longer need the military service of their tenants, and the possession of wealth and power being now shown in other ways than by long trains of attendants, they no longer care for personal service. But they habitually control the votes of their tenants, and dictate to them in many little ways. That "right reverend father in God," Bishop Lord Plunkett, evicted a number of his poor Irish tenants because they would not send their children to Protestant Sunday-schools; and to that Earl of Leitrim for whom Nemesis tarried so long before she sped the bullet of an assassin, even darker crimes are imputed; while, at the cold promptings of greed, cottage after cottage has been pulled down and family after family forced into the roads. The principle that permits this is the same principle that in ruder times and a simpler social state enthralled the great masses of the common people and placed such a wide gulf between noble and peasant. Where the peasant was made a serf, it was simply by forbidding him to leave the estate on which he was born, thus artificially producing the condition we supposed on the island. In sparsely settled countries this is necessary to produce absolute slavery, but where land is fully occupied, competition may produce substantially the same conditions. Between the condition of the rack-rented Irish peasant and the Russian serf, the advantage was in many things on the side of the serf. The serf did not starve.

Now, as I think I have conclusively proved, it is the same cause which has in every age degraded and enslaved the laboring masses that is working in the civilized world to-day. Personal liberty — that is to say, the liberty to move about — is everywhere conceded, while of political and legal inequality there are in the United States no vestiges, and in the most backward civilized countries but few. But the great cause of inequality remains, and is manifesting itself in the unequal distribution of wealth. The essence of slavery is that it takes from the laborer all he produces save enough to support an animal existence, and to this minimum the wages of free labor, under existing conditions, unmistakably tend. Whatever be the increase of productive power, rent steadily tends to swallow up the gain, and more than the gain.

Thus the condition of the masses in every civilized country is, or is tending to become, that of virtual slavery under the forms of freedom. And it is probable that of all kinds of slavery this is the most cruel and relentless. For the laborer is robbed of the produce of his labor and compelled to toil for a mere subsistence; but his taskmasters, instead of human beings, assume the form of imperious necessities. Those to whom his labor is rendered and from whom his wages are received are often driven in their turn — contact between the laborers and the ultimate beneficiaries of their labor is sundered, and individuality is lost. The direct responsibility of master to slave, a responsibility which exercises a softening influence upon the great majority of men, does not arise; it is not one human being who seems to drive another to unremitting and ill-requited toil, but "the inevitable laws of supply and demand," for which no one in particular is responsible. The maxims of Cato the Censor — maxims which were regarded with abhorrence even in an age of cruelty and universal slaveholding — that after as much work as possible is obtained from a slave he should be turned out to die, become the common rule; and even the selfish interest which prompts the master to look after the comfort and well-being of the slave is lost. Labor has become a commodity, and the laborer a machine. There are no masters and slaves, no owners and owned, but only buyers and sellers. The higgling of the market takes the place of every other sentiment.

When the slaveholders of the South looked upon the condition of the free laboring poor in the most advanced civilized

countries, it is no wonder that they easily persuaded themselves of the divine institution of slavery. That the field hands of the South were as a class better fed, better lodged, better clothed; that they had less anxiety and more of the amusements and enjoyments of life than the agricultural laborers of England there can be no doubt; and even in the Northern cities, visiting slaveholders might see and hear of things impossible under what they called their organization of labor. In the Southern States, during the days of slavery, the master who would have compelled his negroes to work and live as large classes of free white men and women are compelled in free countries to work and live, would have been deemed infamous, and if public opinion had not restrained him, his own selfish interest in the maintenance of the health and strength of his chattels would. But in London, New York, and Boston, among people who have given, and would give again, money and blood to free the slave, where no one could abuse a beast in public without arrest and punishment, barefooted and ragged children may be seen running around the streets even in the winter time, and in squalid garrets and noisome cellars women work away their lives for wages that fail to keep them in proper warmth and nourishment. Is it any wonder that to the slaveholders of the South the demand for the abolition of slavery seemed like the cant of hypocrisy?

And now that slavery has been abolished, the planters of the South find they have sustained no loss. Their ownership of the land upon which the freedmen must live gives them practically as much command of labor as before, while they are relieved of responsibility, sometimes very expensive. The negroes as yet have the alternative of emigrating, and a great movement of that kind seems now about commencing, but as population increases and land becomes dear, the planters will get a greater proportionate share of the earnings of their laborers than they did under the system of chattel slavery, and the laborers a less share — for under the system of chattel slavery the slaves always got at least enough to keep them in good physical health, but in such countries as England there are large classes of laborers who do not get that.[1]

[1] One of the anti-slavery agitators (Col. J. A. Collins) on a visit to England addressed a large audience in a Scotch manufacturing town, and wound up as he had been used to in the United States, by giving the ration which in the slave codes of some of the States fixed the minimum of maintenance for a slave. He quickly discovered that to many of his hearers it was an anti-climax.

The influences which, wherever there is personal relation between master and slave, slip in to modify chattel slavery, and to prevent the master from exerting to its fullest extent his power over the slave, also showed themselves in the ruder forms of serfdom that characterized the earlier periods of European development, and aided by religion, and, perhaps, as in chattel slavery, by the more enlightened but still selfish interests of the lord, and hardening into custom, universally fixed a limit to what the owner of the land could extort from the serf or peasant, so that the competition of men without means of existence bidding against each other for access to the means of existence was nowhere suffered to go to its full length and exert its full power of deprivation and degradation. The helots of Greece, the metayers of Italy, the serfs of Russia and Poland, the peasants of feudal Europe, rendered to their landlords a fixed proportion either of their produce or their labor, and were not generally squeezed past that point. But the influences which thus stepped in to modify the extortive power of land ownership, and which may still be seen on English estates where the landlord and his family deem it their duty to send medicines and comforts to the sick and infirm, and to look after the well-being of their cottagers, just as the Southern planter was accustomed to look after his negroes, are lost in the more refined and less obvious form which serfdom assumes in the more complicated processes of modern production, which separates so widely and by so many intermediate gradations the individual whose labor is appropriated from him who appropriates it, and makes the relations between the members of the two classes not direct and particular, but indirect and general. In modern society, competition has free play to force from the laborer the very utmost he can give, and with what terrific force it is acting may be seen in the condition of the lowest class in the centres of wealth and industry. That the condition of this lowest class is not yet more general, is to be attributed to the great extent of fertile land which has hitherto been open on this continent, and which has not merely afforded an escape for the increasing population of the older sections of the Union, but has greatly relieved the pressure in Europe — in one country, Ireland, the emigration having been so great as actually to reduce the population. This avenue of relief cannot last forever. It is already fast closing up, and as it closes, the pressure must become harder and harder.

It is not without reason that the wise crow in the Ramayana, the crow Bushanda, "who has lived in every part of the universe and knows all events from the beginnings of time," declares that, though contempt of worldly advantages is necessary to supreme felicity, yet the keenest pain possible is inflicted by extreme poverty. The poverty to which in advancing civilization great masses of men are condemned, is not the freedom from distraction and temptation which sages have sought and philosophers have praised; it is a degrading and embruting slavery, that cramps the higher nature, dulls the finer feelings, and drives men by its pain to acts which the brutes would refuse. It is into this helpless, hopeless poverty, that crushes manhood and destroys womanhood, that robs even childhood of its innocence and joy, that the working classes are being driven by a force which acts upon them like a resistless and unpitying machine. The Boston collar manufacturer who pays his girls two cents an hour may commiserate their condition, but he, as they, is governed by the law of competition, and cannot pay more and carry on his business, for exchange is not governed by sentiment. And so, through all intermediate gradations, up to those who receive the earnings of labor without return, in the rent of land, it is the inexorable laws of supply and demand, a power with which the individual can no more quarrel or dispute than with the winds and the tides, that seem to press down the lower classes into the slavery of want.

But in reality the cause is that which always has and always must result in slavery — the monopolization by some of what nature has designed for all.

Our boasted freedom necessarily involves slavery, so long as we recognize private property in land. Until that is abolished, Declarations of Independence and Acts of Emancipation are in vain. So long as one man can claim the exclusive ownership of the land from which other men must live, slavery will exist, and as material progress goes on, must grow and deepen!

This — and in previous chapters of this book we have traced the process, step by step — is what is going on in the civilized world to-day. Private ownership of land is the nether millstone. Material progress is the upper millstone. Between them, with an increasing pressure, the working classes are being ground.

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EDWARD GIBBON

EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon, a great English historian, born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737; died in London, Jan. 15, 1794. In 1752 he entered Magdalen College, Oxford. In the summer of 1753 he "privately abjured the heresies of his childhood" before a Roman Catholic priest, and announced the fact to his father in a long letter. The indignant father made public the defection of his son from Protestantism, and he was expelled from the college after a residence of fourteen months.

Gibbon was now sent by his father to Lausanne, in Switzerland, and placed under the charge of M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic minister. His residence at Lausanne lasted five years.

Gibbon returned to England in 1758, and spent the ensuing two years at his father's family seat. About this time Gibbon made his first appearance in print in an "Essai sur l' Étude de la Littérature."

In 1763 Gibbon went again to Switzerland, stopping on the way three months at Paris, where he became acquainted with Diderot, d'Alembert, and other philosophers. He remained at Lausanne for nearly a year, and then proceeded to Italy.

Gibbon returned to his father's house in June, 1765. In 1770 Gibbon put forth anonymously "Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid," being a sharp attack upon Bishop Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses."

Gibbon's father died, and he settled in London with a considerable, though somewhat encumbered, estate. In the autumn of 1770 he began to labor directly upon the "Decline and Fall," for which he had for several years been storing up materials. In 1774 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Liskeard. He held the seat for eight years. After this Gibbon went back to Lausanne, where the concluding volumes of the "Decline and Fall" were written. They were published in London on the anniversary of his fifty-first birthday, April 27, 1788. Gibbon remained in England until July, 1788, when he returned to Lausanne, where he wrote his "Memoirs," which, however, were not published until after his death, six years later. The French Revolution had now broken out; and in the spring of 1793 Gibbon set out for England. He had long been suffering from hydrocele. A surgical operation was

decided upon, which was repeated three times, the last of which proved fatal.

The "Decline and Fall," as originally published, consisted of six folio volumes, Vol. I. appearing in 1776; Vols. II. and III. in 1781; Vols. IV., V., and VI. in 1788.

The "Autobiography," one of the three or four best works of the kind in any language, has often been reprinted separately. Of the "Decline and Fall" the best editions are those of Milman (1854 and 1855); both of which contain many new and valuable notes from many sources.

Zenobia.

(From "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

Aurelian had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire: nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equaled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of

the desert, — lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The Senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city of Emesa in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason; and his favorite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion, of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle; and though admonished of his error, repeated the same insolence. As a monarch and as a sportsman, Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse, a mark of ignominy among the barbarians, and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement. The offense was soon forgot, but the punishment was remembered; and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. By the death of Odenathus, that authority was at an end which the Senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the Senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals who was sent against her to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign,

the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring States of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia dreaded her enmity and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the Empire in the East. The conduct however of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity, nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

When Aurelian passed over into Asia against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the province of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a perfidious citizen. The generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage of the soldiers: a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius the philosopher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the Emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who from necessity rather than choice had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrenian Queen. The unexpected mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and as far as the gates of Emesa the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation, had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach

within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, so similar in almost every circumstance that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other, except by observing that the first was fought near Antioch and the second near Emesa. In both the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the meantime, when they had exhausted their quivers, remaining without protection against a closer onset, exposed their naked sides to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valor had been severely tried in the Alemannic war. After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.

Amid the barren deserts of Arabia, a few cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm-trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the Gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean, was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into an

opulent and independent city, and connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe a humble neutrality, till at length after the victories of Trajan the little republic sunk into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honorable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and porticoes of Grecian architecture whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travelers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendor on their country, and Palmyra for a while stood forth the rival of Rome: but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory.

In his march over the sandy desert between Emesa and Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers who watched the moment of surprise and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more difficult and important, and the Emperor, who with incessant vigor pressed the attacks in person, was himself wounded with a dart. "The Roman people," says Aurelian, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *balistæ*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings." Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods and of the event of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation: to the Queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope that in a very short time famine would compel the Roman army to repass the desert, and by the reasonable expectation that the kings

of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in the defense of their most natural ally. But fortune and the perseverance of Aurelian overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the counsels of Persia, and the inconsiderable succors that attempted to relieve Palmyra were easily intercepted either by the arms or the liberality of the Emperor. From every part of Syria a regular succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus with his victorious troops from the conquest of Egypt. It was then that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the Emperor. Her capital soon afterwards surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emesa and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

When the Syrian Queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian he sternly asked her, How she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome! The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness: "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra which she had proposed as her model, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the numerous and perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the Queen who betrayed or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were

incapable of moving a fierce unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends. . . .

But, however in the treatment of his unfortunate rivals Aurelian might indulge his pride, he behaved towards them with a generous clemency which was seldom exercised by the ancient conquerors. Princes who without success had defended their throne or freedom, were frequently strangled in prison as soon as the triumphal pomp ascended the Capitol. These usurpers, whom their defeat had convicted of the crime of treason, were permitted to spend their lives in affluence and honorable repose. The Emperor presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur, or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital; the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century.

The Fall of Rome.

At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into a vanquished city, discovered however some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amidst the horrors of a nocturnal tumult, several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers. While the Barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin who had devoted her life to the service of the altar was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in

her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The Barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the King of the treasure which he had discovered, and received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported, without damage or delay, to the church of the Apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill, to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the Barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age, or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. The learned work "Concerning the City of God" was professedly composed by St. Augustine to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman greatness. He celebrates with peculiar satisfaction this memorable triumph of Christ, and insults his adversaries by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm, in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome, some rare and extraordinary examples of Barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the Apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people; many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith, of Christ; and we may suspect without any breach of charity or candor that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the beha-

vior of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the Barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The matrons and virgins of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful, in the apprehension of chastity, than death itself. . . .

"The want of youth, or beauty, or chastity, protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of a rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion, since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome, a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the wagons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-ax. The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious Barbarians, who proceeded by threats, by blows, and by tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures. The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury

from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate, they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings; and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained, in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could scarcely consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage, and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with the statues of so many gods and heroes, was leveled in the dust by the stroke of lightning. . . .

It was not easy to compute the multitudes who, from an honorable station and a prosperous future, were suddenly reduced to the miserable condition of captives and exiles. . . . The nations who invaded the Roman empire had driven before them into Italy whole troops of hungry and affrighted provincials, less apprehensive of servitude than of famine. The calamities of Rome and Italy dispersed the inhabitants to the most lonely, the most secure, the most distant places of refuge. . . . The Italian fugitives were dispersed through the provinces, along the coast of Egypt and Asia, as far as Constantinople and Jerusalem; and the village of Bethlem, the solitary residence of St. Jerome and his female converts, was crowded with illustrious beggars of either sex and every age, who excited the public compassion by the remembrance of their past fortune. This awful catastrophe of Rome filled the astonished empire with grief and terror. So interesting a contrast of greatness and ruin disposed the fond credulity of the people to deplore, and even to exaggerate, the afflictions of the queen of cities. The clergy, who applied to recent events the lofty metaphors of Oriental prophecy, were sometimes tempted to confound the destruction of the capital and the dissolution of the globe.

The Final Ruin of Rome.

In the last days of Pope Eugenius the Fourth, two of his servants, the learned Poggius and a friend, ascended the Capito-

line Hill, reposed themselves among the ruins of columns and temples, and viewed from that commanding spot the wide and various prospect of desolation. The place and the object gave ample scope for moralizing on the vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave; and it was agreed that in proportion to her former greatness the fall of Rome was the more awful and deplorable. "Her primeval state, such as she might appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of Virgil. This Tarpeian Rock was then a savage and solitary thicket; in the time of the poet it was crowned with the golden roofs of a temple; the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged, the wheel of fortune has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred ground is again disfigured with thorns and brambles. The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman Empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! The path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous fragments the marble theater, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticoes of Nero's palace; survey the other hills of the city, — the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now inclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices that were founded for eternity lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is the more visible, from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."

These relics are minutely described by Poggius, one of the first who raised his eyes from the monuments of legendary to those of classic superstition. 1. Besides a bridge, an arch, a sepulcher, and the pyramid of Cestius, he could discern, of the age of the republic, a double row of vaults in the salt office of the Capitol, which were inscribed with the name and munificence of Catulus. 2. Eleven temples were visible in some degree, from the perfect form of the Pantheon to the three arches and a

marble column of the temple of Peace which Vespasian erected after the civil wars and the Jewish triumph. 3. Of the number which he rashly defines, of seven *thermæ*, or public baths, none were sufficiently entire to represent the use and distribution of the several parts; but those of Diocletian and Antoninus Caracalla still retained the titles of the founders and astonished the curious spectator who in observing their solidity and extent, the variety of marbles, the size and multitude of the columns, compared the labor and expense with the use and importance. Of the baths of Constantine, of Alexander, of Domitian, or rather of Titus, some vestige might yet be found. 4. The triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine were entire, both the structure and the inscriptions; a falling fragment was honored with the name of Trajan; and two arches then extant in the Flaminian Way have been ascribed to the baser memory of Faustina and Gallienus. 5. After the wonder of the Coliseum, Poggius might have overlooked a small amphitheater of brick, most probably for the use of the prætorian camp; the theaters of Marcellus and Pompey were occupied in a great measure by public and private buildings; and in the Circus, Agonalis and Maximus, little more than the situation and the form could be investigated. 6. The columns of Trajan and Antonine were still erect; but the Egyptian obelisks were broken or buried. A people of gods and heroes, the workmanship of art, was reduced to one equestrian figure of gilt brass and to five marble statues, of which the most conspicuous were the two horses of Phidias and Praxiteles. 7. The two mausoleums or sepulchers of Augustus and Hadrian could not totally be lost; but the former was only visible as a mound of earth, and the latter, the castle of St. Angelo, had acquired the name and appearance of a modern fortress. With the addition of some separate and nameless columns, such were the remains of the ancient city; for the marks of a more recent structure might be detected in the walls, which formed a circumference of ten miles, included three hundred and seventy-nine turrets, and opened into the country by thirteen gates.

This melancholy picture was drawn above nine hundred years after the fall of the Western Empire, and even of the Gothic kingdom of Italy. A long period of distress and anarchy, in which empire, and arts, and riches had migrated from the banks of the Tiber, was incapable of restoring or adorning the city; and as all that is human must retrograde if it do not

advance, every successive age must have hastened the ruin of the works of antiquity. To measure the progress of decay, and to ascertain, at each era, the state of each edifice, would be an endless and a useless labor; and I shall content myself with two observations which will introduce a short inquiry into the general causes and effects. 1. Two hundred years before the eloquent complaint of Poggius, an anonymous writer composed a description of Rome. His ignorance may repeat the same objects under strange and fabulous names. Yet this barbarous topographer had eyes and ears; he could observe the visible remains; he could listen to the tradition of the people; and he distinctly enumerates seven theaters, eleven baths, twelve arches, and eighteen palaces, of which many had disappeared before the time of Poggius. It is apparent that many stately monuments of antiquity survived till a late period, and that the principles of destruction acted with vigorous and increasing energy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. 2. The same reflection must be applied to the three last ages; and we should vainly seek the Septizonium of Severus, which is celebrated by Petrarch and the antiquarians of the sixteenth century. While the Roman edifices were still entire, the first blows, however weighty and impetuous, were resisted by the solidity of the mass and the harmony of the parts; but the slightest touch would precipitate the fragments of arches and columns that already nodded to their fall.

After a diligent inquiry, I can discern four principal causes of the ruin of Rome, which continued to operate in a period of more than a thousand years. I. The injuries of time and nature. II. The hostile attacks of the Barbarians and Christians. III. The use and abuse of the materials. And IV. The domestic quarrels of the Romans.

I. The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence; yet these monuments, like himself, are perishable and frail; and in the boundless annals of time his life and his labors must equally be measured as a fleeting moment. Of a simple and solid edifice it is not easy, however, to circumscribe the duration. As the wonders of ancient days, the Pyramids attracted the curiosity of the ancients: a hundred generations, the leaves of autumn, have dropped into the grave; and after the fall of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, the Cæsars and caliphs, the same Pyramids stand erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile. A com-

plex figure of various and minute parts is more accessible to injury and decay; and the silent lapse of time is often accelerated by hurricanes and earthquakes, by fires and inundations. The air and earth have doubtless been shaken, and the lofty turrets of Rome have tottered from their foundations, but the seven hills do not appear to be placed on the great cavities of the globe; nor has the city in any age been exposed to the convulsions of nature which in the climate of Antioch, Lisbon, or Lima, have crumbled in a few moments the works of ages in the dust. Fire is the most powerful agent of life and death: the rapid mischief may be kindled and propagated by the industry or negligence of mankind; and every period of the Roman annals is marked by the repetition of similar calamities. A memorable conflagration, the guilt or misfortune of Nero's reign, continued, though with unequal fury, either six or nine days. Innumerable buildings, crowded in close and crooked streets, supplied perpetual fuel for the flames; and when they ceased, four only of the fourteen regions were left entire; three were totally destroyed, and seven were deformed by the relics of smoking and lacerated edifices. In the full meridian of empire, the metropolis arose with fresh beauty from her ashes; yet the memory of the old deplored the irreparable losses, the arts of Greece, the trophies of victory, the monuments of primitive or fabulous antiquity. In the days of distress and anarchy every wound is mortal, every fall irretrievable; nor can the damage be restored either by the public care of government or the activity of private interest. Yet two causes may be alleged, which render the calamity of fire more destructive to a flourishing than a decayed city. 1. The more combustible materials of brick, timber, and metals are first melted and consumed, but the flames may play without injury or effect on the naked walls and massy arches that have been despoiled of their ornaments. 2. It is among the common and plebeian habitations that a mischievous spark is most easily blown to a conflagration; but as soon as they are devoured, the greater edifices which have resisted or escaped are left as so many islands in a state of solitude and safety. From her situation, Rome is exposed to the danger of frequent inundations. Without excepting the Tiber, the rivers that descend from either side of the Apennine have a short and irregular course; a shallow stream in the summer heats; an impetuous torrent when it is swelled in the spring or winter by the fall of rain and the melting of the

snows. When the current is repelled from the sea by adverse winds, when the ordinary bed is inadequate to the weight of waters, they rise above the banks and overspread without limits or control the plains and cities of the adjacent country. Soon after the triumph of the first Punic War, the Tiber was increased by unusual rains; and the inundation, surpassing all former measure of time and place, destroyed all the buildings that were situate below the hills of Rome. According to the variety of ground, the same mischief was produced by different means; and the edifices were either swept away by the sudden impulse, or dissolved and undermined by the long continuance of the flood. Under the reign of Augustus the same calamity was renewed: the lawless river overturned the palaces and temples on its banks; and after the labors of the Emperor in cleansing and widening the bed that was encumbered with ruins, the vigilance of his successors was exercised by similar dangers and designs. The project of diverting into new channels the Tiber itself, or some of the dependent streams, was long opposed by superstition and local interests; nor did the use compensate the toil and costs of the tardy and imperfect execution. The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most important victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of nature; and if such were the ravages of the Tiber under a firm and active government, what could oppose, or who can enumerate, the injuries of the city after the fall of the Western Empire? A remedy was at length produced by the evil itself: the accumulation of rubbish and the earth that has been washed down from the hills is supposed to have elevated the plain of Rome fourteen or fifteen feet perhaps above the ancient level: and the modern city is less accessible to the attacks of the river.

II. The crowd of writers of every nation who impute the destruction of the Roman monuments to the Goths and the Christians, have neglected to inquire how far they were animated by a hostile principle, and how far they possessed the means and the leisure to satiate their enmity. In the preceding volumes of this history I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion; and I can only resume in a few words their real or imaginary connection with the ruin of ancient Rome. Our fancy may create or adopt a pleasing romance: that the Goths and Vandals sallied from Scandinavia, ardent to avenge the flight of Odin, to break the chains and to chastise the oppressors of mankind; that they wished to burn the records of classic literature

and to found their national architecture on the broken members of the Tuscan and Corinthian orders. But in simple truth, the Northern conquerors were neither sufficiently savage nor sufficiently refined to entertain such aspiring ideas of destruction and revenge. The shepherds of Scythia and Germany had been educated in the armies of the Empire, whose discipline they acquired and whose weakness they invaded; with the familiar use of the Latin tongue, they had learned to reverence the name and titles of Rome; and though incapable of emulating, they were more inclined to admire than to abolish the arts and studies of a brighter period. In the transient possession of a rich and unresisting capital, the soldiers of Alaric and Genseric were stimulated by the passions of a victorious army; amidst the wanton indulgence of lust or cruelty, portable wealth was the object of their search; nor could they derive either pride or pleasure from the unprofitable reflection that they had battered to the ground the works of the consuls and Cæsars. Their moments were indeed precious: the Goths evacuated Rome on the sixth, the Vandals on the fifteenth day, and though it be far more difficult to build than to destroy, their hasty assault would have made a slight impression on the solid piles of antiquity. We may remember that both Alaric and Genseric affected to spare the buildings of the city; that they subsisted in strength and beauty under the auspicious government of Theodoric; and that the momentary resentment of Totila was disarmed by his own temper and the advice of his friends and enemies. From these innocent Barbarians the reproach may be transferred to the Catholics of Rome. The statues, altars, and houses of the dæmons were an abomination in their eyes; and in the absolute command of the city, they might labor with zeal and perseverance to erase the idolatry of their ancestors. The demolition of the temples in the East affords to *them* an example of conduct, and to *us* an argument of belief; and it is probable that a portion of guilt or merit may be imputed with justice to the Roman proselytes. Yet their abhorrence was confined to the monuments of heathen superstition; and the civil structures that were dedicated to the business or pleasure of society might be preserved without injury or scandal. The change of religion was accomplished not by a popular tumult, but by the decrees of the emperors, of the Senate, and of time. Of the Christian hierarchy, the bishops of Rome were commonly the most prudent and the least fanatic; nor can any positive charge be opposed to the meritorious

act of saving and converting the majestic structure of the Pantheon.

III. The value of any object that supplies the wants or pleasures of mankind is compounded of its substance and its form, of the materials and the manufacture. Its price must depend on the number of persons by whom it may be acquired and used; on the extent of the market; and consequently on the ease or difficulty of remote exportation according to the nature of the commodity, its local situation, and the temporary circumstances of the world. The Barbarian conquerors of Rome usurped in a moment the toil and treasure of successive ages; but except the luxuries of immediate consumption, they must view without desire all that could not be removed from the city in the Gothic wagons or the fleet of the Vandals. Gold and silver were the first objects of their avarice; as in every country, and in the smallest compass, they represent the most ample command of the industry and possessions of mankind. A vase or a statue of those precious metals might tempt the vanity of some Barbarian chief; but the grosser multitude, regardless of the form, was tenacious only of the substance; and the melted ingots might be readily divided and stamped into the current coin of the empire. The less active or less fortunate robbers were reduced to the baser plunder of brass, lead, iron, and copper: whatever had escaped the Goths and Vandals was pillaged by the Greek tyrants; and the Emperor Constans in his rapacious visit stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Pantheon. The edifices of Rome might be considered as a vast and various mine: the first labor of extracting the materials was already performed; the metals were purified and cast; the marbles were hewn and polished; and after foreign and domestic rapine had been satiated, the remains of the city, could a purchaser have been found, were still venal. The monuments of antiquity had been left naked of their precious ornaments; but the Romans would demolish with their own hands the arches and walls, if the hope of profit could surpass the cost of the labor and exportation. If Charlemagne had fixed in Italy the seat of the Western Empire, his genius would have aspired to restore, rather than to violate, the works of the Cæsars: but policy confined the French monarch to the forests of Germany; his taste could be gratified only by destruction; and the new palace of Aix-la-Chapelle was decorated with the marbles of Ravenna and Rome. Five hundred years after Charlemagne, a king of Sicily, Robert, — the wisest and

most liberal sovereign of the age, — was supplied with the same materials by the easy navigation of the Tiber and the sea; and Petrarch sighs an indignant complaint that the ancient capital of the world should adorn from her own bowels the slothful luxury of Naples. But these examples of plunder or purchase were rare in the darker ages; and the Romans, alone and unenvied, might have applied to their private or public use the remaining structures of antiquity, if in their present form and situation they had not been useless in a great measure to the city and its inhabitants. The walls still described the old circumference, but the city had descended from the seven hills into the Campus Martius; and some of the noblest monuments which had braved the injuries of time were left in a desert, far remote from the habitations of mankind. The palaces of the senators were no longer adapted to the manners or fortunes of their indigent successors: the use of baths and porticos was forgotten; in the sixth century the games of the theater, amphitheater, and circus had been interrupted; some temples were devoted to the prevailing worship, but the Christian churches preferred the holy figure of the cross; and fashion, or reason, had distributed after a peculiar model the cells and offices of the cloister. Under the ecclesiastical reign, the number of these pious foundations was enormously multiplied; and the city was crowded with forty monasteries of men, twenty of women, and sixty chapters and colleges of canons and priests, who aggravated instead of relieving the depopulation of the tenth century. But if the forms of ancient architecture were disregarded by a people insensible of their use and beauty, the plentiful materials were applied to every call of necessity or superstition; till the fairest columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the richest marbles of Paros and Numidia, were degraded, perhaps to the support of a convent or a stable. The daily havoc which is perpetrated by the Turks in the cities of Greece and Asia may afford a melancholy example; and in the gradual destruction of the monuments of Rome, Sixtus the Fifth may alone be excused for employing the stones of the Septizonium in the glorious edifice of St. Peter's. A fragment, a ruin, howsoever mangled or profaned, may be viewed with pleasure and regret; but the greater part of the marble was deprived of substance, as well as of place and proportion: it was burned to lime for the purpose of cement. Since the arrival of Poggius, the temple of Concord and many capital structures had vanished from his eyes; and an epigram of the same

age expresses a just and pious fear that the continuance of this practice would finally annihilate all the monuments of antiquity. The smallness of their numbers was the sole check on the demands and depredations of the Romans. The imagination of Petrarch might create the presence of a mighty people; and I hesitate to believe that even in the fourteenth century they could be reduced to a contemptible list of thirty-three thousand inhabitants. From that period to the reign of Leo the Tenth, if they multiplied to the amount of eighty-five thousand, the increase of citizens was in some degree pernicious to the ancient city.

IV. I have reserved for the last, the most potent and forcible cause of destruction, the domestic hostilities of the Romans themselves. Under the dominion of the Greek and French emperors, the peace of the city was disturbed by accidental though frequent seditions: it is from the decline of the latter, from the beginning of the tenth century, that we may date the licentiousness of private war, which violated with impunity the laws of the Code and the gospel, without respecting the majesty of the absent sovereign or the presence and person of the vicar of Christ. In a dark period of five hundred years, Rome was perpetually afflicted by the sanguinary quarrels of the nobles and the people, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Colonna and Ursini; and if much has escaped the knowledge, and much is unworthy of the notice, of history, I have exposed in the two preceding chapters the causes and effects of the public disorders. At such a time, when every quarrel was decided by the sword and none could trust their lives or properties to the impotence of law, the powerful citizens were armed for safety, or offense, against the domestic enemies whom they feared or hated. Except Venice alone, the same dangers and designs were common to all the free republics of Italy; and the nobles usurped the prerogative of fortifying their houses and erecting strong towers that were capable of resisting a sudden attack. The cities were filled with these hostile edifices; and the example of Lucca, which contained three hundred towers, her law which confined their height to the measure of fourscore feet, may be extended with suitable latitude to the more opulent and populous States. The first step of the senator Brancaleone in the establishment of peace and justice, was to demolish (as we have already seen) one hundred and forty of the towers of Rome; and in the last days of anarchy and discord, as late as the reign of Martin the Fifth,

forty-four still stood in one of the thirteen or fourteen regions of the city. To this mischievous purpose the remains of antiquity were most readily adapted: the temples and arches afforded a broad and solid basis for the new structures of brick and stone; and we can name the modern turrets that were raised on the triumphal monuments of Julius Cæsar, Titus, and the Antonines. With some slight alterations, a theater, an amphitheater, a mausoleum, was transformed into a strong and spacious citadel. I need not repeat that the mole of Adrian has assumed the title and form of the castle of St. Angelo; the Septizonium of Severus was capable of standing against a royal army; the sepulcher of Metella has sunk under its outworks; the theaters of Pompey and Marcellus were occupied by the Savelli and Ursini families; and the rough fortress has been gradually softened to the splendor and elegance of an Italian palace. Even the churches were encompassed with arms and bulwarks, and the military engines on the roof of St. Peter's were the terror of the Vatican and the scandal of the Christian world. Whatever is fortified will be attacked; and whatever is attacked may be destroyed. Could the Romans have wrested from the popes the castle of St. Angelo, they had resolved by a public decree to annihilate that monument of servitude. Every building of defense was exposed to a siege; and in every siege the arts and engines of destruction were laboriously employed. After the death of Nicholas the Fourth, Rome, without a sovereign or a senate, was abandoned six months to the fury of civil war. "The houses," says a cardinal and poet of the times, "were crushed by the weight and velocity of enormous stones; the walls were perforated by the strokes of the battering-ram; the towers were involved in fire and smoke; and the assailants were stimulated by rapine and revenge." The work was consummated by the tyranny of the laws; and the factions of Italy alternately exercised a blind and thoughtless vengeance on their adversaries, whose houses and castles they razed to the ground. In comparing the *days* of foreign, with the *ages* of domestic hostility, we must pronounce that the latter have been far more ruinous to the city; and our opinion is confirmed by the evidence of Petrarch. "Behold," says the laureate, "the relics of Rome, the image of her pristine greatness! neither time nor the Barbarian can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction: it was perpetrated by her own citizens, by the most illustrious of her sons;

an your ancestors [he writes to a noble Annibaldi] have done with battering-ram what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword." The influence of the two last principles of decay must in some degree be multiplied by each other, since the houses and towers which were subverted by civil war required a new and perpetual supply from the monuments of antiquity.

These general observations may be separately applied to the amphitheater of Titus, which has obtained the name of the Coliseum, either from its magnitude or from Nero's colossal statue; an edifice, had it been left to time and nature, which might perhaps have claimed an eternal duration. The curious antiquaries who have computed the numbers and seats, are disposed to believe that above the upper row of stone steps the amphitheater was encircled and elevated with several stages of wooden galleries, which were repeatedly consumed by fire, and restored by the emperors. Whatever was precious, or portable, or profane, the statues of gods and heroes, and the costly ornaments of sculpture which were cast in brass or overspread with leaves of silver and gold, became the first prey of conquest or fanaticism, of the avarice of the Barbarians or the Christians. In the massy stones of the Coliseum, many holes are discerned; and the two most probable conjectures represent the various accidents of its decay. These stones were connected by solid links of brass or iron, nor had the eye of rapine overlooked the value of the baser metals; the vacant space was converted into a fair or market; the artisans of the Coliseum are mentioned in an ancient survey; and the chasms were perforated or enlarged to receive the poles that supported the shops or tents of the mechanic trades. Reduced to its naked majesty, the Flavian amphitheater was contemplated with awe and admiration by the pilgrims of the North; and their rude enthusiasm broke forth in a sublime proverbial expression, which is recorded in the eighth century, in the fragments of the venerable Bede: "As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall." In the modern system of war a situation commanded by the three hills would not be chosen for a fortress: but the strength of the walls and arches could resist the engines of assault; a numerous garrison might be lodged in the inclosure; and while one faction occupied the Vatican and the Capitol, the other was intrenched in the Lateran and the Coliseum.

THE COLISEUM

5036

The abolition at Rome of the ancient games must be understood with some latitude; and the carnival sports of the Testacean Mount and the Circus Agonalis were regulated by the law or custom of the city. The senator presided with dignity and pomp to adjudge and distribute the prizes, the gold ring, or the *pallium*, as it was styled, of cloth or silk. A tribute on the Jews supplied the annual expense; and the races on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, were ennobled by a tilt and tournament of seventy-two of the Roman youth. In the year 1332 a bull-feast, after the fashion of the Moors and Spaniards, was celebrated in the Coliseum itself; and the living manners are painted in a diary of the times. A convenient order of benches was restored, and a general proclamation as far as Rimini and Ravenna invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshaled in three squadrons and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The fair Jacova di Rovere led the matrons from beyond the Tiber, a pure and native race who still represent the features and character of antiquity. The remainder of the city was divided as usual between the Colonna and Ursini: the two factions were proud of the number and beauty of their female bands: the charms of Savella Ursini are mentioned with praise, and the Colonna regretted the absence of the youngest of their house, who had sprained her ankle in the garden of Nero's tower. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen; and they descended into the arena, or pit, to encounter the wild bulls, on foot as it should seem, with a single spear. Amidst the crowd, our annalist has selected the names, colors, and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights. Several of the names are the most illustrious of Rome and the ecclesiastical State: Malatesta, Polenta, Della Valle, Cafarello, Savelli, Capoccio, Conti, Annibaldi, Altieri, Corsi: the colors were adapted to their taste and situation; the devices are expressive of hope or despair, and breathe the spirit of gallantry and arms. "I am alone, like the youngest of the Horatii," the confidence of an intrepid stranger; "I live disconsolate," a weeping widower; "I burn under the ashes," a discreet lover; "I adore Lavinia, or Lucretia," the ambiguous declaration of a modern passion; "My faith is as pure," the motto of a white livery; "Who is stronger than myself?" of a lion's hide; "If I am drowned in blood, what a pleasant death!" the wish of ferocious courage.

The pride or prudence of the Ursini restrained them from the field, which was occupied by three of their hereditary rivals, whose inscriptions denoted the lofty greatness of the Colonna name: "Though sad, I am strong;" "Strong as I am great;" "If I fall," addressing himself to the spectators, "you fall with me" — intimating (says the contemporary writer) that while the other families were the subjects of the Vatican, they alone were the supporters of the Capitol. The combats of the amphitheater were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull; and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field, with the loss of nine wounded and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn; but the pomp of the funerals in the churches of St. John Lateran and Sta. Maria Maggiore afforded a second holiday to the people. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed: yet in blaming their rashness we are compelled to applaud their gallantry; and the noble volunteers who display their magnificence and risk their lives under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter.

This use of the amphitheater was a rare, perhaps a singular, festival: the demand for the materials was a daily and continual want which the citizens could gratify without restraint or remorse. In the fourteenth century a scandalous act of concord secured to both factions the privilege of extracting stones from the free and common quarry of the Coliseum; and Poggius laments that the greater part of these stones had been burnt to lime by the folly of the Romans. To check this abuse, and to prevent the nocturnal crimes that might be perpetrated in the vast and gloomy recess, Eugenius the Fourth surrounded it with a wall; and by a charter long extant, granted both the ground and edifice to the monks of an adjacent convent. After his death the wall was overthrown in a tumult of the people; and had they themselves respected the noblest monument of their fathers, they might have justified the resolve that it should never be degraded to private property. The inside was damaged; but in the middle of the sixteenth century, an era of taste and learning, the exterior circumference of one thousand six hundred and twelve feet was still entire and inviolate; a triple elevation of fourscore arches which rose to the height of one hundred and

eight feet. Of the present ruin, the nephews of Paul the Third are the guilty agents; and every traveler who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes. A similar reproach is applied to the Barberini; and the repetition of injury might be dreaded from every reign, till the Coliseum was placed under the safeguard of religion by the most liberal of the pontiffs, Benedict the Fourteenth, who consecrated a spot which persecution and fable had stained with the blood of so many Christian martyrs.

When Petrarch first gratified his eyes with a view of those monuments, whose scattered fragments so far surpass the most eloquent descriptions, he was astonished at the supine indifference of the Romans themselves; he was humbled rather than elated by the discovery that, except his friend Rienzi and one of the Colonna, a stranger of the Rhône was more conversant with these antiquities than the nobles and natives of the metropolis. The ignorance and credulity of the Romans are elaborately displayed in the old survey of the city, which was composed about the beginning of the thirteenth century; and without dwelling on the manifold errors of name and place, the legend of the Capitol may provoke a smile of contempt and indignation. "The Capitol," says the anonymous writer, "is so named as being the head of the world, where the consuls and senators formerly resided for the government of the city and the globe. The strong and lofty walls were covered with glass and gold, and crowned with a roof of the richest and most curious carving. Below the citadel stood a palace, of gold for the greatest part, decorated with precious stones, and whose value might be esteemed at one-third of the world itself. The statues of all the provinces were arranged in order, each with a small bell suspended from its neck; and such was the contrivance of art magic, that if the province rebelled against Rome the statue turned round to that quarter of the heavens, the bell rang, the prophet of the Capitol reported the prodigy, and the Senate was admonished of the impending danger." A second example, of less importance though of equal absurdity, may be drawn from the two marble horses, led by two naked youths, which have since been transported from the baths of Constantine to the Quirinal Hill. The groundless application of the names of Phidias and Praxiteles may perhaps be excused: but these Grecian sculptors should not have been removed above four hundred years from the age of Pericles to that of Tiberius;

they should not have been transformed into two philosophers or magicians, whose nakedness was the symbol of truth or knowledge, who revealed to the Emperor his most secret actions, and after refusing all pecuniary recompense, solicited the honor of leaving this eternal monument of themselves. Thus, awake to the power of magic, the Romans were insensible to the beauties of art: no more than five statues were visible to the eyes of Poggius; and of the multitudes which chance or design had buried under the ruins, the resurrection was fortunately delayed till a safer and more enlightened age. The Nile, which now adorns the Vatican, had been explored by some laborers in digging a vineyard near the temple, or convent, of the Minerva: but the impatient proprietor, who was tormented by some visits of curiosity, restored the unprofitable marble to its former grave. The discovery of the statue of Pompey, ten feet in length, was the occasion of a lawsuit. It had been found under a partition wall: the equitable judge had pronounced that the head should be separated from the body to satisfy the claims of the contiguous owners; and the sentence would have been executed if the intercession of a cardinal and the liberality of a pope had not rescued the Roman hero from the hands of his barbarous countrymen.

But the clouds of barbarism were gradually dispelled, and the peaceful authority of Martin the Fifth and his successors restored the ornaments of the city as well as the order of the ecclesiastical State. The improvements of Rome since the fifteenth century have not been the spontaneous produce of freedom and industry. The first and most natural root of a great city is the labor and populousness of the adjacent country, which supplies the materials of subsistence, of manufactures, and of foreign trade. But the greater part of the Campagna of Rome is reduced to a dreary and desolate wilderness; the overgrown estates of the princes and the clergy are cultivated by the lazy hands of indigent and hopeless vassals; and the scanty harvests are confined or exported for the benefit of a monopoly. A second and more artificial cause of the growth of a metropolis is the residence of a monarch, the expense of a luxurious court, and the tributes of dependent provinces. Those provinces and tributes had been lost in the fall of the Empire: and if some streams of the silver of Peru and the gold of Brazil have been attracted by the Vatican, the revenues of the cardinals, the fees of office, the oblations of pilgrims and clients,

and the remnant of ecclesiastical taxes, afford a poor and precarious supply, which maintains however the idleness of the court and city. The population of Rome, far below the measure of the great capitals of Europe, does not exceed one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants; and within the spacious inclosure of the walls the largest portion of the seven hills is overspread with vineyards and ruins. The beauty and splendor of the modern city may be ascribed to the abuses of the government, to the influence of superstition. Each reign (the exceptions are rare) has been marked by the rapid elevation of a new family, enriched by the childless pontiff at the expense of the Church and country. The palaces of these fortunate nephews are the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude: the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture have been prostituted in their service; and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect. The ecclesiastical revenues were more decently employed by the popes themselves in the pomp of the Catholic worship; but it is superfluous to enumerate their pious foundations of altars, chapels, and churches, since these lesser stars are eclipsed by the sun of the Vatican, by the dome of St. Peter, the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion. The fame of Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, and Sixtus the Fifth is accompanied by the superior merit of Bramante and Fontana, of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and the same munificence which had been displayed in palaces and temples was directed with equal zeal to revive and emulate the labors of antiquity. Prostrate obelisks were raised from the ground and erected in the most conspicuous places; of the eleven aqueducts of the Cæsars and consuls, three were restored; the artificial rivers were conducted over a long series of old, or of new arches, to discharge into marble basins a flood of salubrious and refreshing waters: and the spectator, impatient to ascend the steps of St. Peter's, is detained by a column of Egyptian granite, which rises between two lofty and perpetual fountains to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The map, the description, the monuments of ancient Rome have been elucidated by the diligence of the antiquarian and the student; and the footsteps of heroes, the relics, not of superstition but of empire, are devoutly visited by a new race of pilgrims from the remote and once savage countries of the North.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

William Schwenck Gilbert, an English humorist and playwright, born in London, Nov. 18, 1836. He was educated at Great Ealing School and at the University of London, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. His first play was "Dulcamara," (1866). Among his subsequent dramatic productions are: "An Old Score" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" (1871); "The Wicked World, a Fairy Comedy" (1873); "Charity" and "Sweethearts" (1874); "Broken Heart" (1876); "Pinafore" and "The Sorcerer" (1877); "The Pirates of Penzance" (1879); "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride" (1881); "Iolanthe" (1882); "Princess Ida" (1883); "The Mikado" (1885); "Ruddigore" (1887); "Yeoman of the Guard" (1888); "The Gondoliers" (1889), and "Utopia" (*Limited*) (1893). In most of his comic operas he collaborated with Sir Arthur Sullivan. In 1877 he published a volume of humorous verse entitled "Bab Ballads." He is now a magistrate with a jurisdiction near London, and writes for law journals more or less regularly.

Captain Reece.

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of The Mantelpiece.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,

Brown windsor from the captain's store;
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,
Lo! seltzogenes at every turn;
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then, currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mr. Mudie's libraree;
The Times and Saturday Review
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified The Mantelpiece.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men):—
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can,—
My own convenience count as *nil:*
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man);
He cleared his throat, and thus began:—

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan: —
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill:
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an Earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall;
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the Mantelpiece,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece: —
"I beg your Honor's leave," he said: —
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you —
She long has loved you from afar:
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day —
Addressed her in his playful way: —
"And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,
Attended there as they were bid:
It was their duty, and they did.

The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key: —

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said: —

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun his painful yarn: —

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drawed a lot, and accordin', shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be:
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you?*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

. . . . . .

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say: —

"'Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo.

From east and south the holy clan
Of bishops gathered to a man;
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican,
In flocking crowds they came.
Among them was a bishop who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name.

His people — twenty-three in sum —
They played the eloquent tum-tum,
And lived on scalps served up in rum —
The only sauce they knew.
When first good Bishop Peter came
(For Peter was that bishop's name),
To humor them, he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,
(His name was Peter) loved him well,
And summoned by the sound of bell,
In crowds together came.

"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, Massa Peter, please to stay."
(They called him Peter, people say,
Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea;
At London Bridge that bishop he
Arrived one Tuesday night;
And as that night he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road,
And saw a grewsome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to leap and bound
With all his might and main.
To see that dancing man he stopped,
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped,
Then down incontinently dropped,
And then sprang up again.

The bishop chuckled at the sight.
"This style of dancing would delight
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite:
I'll learn it if I can,
To please the tribe when I get back."
He begged the man to teach his knack.
"Right reverend sir, in half a crack!"
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away,
And taught the bishop every day;
The dancer skipped like any fay —
Good Peter did the same.
The bishop buckled to his task,
With *battements*, cut and *pas de basque*.
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
That Peter was his name.)

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said;
"Stick out your toes — stick in your head,
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread —
Your fingers thus extend;

The attitude's considered quaint."
The weary bishop, feeling faint,
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,
But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

"We now proceed to something new:
Dance as the Paynes and Lauris do,
Like this — one, two — one, two — one, two."
The bishop, never proud,
But in an overwhelming heat
(His name was Peter, I repeat)
Performed the Payne and Lauri feat,
And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancer planned
"Just take your ankle in your hand,
And try, my lord, if you can stand —
Your body stiff and stark.
If when revisiting your see
You learnt to hop on shore, like me,
The novelty would striking be,
And must attract remark."

Gentle Alice Brown.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown;
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing:
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen;
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"O holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls — you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find;
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks —
Let's see — five crimes at half-a-crown — exactly twelve-and-six."

"O father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap;
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be —
I blush to say I've winked at him and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word,
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighborhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown —

To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well;
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell:
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two:
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do —
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind;
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind;
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

The Captain and the Mermaids.

I sing a legend of the sea,
So hard-a-port upon your lea!
A ship on starboard tack!
She's bound upon a private cruise —
(This is the kind of spice I use
To give a salt-sea smack).

Behold, on every afternoon
(Save in a gale or strong monsoon)
Great Captain Capel Cleggs
(Great morally, though rather short)
Sat at an open weather-port
And aired his shapely legs.

And mermaids hung around in flocks,
On cable chains and distant rocks,
To gaze upon those limbs;
For legs like those, of flesh and bone,
Are things "not generally known"
To any merman timbs.

But mermen didn't seem to care
Much time (as far as I'm aware)
With Cleggs's legs to spend;
Though mermaids swam around all day
And gazed, exclaiming, "*That's* the way
A gentleman should end!

"A pair of legs with well-cut knees,
And calves and ankles such as these
Which we in rapture hail,
Are far more eloquent, it's clear
(When clothed in silk and kerseymere),
Than any nasty tail."

And Cleggs — a worthy, kind old boy —
Rejoiced to add to others' joy,
And when the day was dry,
Because it pleased the lookers-on,
He sat from morn till night — though con-
Stitutionally shy.

At first the mermen laughed, "Pooh! pooh!"
But finally they jealous grew,
And sounded loud recalls;
But vainly. So these fishy males
Declared they too would clothe their tails
In silken hose and smalls.

They set to work, these watermen,
And made their nether robes — but when
They drew with dainty touch
The kerseymere upon their tails,
They found it scraped against their scales,
And hurt them very much.

The silk, besides, with which they chose
To deck their tails by way of hose
(They never thought of shoon)
For such a use was much too thin, —
It tore against the caudal fin,
And "went in ladders" soon.

So they designed another plan:
They sent their most seductive man,
This note to him to show: —

"Our Monarch sends to Captain Cleggs
His humble compliments, and begs
He'll join him down below;

"We've pleasant homes below the sea —
Besides, if Captain Cleggs should be
(As our advices say)
A judge of mermaids, he will find
Our lady fish of every kind
Inspection will repay."

Good Capel sent a kind reply,
For Capel thought he could descry
An admirable plan
To study all their ways and laws —
(But not their lady fish, because
He was a married man).

The merman sank — the captain too
Jumped overboard, and dropped from view
Like stone from catapult;
And when he reached the merman's lair,
He certainly was welcomed there,
But ah! with what result!

They didn't let him learn their law,
Or make a note of what he saw,
Or interesting mem.;
The lady fish he couldn't find,
But that, of course, he didn't mind —
He didn't come for them.

For though when Captain Capel sank,
The mermen drawn in double rank
Gave him a hearty hail,
Yet when secure of Captain Cleggs,
They cut off both his lovely legs,
And gave him *such* a tail!

When Captain Cleggs returned aboard,
His blithesome crew convulsive roar'd,
To see him altered so.
The admiralty did insist
That he upon the half-pay list
Immediately should go.

In vain declared the poor old salt,
"It's my misfortune — not my fault,"
With tear and trembling lip —
In vain poor Capel begged and begged.
"A man must be completely legged
Who rules a British ship."

So spake the stern First Lord aloud, —
He was a wag, though very proud, —
And much rejoiced to say,
"You're only half a captain now —
And so, my worthy friend, I vow
You'll only get half-pay!"

Mortal Love.

(Spoken by Selene, a Fairy Queen.)

With all their misery, with all their sin,
With all the elements of wretchedness
That teem on that unholy world of theirs,
They have one great and ever-glorious gift,
That compensation for all they have to bear —
The gift of Love! Not as we use the word;
To signify more tranquil brotherhood;
But in some sense that is unknown to us,
Their love bears like relation to our own
That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun,
Bears to the calm of a soft summer's eve.
It nerves the wearied mortal with hot life,
And bathes his soul in hazy happiness.
The richest man is poor who hath it not,
And he who hath it laughs at poverty.
It hath no conqueror. When Death himself
Has worked his very worst, this love of theirs
Lives still upon the loved one's memory.
It is a strange enchantment, which invests
The most unlovely things with loveliness.
The maiden, fascinated by this spell,
Sees everything as she would have it be;
Her squalid cot becomes a princely home;
Its stunted shrubs are groves of stately elms;
The weedy brook that trickles past her door
Is a broad river, fringed with drooping trees;

And of all marvels the most marvelous,
The coarse unholy man who rules her love
Is a bright being — pure as we are pure;
Wise in his folly — blameless in his sin;
The incarnation of a perfect soul;
A great and ever-glorious demi-god.

To The Terrestrial Globe.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look very blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*]

Only A Dancing Girl.

Only a dancing girl,
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl,
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips!

Hung from the "flies" in air,
She acts a palpable lie,
She's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical I!

I hear you asking, Why —
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinseled thing?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green,
From a highly impossible tree
In a highly impossible scene
(herself not over clean).
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be
With her skirt at her shameful knee
And her painted, tainted phiz:
Ah, matron, which of us is?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs
That while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high;
And their hair is hair they buy,
And they use their glasses too,
In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den;
She's a fairy truly, then!

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WM. EWART GLADSTONE AND GRANDCHILD

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

William Ewart Gladstone, an English statesman and orator, born at Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1809; died May 19, 1898. W. E. Gladstone was educated at Eton and afterward at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double first-class in 1831. In the next year, he was returned to Parliament in the "Conservative" or Tory interest. In 1835 he became Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs; in 1841 was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council; in 1852 was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the ministry of Lord Aberdeen. In 1868 he introduced a bill for the disestablishment of the Irish [Episcopal] Church; and became First Lord of the Treasury and Premier; in 1874 he was succeeded in this position by Mr. Disraeli, whom he in turn succeeded in 1880. Having been defeated in Parliament he left office in 1886, and became the acknowledged leader of the "Liberal" or Opposition Party. During his career Mr. Gladstone served four times as Prime-Minister, December, 1868, to February, 1874; April, 1880, to June, 1885; February to July, 1886, and August, 1892, to March, 1894. From 1832 until his retirement from office in 1894 he was nearly always a member of Parliament, but advanced age and failing physical powers compelled the "Grand Old Man" to abandon public life and pass his remaining days in the quiet of his country-place.

Mr. Gladstone was a very prolific author. Besides numerous published speeches, and pamphlets treating merely of political topics, he was a frequent contributor to reviews and magazines, especially upon classical or religious subjects. His first book, "The State in its Relations to the Church" (1838), elicited one of Macaulay's ablest critiques. This treatise is perhaps now chiefly noteworthy on account of the retraction of its most important theories put forth by Mr. Gladstone himself in his "Chapter of Autobiography" (1869). The work on Church and State was followed in 1841 by a somewhat kindred book, "Church Principles considered in their Results." His later works include "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (3 vols., 1858); "Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age" (1869); "The Vatican Decrees" (1874): "Homeric Synchronisms" (1876); "Gleanings of Past Years" (7 vols., 1879); "The Irish Question" (1886);

"Landmarks of Homeric Study" (1890); "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" (1890); "Odes of Horace" (a translation, 1894).

Macaulay.

(From "Gleanings of Past Years.")

Lord Macaulay lived a life of no more than fifty-nine years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life, of sustained exertion; a high table-land, without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be anything wearisome, it is only the wearisomeness of reiterated splendors, and of success so uniform as to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoiled child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new Golden Age he imparted to the Edinburgh Review, and his first and most important, if not best, Parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction.

For a century and more, perhaps no man in this country, with the exceptions of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Byron, had attained at thirty-two the fame of Macaulay. His Parliamentary success and his literary eminence were each of them enough, as they stood at this date, to intoxicate any brain and heart of a meaner order. But to these was added, in his case, an amount and quality of social attentions such as invariably partake of adulation and idolatry, and as perhaps the high circles of London never before or since have lavished on a man whose claims lay only in himself, and not in his descent, his rank, or his possessions. . . .

One of the very first things that must strike the observer of this man is, that he was very unlike to any other man. And yet this unlikeness, this monopoly of the model in which he was made, did not spring from violent or eccentric features of originality, for eccentricity he had none whatever, but from the peculiar mode in which the ingredients were put together to make up the composition. In one sense, beyond doubt, such

powers as his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, separated him broadly from others: but gifts like these do not make the man; and we now for the first time know that he possessed, in a far larger sense, the stamp of a real and strong individuality. The most splendid and complete assemblage of intellectual endowments does not of itself suffice to create an interest of the kind that is, and will be, now felt in Macaulay. It is from ethical gifts alone that such an interest can spring.

These existed in him not only in abundance, but in forms distant from and even contrasted with the fashion of his intellectual faculties, and in conjunctions which come near to paradox. Behind the mask of splendor lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance, an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental, a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap, though never sapping, his manhood. He who as speaker and writer seemed above all others to represent the age and the world, had the real center of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys. He for whom the mysteries of human life, thought, and destiny appear to have neither charm nor terror, and whose writings seem audibly to boast in every page of being bounded by the visible horizon of the practical and work-day sphere, yet in his virtues and in the combination of them; in his freshness, bounty, bravery; in his unshrinking devotion to both causes and to persons; and most of all, perhaps, in the thoroughly inborn and spontaneous character of all these gifts, — really recalls the age of chivalry and the lineaments of the ideal. The peculiarity, the *differentia* (so to speak) of Macaulay seems to us to lie in this: that while as we frankly think, there is much to question — nay, much here and there to regret or even censure — in his writings, the excess, or defect, or whatever it may be, is never really ethical, but is in all cases due to something in the structure and habits of his intellect. And again, it is pretty plain that the faults of that intellect were immediately associated with its excellences: it was in some sense, to use the language of his own Milton, "dark with excessive bright." . . .

His moderation in luxuries and pleasures is the more notable and praiseworthy because he was a man who, with extreme healthiness of faculty, enjoyed keenly what he enjoyed at all. Take in proof the following hearty notice of a dinner *a quatr'*

occhi to his friend: "Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster curry, woodcock, and macaroni. I think that I will note dinners, as honest Pepys did."

His love of books was intense, and was curiously developed. In a walk he would devour a play or a volume. Once, indeed, his performance embraced no less than fourteen Books of the Odyssey. "His way of life," says Mr. Trevelyan, "would have been deemed solitary by others; but it was not solitary to him." This development blossomed into a peculiar specialism. Henderson's "Iceland" was "a favorite breakfast-book" with him. "Some books which I would never dream of opening at dinner please me at breakfast, and *vice versâ!*" There is more subtlety in this distinction than could easily be found in any passage of his writings. But how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master propensity! This devotion, however, was not without its drawbacks. Thought, apart from books and from composition, perhaps he disliked; certainly he eschewed. Crossing that evil-minded sea the Irish Channel at night in rough weather, he is disabled from reading; he wraps himself in a pea-jacket and sits upon the deck. What is his employment? He cannot sleep, or does not. What an opportunity for moving onward in the processes of thought, which ought to weigh on the historian! The wild yet soothing music of the waves would have helped him to watch the verging this way or that of the judicial scales, or to dive into the problems of human life and action which history continually is called upon to sound. No, he cared for none of this. He set about the marvelous feat of going over "Paradise Lost" from memory, when he found he could still repeat half of it. In a word, he was always conversing, or recollecting, or reading, or composing; but reflecting never.

The laboriousness of Macaulay as an author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, well-nigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find that the most successful prose writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson. Great is the praise due to the poet; still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet's diligence is, all along, a honeyed work. He is ever traveling in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other

hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust and heat and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet; but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rarest exceptions. The tests of excellence in prose are as much less palpable as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downward in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to the best hopes of our slipshod generation.

It was naturally consequent upon this habit of treating composition in the spirit of art, that he should extend to the body of his books much of the regard and care which he so profusely bestowed upon their soul. We have accordingly had in him, at the time when the need was greatest, a most vigilant guardian of the language. We seem to detect rare and slight evidences of carelessness in his Journal: of which we can only say that in a production of the moment, written for himself alone, we are surprised that they are not more numerous and considerable. In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear. But in his published works his grammar, his orthography, nay, his punctuation (too often surrendered to the printer), are faultless. On these questions, and on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a word, he may even be called an authority without appeal; and we cannot doubt that we owe it to his works, and to their boundless circulation, that we have not in this age witnessed a more rapid corruption and degeneration of the language.

To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this and

probably for all future centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men; and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favorites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age, in point of public favor and of emolument following upon it, comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay, fresh from college in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed, he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed after thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendor, he sank beneath it.

His gains from literature were extraordinary. The check for £20,000 is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which however he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances; though in the blaze of literary and political success; and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which by a less congenial and more compulsory use would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forbore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal and genial estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a minister, until 1851, when he had already lived fifty years of his fifty-nine, did this favorite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

It has been observed that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis. His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently φορτικός, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his reader along by vio-

lence, as the River Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself that a criticism like that of Lessing in his "Laocoön," or of Goethe on "Hamlet," filled him with wonder and despair. His intense devotion to the great work of Dante is not perhaps in keeping with the general tenor of his tastes and attachments, but is in itself a circumstance of much interest.

We remember, however, at least one observation of Macaulay's in regard to art, which is worth preserving. He observed that the mixture of gold with ivory in great works of ancient art — for example, in the Jupiter of Phidias — was probably a condescension to the tastes of the people who were to be the worshipers of the statue; and he noticed that in Christian times it has most rarely happened that productions great in art have also been the objects of warm popular veneration. . . .

It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay as a writer was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As fifty years ago the inscription "Bath" used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word "English" is, as it were, in the water-mark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain. Though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through the signal virtues, the victorious labors, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary, — his country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age.

The higher energies of his life were as completely summed up in the present as those of Walter Scott were projected upon the past. He would not have filled an Abbotsford with armor and relics of the Middle Ages. He judges the men and institutions and events of other times by the instruments and measures of the present. The characters whom he admires are those who would have conformed to the type that was before his eyes: who would have moved with effect in the court, the camp, the senate, the drawing-room of to-day. He contemplates the past with no *desiderium*, no regretful longing, no sense of things admirable which are also lost and irrevocable. Upon this limitation of his retrospects it follows in natural sequence that of

the future he has no glowing anticipations, and even the present he is not apt to contemplate on its mysterious and ideal side. As in respect to his personal capacity of loving, so in regard to the corresponding literary power. The faculty was singularly intense, and yet it was spent within a narrow circle. There is a marked sign of this narrowness, in his disinclination even to look at the works of contemporaries whose tone or manner he disliked.

It appears that this dislike, and the ignorance consequent upon it, applied to the works of Carlyle. Now, we may have much or little faith in Carlyle as a philosopher or as a historian. Half-lights and half-truths may be the utmost which, in these departments, his works will be found to yield. But the total want of sympathy is the more noteworthy, because the resemblances, though partial, are both numerous and substantial between these two remarkable men and powerful writers, as well in their strength as in their weakness. Both are honest; and both, notwithstanding honesty, are partisans. Each is vastly, though diversely, powerful in expression; and each is more powerful in expression than in thought. Both are, though variously, poets using the vehicle of prose. Both have the power of portraitures, extraordinary for vividness and strength. For comprehensive disquisition, for balanced and impartial judgments, the world will probably resort to neither; and if Carlyle gains on the comparison in his strong sense of the inward and the ideal, he loses in the absolute and violent character of his one-sidedness. Without doubt, Carlyle's licentious though striking peculiarities of style have been of a nature allowably to repel, so far as they go, one who was so rigid as Macaulay in his literary orthodoxy, and who so highly appreciated, and with such expenditure of labor, all that relates to the exterior or body of a book. Still, if there be resemblances so strong, the want of appreciation, which has possibly been reciprocal, seems to be partly of that nature which Aristotle would have explained by his favorite proverb, κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ.[1] The discrepancy is like the discrepancy of colors that are too near. Carlyle is at least a great fact in the literature of his time, and has contributed largely, — in some respects too largely, — toward forming its characteristic habits of thought. But on these very grounds he should not have been excluded from the horizon of a mind like Macaulay's, with all its large and varied and most active interests. . . .

[1] Potter [detests] potter.

There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who if they have not equaled have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections; and yet not in accuracy as to dates or names or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was one simply between ay and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of kings, or popes, or senior wranglers, or prime ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order: recollections for example of characters, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth "was unto him an occasion of falling." And that in two ways. First, the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colors it supplied, the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, of the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin; but it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character and even the adulteries of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others; he probably suspected it in himself; but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as a historian, on which much has been and probably much more will be said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest as well as the most precious of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This

during his life-time was the belief of his friends, but was hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth, but of course for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was colored from within. This color, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordant; it was a fast color: he could not distinguish between what his mind had received and what his mind had imparted. Hence, when he was wrong, he could not see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not to the heart, there can hardly be a greater. . . .

However true it may be that Macaulay was a far more consummate workman in the manner than in the matter of his works, we do not doubt that the works contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame, and solid expositions of principle, social, moral, and constitutional. They are pervaded by a generous love of liberty; and their atmosphere is pure and bracing, their general aim and basis morally sound. Of the qualifications of this eulogy we have spoken, and have yet to speak. But we can speak of the style of the works with little qualification. We do not indeed venture to assert that his style ought to be imitated. Yet this is not because it was vicious, but because it was individual and incommunicable. It was one of those gifts of which, when it had been conferred, Nature broke the mold. That it is the head of all literary styles we do not allege; but it is different from them all and perhaps more different from them all than they are usually different from one another. We speak only of natural styles, of styles where the manner waits upon the matter, and not where an artificial structure has been reared either to hide or to make up for poverty of substance.

It is paramount in the union of ease in movement with perspicuity of matter, of both with real splendor, and of all with immense rapidity and striking force. From any other pen, such masses of ornament would be tawdry; with him they are only rich. As a model of art concealing art, the finest cabinet pictures of Holland are almost his only rivals. Like Pascal, he makes the heaviest subject light; like Burke, he embellishes the barrenest. When he walks over arid plains, the springs of milk and honey, as in a march of Bacchus, seem to rise beneath his tread. The repast he serves is always sumptuous,

but it seems to create an appetite proportioned to its abundance; for who has ever heard of the reader that was cloyed with Macaulay? In none, perhaps, of our prose writers are lessons such as he gives of truth and beauty, of virtue and of freedom, so vividly associated with delight. Could some magician but do for the career of life what he has done for the arm-chair and the study, what a change would pass on the face (at least) of the world we live in, what an accession of recruits would there be to the professing followers of virtue! . . .

The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted was liable more than most of us to be run away with. His merit is that he could keep his seat in the wildest steeple-chase; but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences needful to secure for labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of color, such the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that when he has grown hot upon his work he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact and the laws of moderation; he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preterhuman vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away from the ranges of his vision. . . .

In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the

subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvelous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler: but what Homer did was due to his time; what Macaulay did, to his temperament. . . .

The "History" of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live; but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and very high work of art. . . .

Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up; but they will probably attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his net solutions of literary, and still less of historic problems. Yet they will obtain, from his marked and telling points of view, great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary; and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broad-set, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and

conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this Biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

The Book on State and Church.

(From "A Chapter of Autobiography.")

The book entitled "The State in its Relations to the Church," was printed during the autumn of 1838, while I was making a tour in the South of Europe, which the state of my eyesight had rendered it prudent to undertake. Three editions of it were published without textual change; and in the year 1841 a fourth, greatly enlarged, though in other respects little altered, issued from the press. All interest in it had, however, even at that time, long gone by, and it lived for nearly thirty years only in the vigorous and brilliant, though not, in my opinion, entirely faithful picture, drawn by the accomplished hand of Lord Macaulay. During the present year, as I understand from good authority, it has again been in demand, and in my hearing it has received the emphatic suffrages of many, of whose approval I was never made aware during the earlier and less noisy stages of its existence.

The distinctive principle of the book was supposed to be that the State had a conscience. But the controversy really lies not in the existence of a conscience in the State, so much as in the extent of its range. Few would deny the obligation of the State to follow the moral law. Every treaty, for example, depends upon it. The true issue was this: Whether the State in its best condition has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error; and in particular, whether the State of the United Kingdom, at a period somewhat exceeding thirty years ago, was or was not so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country. The work attempted to survey the actual state of the relations between the State and the Church; to show from History the ground which had been defined for the National Church at the Reformation; and to inquire and determine whether the existing state of things was worth preserving and defending against encroachment from whatever quarter. This question is decided emphatically in the affirmative. . . .

Faithful to logic, and to its theory, my work did not shrink from applying them to the crucial case of the Irish Church. It did not disguise the difficulties of the case, for I was alive to the paradox which it involved. But the one master idea of the system, that the State, as it then stood, was capable in this age — as it had been in ages long gone by — of assuming beneficially a responsibility for the inculcation of a particular religion, carried me through all. My doctrine was, that the Church, as established by law, was to be maintained for its truth; that this was the only principle on which it could be properly and permanently upheld; that this principle, if good for England, was good also for Ireland; that truth is of all possessions the most precious to the soul of man; and that to remove — as I then erroneously thought we should remove — this priceless treasure from the view and the reach of the Irish people, would be meanly to purchase their momentary favor at the expense of their permanent interests, and would be a high offense against our own sacred obligations.

These, I think, were the leading propositions of the work. In one important point, however, it was inconsistent with itself: it contained a full admission that a State might, by its nature and circumstances, be incapacitated from upholding and propagating a definite form of religion: "There may be a state of things in the United States of America — perhaps in some British colonies there does actually exist a state of things — in which religious communions are so equally divided, or so variously subdivided, that the government is itself similarly checkered in its religious complexion, and thus internally incapacitated by disunion from acting in matters of religion; or, again, there may be a State in which the members of Government may be of one faith or persuasion, the mass of subjects of another, and hence there may be an external incapacity to act in matters of religion."

The book goes on to describe that incapacity, however produced, as a social defect and calamity. But the latter part of the work, instead of acknowledging such incapacity as a sufficient and indeed commanding plea for abstention, went beyond the bounds of moderation, and treated it as if it must in all cases be a sin; as though any association of men, in civil government or otherwise, could be responsible for acting beyond the line of the capabilities determined for it by its constitution and composition. My meaning, I believe, was to describe only cases in which there might be a deliberate renunciation of such

duties as there was the power to fulfill. But this line is left too obscurely drawn between this willful and wanton rejection of opportunities for good, and the cases in which the state of religious convictions, together with the recognized principles of government, disable the civil power from including within its work the business of either directly or indirectly inculcating religion, and mark out for it a different line of action.

Some After-thoughts.

I believe that the foregoing passages describe fairly, if succinctly, the main propositions of "The State in Its Relations to the Church," so far as the book bears upon the present controversy. They bound me hand and foot; they hemmed me in on every side. My opinion of the Established Church of Ireland is now the direct opposite of what it was then. I then thought it reconcilable with civil and national justice; I now think the maintenance of it grossly unjust. I then thought its action was favorable to the interests of the religion which it teaches; I now believe it to be opposed to them. . . .

An establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more; an establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people; an establishment that can command the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far-reaching past; an establishment able to appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of the people, and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole; whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries — if they have them — are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinion: — such an establishment should surely be maintained.

But an establishment that neither does nor has the hope of doing work except for a few — and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all; an establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulf, and by a wall of brass; an establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long, unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections; an establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very

act of lending it: — such an establishment will do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself as soon as may be of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new career, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears.

Anticipations for the Church of England.

(From "Church Principles in their Results.")

And here I close this review of the religious position of the Church of England under the circumstances of the day [1840]: of course not venturing to assume that these pages can effect in any degree the purpose with which they are written, of contributing to her security and peace; but yet full of the most cheerful anticipations of her destiny, and without the remotest fear either of schism among her children, or of any permanent oppression from the State, whatever may befall the State herself. She has endured for ten years, not only without essential injury, but with a decided and progressive growth in her general influence as well as in her individual vigor, the ordeal of public discussion, and the brunt of many hostile attacks, in a time of great agitation and disquietude, and of immense political changes. There was a period when her children felt no serious alarms for her safety: and then she was in serious peril. Of late their apprehensions have been violently and constantly excited; but her dangers have diminished: so poor a thing, at best, is human solicitude. Yes, if we may put any trust in the signs that are within her and upon her — if we may at all rely upon the results of the patient and deliberate thought of many minds, upon the consenting testimony of foes and friends — the hand of her Lord is over her for good, to make her more and more a temple of His spirit and an organ of His will. Surely He will breathe into her anew, and more and more, the breath of life, and will raise up in her abundantly power in the midst of weakness, and the sense of power in the midst of the sense of weakness: — of weakness in so far as she is an earthen vessel; of power inasmuch as He is a heavenly treasure abiding therein. The might that none can withstand, the wisdom that none can pierce, the love that none can fathom, the revelation of truth whose light faileth not, the promise that never can be broken: — those are the

pillars of her strength whereon she rests, we may trust, not more conspicuous by their height than secure upon their deep foundations.

The Homeric View of the Future State.

(From "Juventus Mundi.")

The picture of the future state of man in Homer is eminently truthful as a representation of a creed which had probably fallen into dilapidation, and of the feelings which clustered about it: and it is perhaps unrivaled in the perfectly natural but penetrating force with which it conveys the effect of dreariness and gloom. It does not appear to be in all respects coherent and symmetrical; and while nothing betokens that this defect is owing to the diversity of the sources from which the traditions are drawn, it is such as might be due to the waste wrought by time and change on a belief which had at an earlier date been self-consistent.

The future life, however, is in Homer used with solemnity and force as a sanction of the moral laws, especially in so far as the crime of perjury is concerned. The Erinnues dwell in the Underworld, and punish perjurers. As the Erinnues are invoked with reference to other offenses, we may therefore presume them also to have been punishable in the Underworld. The world to come is exhibited to us by Homer in three divisions:

I. — There is the Elysian Plain, apparently under the government of Rhadamanthus, to which Menelaos will be conducted — or rather, perhaps, translated — in order to die there; not for his virtues, however, but because he is the husband of Helen, and so the son-in-law of Zeus. The main characteristic of this abode seems to be easy and abundant subsistence, with an atmosphere free from the violence of winter, and from rain and snow. Okeanos freshens it with zephyrs; it is therefore apparently on the western border of the world. Mr. Max Müller conjectures that *Elysiam* (ἤλυθον) may be a name simply expressing *the future*. The whole conception, however, may be deemed more or less ambiguous inasmuch as the Elysian state is antecedent to death.

II. — Next comes the Underworld proper — the general receptacle of human spirits. It nowhere receives a territorial name in Homer, but is called the abode of Aïdes, or of Aïdes

and Persephone. Its character is chill, drear, and dark; the very gods abhor it. Better serve for hire, even for a needy master, says the Shade of Achilles, than to be lord over the Dead. It reaches, however, under the crust of the earth; for in the "Theomachy," Aïdoneus dreads lest the earthquake of Poseidon should lay open his domain to gods and men. Minos administers justice among the dead as a king would on earth. But they are in general under no penal infliction. Three cases alone are mentioned as cases of suffering: those of Tituos, Tantalos, and Sisuphos. The offense is only named in the case of Tituos; it was violence offered to the goddess Leto. Heracles suffers a strange discerption of individuality; for his *Eidolon* or "Shade," moves and speaks here, while "he himself is at the banquets of the Immortals." Again Castor and Pollux are here, and are alive on alternate days, while they enjoy on earth the honors of deities. Here, then, somewhat conflicting conditions appear to be combined. Within the dreary region seems to be a palace, which is in a more special sense the residence of its rulers. The access to the Underworld is in the far East, by the Ocean River, at a full day's sail from the Euxine, in the country of the cloud-wrapped Kimmerioi. From this point the way lies, for an indefinite distance, up the Stream, to a point where the beach is narrow, and where Persephone is worshiped in her groves of poplar and of willow.

III. — There is also the region of Tartaros, as far below that of Aïdes as Aïdes is below the earth. Here dwell Iapetos and Kronos, far from the solar ray. Kronos has a band of gods around him, who have in another place the epithet of sub-Tartarean, and the name of Titans. It does not appear whether these are at all identified with the deposed dynasty of the Nature-power, whose dwelling is in the Underworld, and with whom the human Dead had means of communication; for Achilles charges the Shade of Patroclos with a communication to the river Spherchеios.

The line, therefore, of communication between the realm of Aïdes and the dark Tartaros is obscurely drawn; but in general we may say that, while the former was for men, the latter was for deposed or condemned Immortals. We hear of the offenses of Eurumedon and the Giants with their ruler; and though their place is not named, we may presume them, as well as Otos and Ephialtes, to be in Tartaros, in addition to the deities already named. Hither it is that Zeus threatens to hurl down refractory

divinities of the Olympian Court. This threefold division of the unseen world is in some kind of correspondence with the Christian, and with what may have been the patriarchal tradition; as is the retributive character of the future State, however imperfectly developed, and the continuance there of the habits and propensities acquired on earth.

Homer's Habitat and Date.

(From "Homeric Synchronisms.")

I MUST confess it to be a common assumption repeated in a multitude of quarters, that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, living after the great Eastward Migration. The number and credit of its adherents have been such that I might have been abashed by their authority, but for the fact that the adhesion seems to have been very generally no more than the mechanical assent which is given provisionally, as it were, to any current tradition, before it comes to be subjected to close examination. At the point to which my endeavors to examine the text of the Poems have led me, when I confront the opinion that he was an Asiatic Greek, born after the Dorian conquest, I can only say to it, "Aroint thee." I could almost as easily believe him an Englishman, or Shakespeare a Frenchman, or Dante an American.

In support of this proposition I have met with but little of serious argument. The elegant but very slight treatise of Wood adopted it, and occupied the field in this country at a period (1775) when the systematic study of the text had not yet begun. The passage in *Il.* iv., 51, requires, I think, no such conclusion. But if it did (though this remedy is not one to be lightly adopted) it ought itself, as I hold, to be rejected without hesitation. I will only here mention a few of the arguments against the opinion which denies to Homer a home in Achaian Greece; only premising that he lived under the voluntary system, sang for his bread, and therefore had to keep himself in constant sympathy with the prevailing and, so to speak, uppermost sympathies of his audience.

1. — It is the Achaian name and race to which the Poems give constant and paramount glory. But after the invasion of the Heraclids the Achaians had sunk to be one of the most insignificant, and, for the time, discredited portions of the Greek people.

2. — Conversely, if Homer had sung at such a period, the Dorians supreme in the Greek Peninsula, and the Ionians rising in Attica, or distinguished and flourishing in Asia Minor, could not have failed to hold a prominent and favorable position in the Poems. Whereas, while the older names of *Argeioi* and *Danaoi* are constantly put forward, the Dorian name, but twice casually mentioned, is altogether insignificant; and the Ionian name, besides being obscure, is coupled with the epithet ἑλκεχίτονες, "tunic-trailing," or, as we translate it in a more friendly spirit, "with tunics that swept the ground," in the one place where the Ionian soldiery are introduced. This is surely a disparaging designation for troops.

3. — Not less important are the considerations with the Aiolian title. In the later Greek tradition we have numerous notices of Aiolians as settled in various parts of Greece. But none of these can be considered as historical in the form they actually bear. When we go back to Homer, whom many have called an Aiolian Greek, we find that he was not even conscious of the existence of *Aiolians*, but only of *Aiolids*. He brings before us a variety of persons and families, holding the highest stations, and playing important parts in the early history of the country, who are descended from or connected with an Aiolos. This Aiolos has every appearance of a mythical Eponymist. But though Homer knows perfectly well the Dorians and the Ionians, while the Achaians are his main theme, of an Aiolian tribe he is profoundly ignorant. And this we perfectly understand if (as I contend) he was an Achaian Greek, or a Greek anterior to the Dorian Conquest. If Homer were an Aiolian Greek or an Asiatic Greek at all, Aiolis having been a principal Greek conquest in Asia, and the oldest among them, how could he have been ignorant of the Aiolian name? How could he have effectively denied the existence of that name by giving us Aiolids — scattered members of a particular family, very few in number, very illustrious in position, but no community or tribe? the distinction is a vital one; for as he knows nothing of a tribe in the Aiolian case, so he knows nothing of an Eponymist or family in the Dorian or Achaian cases.

4. — This portion of the argument becomes yet more cogent when we consider that in the Aiolis of the period following the Dorian conquest were included the Plain and Site of Troy. Now if Homer had been an Aiolian Greek, or a Greek of the

later Ionic migration, he must have sung among people many of whom were familiar with the topography of the spot. But I hold it to be certain that, while he has given us the local features of the Site and Plain, sufficiently for a large indication, he has handled them loosely and at will in points of detail. He has treated the Plain without any assumption of a minute acquaintance with it, just as one who was sketching, boldly but slightly, a picture for his hearers, and not as one who laid his scène in a place with which they were already personally familiar, and which formed by far the most famous portion of the country they inhabited.

10. — But this strong negative reasoning is less strong than the positive argument: *What* is it — what men, what manners, what age is it that Homer sings of? I aver that they are Achaian men, Achaian manners, an Achaian age. The atmosphere which he breathes is Achaian. It is all redolent of the youth and health of the nation, its hope, its ardor, and its energy. How could the Colonies of Asia Minor have supplied him with his ideas of free yet kingly government? What do we know of any practice of oratory there, such as could have inspired his great speeches and debates? He shows us the Achaian character in the heroic form, with its astonishing union of force and even violence, with gentleness and refinement; how did he learn of this but by observation of those among whom, and whose representatives he lived? There is an entireness and an originality in that Achaian life, a medium in which all its figures move, which was afterward vaguely and faintly embodied by poets in the idea of an heroic age, such as hardly could have been and such as we have not the smallest reason to suppose was, reproduced on a new soil, and in profoundly modified circumstances, after the Migration.

11. — In truth, the traditions about the birthplace of Homer are covered with marks truly mythical. That is, they are just such as men, in the actual course of things, were likely to forge. If he had lived and sung amidst an Achaian civilization, yet that civilization was soon and violently swept away. But during all the time of their banishment from the Peninsula, these poems may well have had an enduring continuous currency among the children of those whose sires in recent generations had so loved to hear them, and whose remoter heroes had, or were thought to have, received from them the gift of immortality. This by a natural progression, as these poems were

for the time Asiatic, as relating to them — and most of all the Singer — came to be claimed as Asiatic too. In the verse "Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens," we have set forth as candidates for the honor of having given them birth — cities of which only one (Argos) has a considerable interest in the action of the Iliad, but most of which, as the seat of an after civilization and power, had doubtless harbored and enjoyed the works. Such, as it appears to me, is no unnatural explanation of the growth and progress of an opinion which, when tried upon its merits only, must, I think, seem a strange one to those who have at all tried to measure truly the extraordinary nearness of association and close and ardent sympathy between Homer and the men and deeds he celebrates.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe, a famous German poet and dramatist, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aug. 28, 1749; died at Weimar, March 22, 1832. At sixteen he was sent to the University of Leipsic, and two years later to that of Strasburg to complete his studies in jurisprudence. In 1772 he went to the little town of Wetzlar, then the seat of the Imperial Court of Justice, in order to enter formally into the legal profession.

Goethe's romance, "Die Leiden des Jungen Werther," known in English as "The Sorrows of Werther," was published in 1774, and created an immense sensation not only in Germany, but throughout Europe. The celebrity attained by "Werther" brought Goethe to the notice of Charles Augustus, Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who in 1775 invited Goethe to spend a few weeks at his Court. The result was he virtually became Prime-Minister. His life at Weimar was interrupted by a two years' visit to Italy (1786–1787), which he describes in his "Italiänische Reise." Another episode occurred in 1792, when he accompanied the Prussian army in the expedition to France. Of the inglorious campaign Goethe wrote a graphic account.

During the twenty years from 1775 to 1795, Goethe gave much thought to scientific subjects. He wrote much which is still regarded of high value upon Optics, upon the Theory of Colors, upon Comparative Anatomy, and upon the Metamorphoses of Plants.

The First Part of "Wilhelm Meister" — "The Apprenticeship" — appeared in 1795. This is known to English readers by Carlyle's spirited translation. The minor poems of Goethe were written from time to time during the course of fully sixty years. His principal works are as follows: "Götz von Berlichingen" (1773); "Die Leiden des Jungen Werther" (1774); "Clavigo" (1774); "Iphigenia auf Tauris" (1779); "Jery und Bätely" (1780); "Torquato Tasso" (1786); "Die Italiänische Reise" (1788); "Egmont" (1788); "Reinecke Fuchs" (1793); "Farbenlehre" (1794); "Wilhelm Meister" (Part I., 1795); "Hermann und Dorothea" (1797); "The Achilleis" (1797); "Faust" (Part I., 1805); "Wilhelm Meister" (Part II., 1808); "Wahlverwandschaften" (1809); "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (1812); "Faust" (Part II.,

1831). Numerous volumes of Goethe's Correspondence with men of letters have been published. The most important of these are that with Schlegel and the brothers Humboldt, and that with Schiller, translated by George H. Calvert (1845). The earliest uniform German edition of the Works of Goethe appeared in 1827–1831, in forty volumes, to which were soon added fifteen volumes of Posthumous Works.

Wilhelm Meister's Analysis of Hamlet.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.")

Seeing the company so favorably disposed, Wilhelm now hoped he might further have it in his power to converse with them on the poetic merit of the pieces which might come before them. "It is not enough," said he next day, when they were all again assembled, "for the actor merely to glance over a dramatic work, to judge of it by his first impression, and thus without investigation to declare his satisfaction or dissatisfaction with it. Such things may be allowed in a spectator, whose purpose it is rather to be entertained and moved than formally to criticise. But the actor, on the other hand, should be prepared to give a reason for his praise or censure: and how shall he do this if he have not taught himself to penetrate the sense, the views, and feelings of his author? A common error is, to form a judgment of a drama from a single part in it; and to look upon this part itself in an isolated point of view, not in its connection with the whole. I have noticed this within a few days so clearly in my own conduct, that I will give you the account as an example, if you please to hear me patiently.

"You all know Shakspeare's incomparable 'Hamlet': our public reading of it at the Castle yielded every one of us the greatest satisfaction. On that occasion we proposed to act the piece; and I, not knowing what I undertook, engaged to play the Prince's part. This I conceived that I was studying, while I began to get by heart the strongest passages, the soliloquies, and those scenes in which force of soul, vehemence, and elevation of feeling have the freest scope; where the agitated heart is allowed to display itself with touching expressiveness.

"I further conceived that I was penetrating quite into the spirit of the character, while I endeavored as it were to take upon myself the load of deep melancholy under which my prototype was laboring, and in this humor to pursue him through

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GOETHE HOUSE IN FRANKFORT

the strange labyrinths of his caprices and his singularities. Thus learning, thus practicing, I doubted not but I should by and by become one person with my hero.

"But the farther I advanced, the more difficult did it become for me to form any image of the whole, in its general bearings; till at last it seemed as if impossible. I next went through the entire piece without interruption; but here too I found much that I could not away with. At one time the characters, at another time the manner of displaying them, seemed inconsistent; and I almost despaired of finding any general tint, in which I might present my whole part with all its shadings and variations. In such devious paths I toiled, and wandered long in vain; till at length a hope arose that I might reach my aim in quite a new way.

"I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet's character, as it had shown itself before his father's death: I endeavored to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event; independent of the terrible events that followed; and what most probably the young man would have been, had no such thing occurred.

"Soft, and from noble stem, this royal flower had sprung up under the immediate influences of majesty; the idea of moral rectitude with that of princely elevation, the feeling of the good and dignified with the consciousness of high birth, had in him been unfolded simultaneously. He was a prince, by birth a prince; and he wished to reign, only that good men might be good without obstruction. Pleasing in form, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, he was meant to be the pattern of youth and the joy of the world.

"Without any prominent passion, his love for Ophelia was a still presentiment of sweet wants. His zeal in knightly accomplishments was not entirely his own; it needed to be quickened and inflamed by praise bestowed on others for excelling in them. Pure in sentiment, he knew the honorable-minded, and could prize the rest which an upright spirit tastes on the bosom of a friend. To a certain degree, he had learned to discern and value the good and the beautiful in arts and sciences; the mean, the vulgar was offensive to him: and if hatred could take root in his tender soul, it was only so far as to make him properly despise the false and changeful insects of a court, and play with them in easy scorn. He was calm in his temper, artless in his conduct, neither pleased with idleness nor too violently eager

for employment. The routine of a university he seemed to continue when at court. He possessed more mirth of humor than of heart; he was a good companion, pliant, courteous, discreet, and able to forget and forgive an injury, yet never able to unite himself with those who overstept the limits of the right, the good, and the becoming.

"When we read the piece again, you shall judge whether I am yet on the proper track. I hope at least to bring forward passages that shall support my opinion in its main points."

This delineation was received with warm approval; the company imagined they foresaw that Hamlet's manner of proceeding might now be very satisfactorily explained; they applauded this method of penetrating into the spirit of a writer. Each of them proposed to himself to take up some piece, and study it on these principles, and so unfold the author's meaning. . . .

Loving Shakspeare as our friend did, he failed not to lead round the conversation to the merits of that dramatist. Expressing, as he entertained, the liveliest hopes of the new epoch which these exquisite productions must form in Germany, he ere long introduced his "Hamlet," who had busied him so much of late.

Serlo declared that he would long ago have played the piece, had this been possible, and that he himself would willingly engage to act Polonius. He added with a smile, "An Ophelia too will certainly turn up, if we had but a Prince."

Wilhelm did not notice that Aurelia seemed a little hurt at her brother's sarcasm. Our friend was in his proper vein, becoming copious and didactic, expounding how he would have "Hamlet" played. He circumstantially delivered to his hearers the opinions we before saw him busied with; taking all the trouble possible to make his notion of the matter acceptable, skeptical as Serlo showed himself regarding it. "Well then," said the latter finally, "suppose we grant you all this, what will you explain by it?"

"Much, everything," said Wilhelm. "Conceive a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succes-

sion. In place of this, he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene which from youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more, that he is less, than a private nobleman; he offers himself as the servant of every one; he is not courteous and condescending, he is needy and degraded.

"His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him, to present his situation in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

"The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful, tender son had yet a mother, when his father passed away. He hoped in the company of his surviving, noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed; but his mother too he loses, and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which a good child loves to form of its parents is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is a woman, and her name is Frailty, like that of all her sex.

"Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness of life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective or sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus that we see him first enter on the scene. I do not think that I have mixed aught foreign with the piece, or overcharged a single feature of it."

Serlo looked at his sister and said, "Did I give thee a false picture of our friend? He begins well; he has still many things to tell us, many to persuade us of." Wilhelm asseverated loudly that he meant not to persuade but to convince; he begged for another moment's patience.

"Figure to yourselves this youth," cried he, "this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrors of the night, when the venerable ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it, and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge, and the piercing oft-repeated prayer, Remember me!

"And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man; he grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation: —

"'The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!'

"In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

"A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him, not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds, and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind."

Aurelia seemed to give but little heed to what was passing; at last she conducted Wilhelm to another room, and going to the window, and looking out at the starry sky she said to him, "You have still much to tell us about Hamlet; I will not hurry you; my brother must hear it as well as I; but let me beg to know your thoughts about Ophelia."

"Of her there cannot much be said," he answered; "for a few master strokes complete her character. The whole being of Ophelia floats in sweet and ripe sensation. Kindness for the Prince, to whose hand she may aspire, flows so spontaneously, her tender heart obeys its impulses so unresistingly, that both father and brother are afraid; both give her warning harshly and directly. Decorum, like the thin lawn upon her bosom, cannot hide the soft, still movements of her heart; it on the contrary betrays them. Her fancy is smit; her silent modesty breathes amiable desire; and if the friendly goddess Opportunity should shake the tree, its fruit would fall."

"And then," said Aurelia, "when she beholds herself forsaken, cast away, despised; when all is inverted in the soul of her crazed lover, and the highest changes to the lowest, and instead of the sweet cup of love he offers her the bitter cup of woe" —

"Her heart breaks," cries Wilhelm; "the whole structure of her being is loosened from its joinings; her father's death strikes fiercely against it; and the fair edifice altogether crumbles into fragments." . . .

Serlo, at this moment entering, inquired about his sister; and looking in the book which our friend had hold of, cried, "So you are again at 'Hamlet'? Very good! Many doubts have arisen in me, which seem not a little to impair the canonical aspect of the piece as you would have it viewed. The English themselves have admitted that its chief interest concludes with the third act; the last two lagging sorrily on, and scarcely uniting with the rest: and certainly about the end it seems to stand stock still."

"It is very possible," said Wilhelm, "that some individuals of a nation which has so many masterpieces to feel proud of, may be led by prejudice and narrowness of mind to form false judgments; but this cannot hinder us from looking with our own eyes, and doing justice where we see it due. I am very far from censuring the plan of 'Hamlet'; on the other hand, I believe there never was a grander one invented; nay, it is not invented, it is real."

"How do you demonstrate that?" inquired Serlo.

"I will not demonstrate anything," said Wilhelm; "I will merely show you what my own conceptions of it are."

Aurelia rose up from her cushion, leaned upon her hand, and looked at Wilhelm; who, with the firmest assurance that he was in the right, went on as follows: —

"It pleases us, it flatters us to see a hero acting on his own strength; loving and hating as his heart directs him; undertaking and completing; casting every obstacle aside; and at length attaining some great object which he aimed at. Poets and historians would willingly persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In 'Hamlet' we are taught another lesson: the hero is without a plan, but the piece is full of plan. Here we have no villain punished on some self-conceived and rigidly accomplished scheme of vengeance: a horrid deed occurs; it rolls itself along with all its consequences, dragging guiltless persons

also in its course; the perpetrator seems as if he would evade the abyss which is made ready for him, yet he plunges in, at the very point by which he thinks he shall escape and happily complete his course.

"For it is the property of crime to extend its mischief over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that deserve them not; while frequently the author of the one or of the other is not punished or rewarded at all. Here in this play of ours, how strange! The Pit of Darkness sends its spirit and demands revenge; in vain! All circumstances tend one way, and hurry to revenge; in vain! Neither earthly nor infernal thing may bring about what is reserved for Fate alone. The hour of judgment comes: the wicked falls with the good; one race is mowed away, that another may spring up."

After a pause, in which they looked at one another, Serlo said: "You pay no great compliment to Providence, in thus exalting Shakspeare; and besides, it appears to me that for the honor of your poet, as others for the honor of Providence, you ascribe to him an object and a plan which he himself had never thought of."

"Let me also put a question," said Aurelia. "I have looked at Ophelia's part again; I am contented with it, and conceive that under certain circumstances I could play it. But tell me, should not the poet have furnished the insane maiden with another sort of songs? Could not one select some fragments out of melancholy ballads for this purpose? What have double meanings and lascivious insipidities to do in the mouth of such a noble-minded person?"

"Dear friend," said Wilhelm, "even here I cannot yield you one iota. In these singularities, in this apparent impropriety, a deep sense is hid. Do we not understand from the very first what the mind of the good, soft-hearted girl was busied with? Silently she lived within herself, yet she scarce concealed her wishes, her longing; the tones of desire were in secret ringing through her soul; and how often may she have attempted, like an unskillful nurse, to lull her senses to repose with songs which only kept them more awake? But at last, when her self-command is altogether gone, when the secrets of her heart are hovering on her tongue, that tongue betrays her; and in the innocence of insanity she solaces herself, unmindful of king or queen, with the echo of her loose and well-beloved songs, 'Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day,' and 'By Gis and by Saint Charity.'

"I am much mistaken," cried he, "if I have not now discovered how the whole is to be managed; nay, I am convinced that Shakspeare himself would have arranged it so, had not his mind been too exclusively directed to the ruling interest, and perhaps misled by the novels which furnished him with his materials."

"Let us hear," said Serlo, placing himself with an air of solemnity upon the sofa; "I will listen calmly, but judge with rigor."

"I am not afraid of you," said Wilhelm; "only hear me. In the composition of this play, after the most accurate investigation and the most mature reflection, I distinguish two classes of objects. The first are the grand internal relations of the persons and events, the powerful effects which arise from the characters and proceedings of the main figures: these, I hold, are individually excellent, and the order in which they are presented cannot be improved. No kind of interference must be suffered to destroy them, or even essentially to change their form. These are the things which stamp themselves deep into the soul; which all men long to see, which no one dares to meddle with. Accordingly, I understand, they have almost wholly been retained in all our German theaters.

"But our countrymen have erred, in my opinion, with regard to the second class of objects which may be observed in this tragedy: I allude to the external relations of the persons, whereby they are brought from place to place, or combined in various ways by certain accidental incidents. These they have looked upon as very unimportant; have spoken of them only in passing, or left them out altogether. Now indeed it must be owned that these threads are slack and slender; yet they run through the entire piece, and bind together much that would otherwise fall asunder, and does actually fall asunder when you cut them off, and imagine you have done enough and more if you have left the ends hanging.

"Among these external relations I include the disturbances in Norway, the war with young Fortinbras, the embassy to his uncle, the settling of that feud, the march of young Fortinbras to Poland, and his coming back at the end; of the same sort are Horatio's return from Wittenberg, Hamlet's wish to go thither, the journey of Laertes to France, his return, the dispatch of Hamlet into England, his capture by pirates, the death of the two courtiers by the letter which they carried. All these cir-

cumstances and events would be very fit for expanding and lengthening a novel; but here they injure exceedingly the unity of the piece, — particularly as the hero had no plan, — and are in consequence entirely out of place."

"For once in the right!" cried Serlo.

"Do not interrupt me," answered Wilhelm; "perhaps you will not always think me right. These errors are like temporary props of an edifice; they must not be removed till we have built a firm wall in their stead. My project therefore is, not at all to change those first-mentioned grand situations, or at least as much as possible to spare them, both collectively and individually; but with respect to these external, single, dissipated, and dissipating motives, to cast them all at once away, and substitute a solitary one instead of them."

"And this?" inquired Serlo, springing up from his recumbent posture.

"It lies in the piece itself," answered Wilhelm, "only I employ it rightly. There are disturbances in Norway. You shall hear my plan and try it.

"After the death of Hamlet the father, the Norwegians, lately conquered, grow unruly. The viceroy of that country sends his son Horatio, an old school friend of Hamlet's, and distinguished above every other for his bravery and prudence, to Denmark, to press forward the equipment of the fleet, which under the new luxurious King proceeds but slowly. Horatio has known the former King, having fought in his battles, having even stood in favor with him; a circumstance by which the first ghost scene will be nothing injured. The new sovereign gives Horatio audience, and sends Laertes into Norway with intelligence that the fleet will soon arrive, whilst Horatio is commissioned to accelerate the preparation of it; and the Queen, on the other hand, will not consent that Hamlet, as he wishes, should go to sea along with him."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Serlo; "we shall now get rid of Wittenberg and the university, which was always a sorry piece of business. I think your idea extremely good: for except these two distinct objects, Norway and the fleet, the spectator will not be required to *fancy* anything: the rest he will *see;* the rest takes place before him; whereas his imagination, on the other plan, was hunted over all the world."

"You easily perceive," said Wilhelm, "how I shall contrive to keep the other parts together. When Hamlet tells Horatio of

his uncle's crime, Horatio counsels him to go to Norway in his company, to secure the affections of the army, and return in warlike force. Hamlet also is becoming dangerous to the King and Queen; they find no readier method of deliverance than to send him in the fleet, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to be spies upon him: and as Laertes in the mean time comes from France, they determine that this youth, exasperated even to murder, shall go after him. Unfavorable winds detain the fleet; Hamlet returns: for his wandering through the church-yard perhaps some lucky motive may be thought of; his meeting with Laertes in Ophelia's grave is a grand moment, which we must not part with. After this, the King resolves that it is better to get quit of Hamlet on the spot: the festival of his departure, the pretended reconcilement with Laertes, are now solemnized; on which occasion knightly sports are held, and Laertes fights with Hamlet. Without the four corpses I cannot end the piece; not one of them can possibly be left. The right of popular election now again comes in force, and Hamlet gives his dying voice for Horatio."

"Quick! quick!" said Serlo; "sit down and work the piece; your plan has my entire approbation; only do not let your zeal for it evaporate.". . .

Wilhelm had already been for some time busied with translating Hamlet; making use, as he labored, of Wieland's spirited performance, by means of which he had first become acquainted with Shakspeare. What in Wieland's work had been omitted he replaced; and he had at length procured himself a complete version, at the very time when Serlo and he finally agreed about the way of treating it. He now began, according to his plan, to cut out and insert, to separate and unite, to alter and often to restore; for satisfied as he was with his own conception, it still appeared to him as if in executing it he were but spoiling the original.

So soon as all was finished, he read his work to Serlo and the rest. They declared themselves exceedingly contented with it; Serlo in particular made many flattering observations.

"You have felt very justly," said he, among other things, "that some external circumstances must accompany this piece; but that they must be simpler than those which the great poet has employed. What takes place without the theater — what the spectator does not see, but must imagine for himself — is like a background, in front of which the acting figures move. Your

large and simple prospect of the fleet and Norway will very much improve the piece; if this were altogether taken from it, we should have but a family scene remaining; and the great idea, that here a kingly house by internal crimes and incongruities goes down to ruin, would not be presented with its proper dignity. But if the former background were left standing, so manifold, so fluctuating and confused, it would hurt the impression of the figures."

Wilhelm again took Shakspeare's part: alleging that he wrote for islanders, for Englishmen, who generally, in the distance, were accustomed to see little else than ships and voyages, the coast of France and privateers; and thus what perplexed and distracted others was to them quite natural.

Serlo assented; and both of them were of opinion that as the piece was now to be produced upon the German stage, this more serious and simple background was the best adapted for the German mind.

The parts had been distributed before: Serlo undertook Polonius; Aurelia undertook Ophelia; Laertes was already designated by his name; a young, thick-set, jolly new-comer was to be Horatio; the King and the Ghost alone occasioned some perplexity. For both of these was no one but Old Boisterous remaining. Serlo proposed to make the Pedant King; but against this our friend protested in the strongest terms. They could resolve on nothing.

Wilhelm also had allowed both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to continue in his piece. "Why not compress them into one?" said Serlo. "This abbreviation will not cost you much."

"Heaven keep me from such curtailments!" answered Wilhelm; "they destroy at once the sense and the effect. What these two persons are and do it is impossible to represent by one. In such small matters we discover Shakspeare's greatness. These soft approaches, this smirking and bowing, this assenting, wheedling, flattering, this whisking agility, this wagging of the tail, this allness and emptiness, this legal knavery, this ineptitude and insipidity, — how can they be expressed by a single man? There ought to be at least a dozen of these people if they could be had, for it is only in society that they are anything; they are society itself; and Shakspeare showed no little wisdom and discernment in bringing in a pair of them. Besides, I need them as a couple that may be contrasted with the single, noble, excellent Horatio."

The Indenture.

Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished, his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully, seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not; with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force; the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing while he acts aright; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens the mind; for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.

The Hazardous Wager.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Travels.")

It is a well-known fact that people, as soon as they are in any degree getting on well and after their desires, are straightway at a loss to know what, in their pride of heart, they shall lay their hand to. And thus also mettlesome students were accustomed during the vacations to roam in flocks through the country, playing the fool after their kind, which, in fact, was not always followed by the best results. They were of very different sorts, such as student-life brings together and unites:

unequal in birth, wealth, intellect, and education, but all of them good company, leading and egging-on one another in merry mood. But they would often select me for a companion; for if I carried heavier burdens than any one of them, yet they must needs give me the honorary title of a great jester; and chiefly for this reason, that I played my pranks more seldom but so much the more effectually — to which the following story may bear witness.

We had arrived in our wanderings at a pleasant mountain village, which with an isolated situation had the advantage of a posting station, and a few pretty girls in great solitude, as inhabitants. Our object was to rest, kill time, flirt, live more cheaply for awhile, and by that means waste more money.

It was just after dinner, when some were in an elevated, others in a depressed condition; some were lying sleeping away their over-indulgence, others would rather give it vent in some unrestrained way or other. We had a couple of large rooms in a side wing towards the courtyard. A fine carriage which rattled in with four horses attracted us to the window. The servants jumped down from the box and helped out a gentleman of dignified and distinguished appearance, who notwithstanding his years still walked up vigorously enough.

His large and finely formed nose first caught my eye, and I know not what evil spirit was prompting me that in a moment I hit on the maddest scheme, and without furthur thought immediately began to put it in practice.

"What is your opinion of this gentleman?" I asked of the company.

"He looks," said one, "as if he would not stand a joke."

"Aye, aye," said another, "he has quite the look of a distinguished 'Meddle-not-with-me.'"

"And nevertheless," said I, quite confidently, "what do you bet that I will not tweak him by the nose without getting any harm from it myself! Nay, I will even get him to be a good patron to myself by doing it."

"If you accomplish that," said Swagger, "we'll each give you a louis-d'or."

"Pay in the money for me," I exclaimed; "I rely upon you."

"I had rather pluck a hair from a lion's muzzle," said the little one.

"I have no time to lose," replied I, and rushed downstairs.

On my first glance at the stranger I had noticed that he had a very strong beard, so I guessed that none of his attendants could shave. I now met the waiter, and asked, "Has not the stranger gentleman asked for a barber?"

"Indeed he has," replied the waiter, "and with very good reason. The gentleman's valet stopped behind two days ago. The gentleman wants to be rid absolutely of his beard; and our only barber — who can tell whereabouts in the neighborhood he has gone!"

"Then mention me," replied I. "Only introduce me as a barber to the gentleman, and you will gain honor, together with me."

I took the shaving-tools that I found in the house, and followed the waiter. The old gentleman received me with great solemnity, and looked at me from top to toe, as if wanting to search out my dexterity from my physiognomy.

"Do you understand your trade?" he said to me.

"I am looking for my equal," replied I, "without boasting of myself."

I was also sure of my qualification, for I had at an early age practiced the noble art, and was especially noted on this account, that I shaved with the left hand.

The room in which the gentleman made his toilet extended to the courtyard, and was situated exactly in such a manner that our friends could conveniently look in, especially when the windows were open. To the usual preparations nothing more was wanting: my patron had sat down and had had the towel put on.

I stepped very respectfully in front of him, and said: "Your excellency, in the practice of my art I have particularly noticed that I have always shaved common people better and more satisfactorily than the gentry. I have thought over this for a long time, and have tried to find the reason, now in this way, now in that, and at last I have discovered that I work much better in the open air than in closed rooms. Will your excellency allow me, therefore, to open the window, when you will soon experience the effect to your own satisfaction."

He gave his consent: I opened the window, gave my friends a nod, and fell to lathering the bristly beard with much grace. No less nimbly and lightly I mowed away the stubble from the field, and in doing so did not hesitate, when I came to the upper lip, to grasp my patron by the nose, and palpably bend it up and

down, at the same time contriving to put myself in such positions that the wagerers, to their great delight, must needs see and confess that their side had lost.

With great dignity the old gentleman stepped up to the looking-glass: one could see that he looked at himself with some complacency, and in reality he was a very handsome man. Then he turned to me with a dark flashing but kindly look, and said: "You deserve, my friend, to be praised above many of your like, for I notice in you much less clumsiness than in others: you do not travel two or three times over the same place, but do it in one stroke, nor do you wipe the razor as so many do in the open hand, and flourish the wipings under the person's nose. But your cleverness with your left hand is especially remarkable." "Here is something for your trouble," he resumed, handing me a florin; "only remember one thing — that people of quality are not taken hold of by the nose. If you will avoid this boorish custom for the future, you may yet make your fortune in the world."

I bowed low, promised to do all I could, begged him, if he should chance to return, to honor me again, and ran as fast as I could to our youngsters, who at the last had caused me a good deal of anxiety. For they raised such roars of laughter and yells, leaped about like maniacs in the room, clapped their hands and shouted, woke the people who were asleep, and kept describing the affair with ever fresh laughter and madness, that I myself, as soon as I got into the room, shut the window at once, and begged them for God's sake to be quiet; but at last I was forced to laugh with them at the look of an absurd affair that I had carried through with so much gravity.

When, after a time, the raging waves of laughter were somewhat subsided, I considered myself lucky: I had the gold pieces in my pocket, and the well-earned florin into the bargain, and looked upon myself as well provided, which was all the more satisfactory, as the party had decided to separate the next day. But we were not destined to part company with propriety and good order. The story was too taking for them to have been able to keep it to themselves, though I had begged and prayed them only to hold their tongues till the departure of the old gentleman. One of us, called Go-ahead, had a love affair with the daughter of the house. They met, and Heaven knows whether it was that he did not know how to amuse her better, at any rate he told her the joke, and they almost died with

laughing together over it. That was not the end of it, for the girl laughingly repeated the story, and so at last, a little before bed-time, it reached the old gentleman.

We were sitting more quietly than usual, for there had been uproar enough all day, when all at once the little waiter, who was very much devoted to us, rushed in, crying, "Save yourselves! — you'll be beaten to death!"

We jumped to our feet, and would have known more about it, but he was already out of the door again. I sprang up, and pushed-to the bolt, but already we heard a knocking and banging at the door, nay, we thought we heard it being split with an ax. We mechanically retreated into the second room, all struck dumb. "We are betrayed," I exclaimed; "the devil has us by the nose!"

Swagger grasped at his sword; I however at this point showed my giant strength, and without assistance pushed a heavy chest of drawers before the door, which fortunately opened inwards; yet already we heard the hubbub in the other room, and the most violent blows at our door.

The baron seemed determined to defend himself; but I repeatedly called out to him and the others, "Save yourselves: you have not only blows to fear here, but disgrace, which is worse for noblemen."

The girl rushed in, the same who had betrayed us, now desperate to find her lover in mortal peril.

"Away, away!" she cried, and seized hold of him; "away, away! I will take you through lofts, barns, and passages. Come, all of you; the last must draw the ladder after him."

They all rushed to the back-door and out of it. I just lifted a box upon the chest, in order to force back and keep firm the already broken lining of the besieged door, but my courage and daring had nearly been my ruin.

When I ran to join the others, I found that the ladder was already drawn up, and saw that all hope of saving myself was completely cut off. There stand I, the actual transgressor, having already resigned the hope of escaping with a whole skin and unbroken bones; and who knows — yet leave me standing there with my thoughts, since after all I am here to tell you the tale. Only hear still how this rash jest was lost in ill consequences.

The old gentleman, deeply hurt by this unavenged indignity, took it to heart, and it is said that this circumstance contributed

to, if it did not immediately cause, his death. His son, trying to trace the perpetrators, unfortunately found out the baron's participation, though only clearly after many years, called him out, and a wound by which the handsome man was disfigured troubled him for his whole life. For his adversary, too, this affair spoilt several fair years, through events accidentally connected with it.

Since every fable should, properly, teach something, what the present one is intended to teach is doubtless perfectly clear and evident to all.

The day of utmost importance had dawned; to-day were to be taken the first steps towards the general migration, to-day was to be determined who would actually set forth into the world, or who would rather stay on this side and try his fortune on the undivided surface of the Old World.

A merry burden resounded in all the streets of the cheerful country town. Groups of people gathered together, the individual members of each craft combined, and, singing in unison, filed in an order determined by lot into the hall.

The authorities, as we will designate Lenardo, Friedrich and the Bailiff, were on the point of following them and taking the places due to their position, when a man of attractive appearance came up to them and asked their permission to be able to take part in the meeting. It would have been impossible to refuse him anything, so orderly, prepossessing and amiable was his demeanor, by the aid of which an imposing carriage, which pointed to the army as well as the court and good society, showed itself to the highest advantage. He went in with the others, and a place of honor was accorded to him. All the rest having sat down, Lenardo remained standing, and began to speak as follows:

"If we consider, my friends, the most populous provinces and kingdoms of the Continent, we find all over, wherever available soil occurs, that it is tilled, planted, kept in order and made beautiful, and in like measure sought after, taken possession of, fortified and defended. Thus, accordingly, do we convince ourselves of the high value of landed possession, and are forced to look upon it as the first, the best thing that can be man's. When we find then on closer inspection the love of parents and children, the close clanship of fellow-countrymen and fellow-townsmen, as well as the general patriotic sentiment based immediately upon the soil, then does this acquisition and retention of area in

large or small amount seem ever more important and worthy of respect. Yes, thus has Nature willed it! A man born upon the sod comes by custom to belong to it. The two grow with one another, and forthwith knit for themselves the most pleasing bonds. Who is there then that would lay hostile hands on the ground-work of all existence, or deny worth and dignity to so fair a gift of heaven?

"And yet one might say: If what man possesses is of great worth, to what he does and achieves a still greater must be ascribed. We may therefore, in a complete review, regard land-ownership as a smaller part of the goods that have been granted to us; but the most and the highest of them consist really in what is movable, and that which is gained in a life of movement.

"For such are we younger men especially bound to look round about us; for even if we had a desire to stay and plod on with our fathers' inheritance, yet do we find ourselves summoned a thousand times by no means to shut our eyes to a wider prospect outwards and round about. Let us therefore hasten quickly to the seashore, and convince ourselves in one look what immeasurable spaces stand open for activity, and let us confess that at the mere thought we find ourselves quite differently aroused.

"Yet we will not lose ourselves in such boundless expanses, but turn our attention to the solid, wide, broad soil of so many countries and kingdoms. There we see large tracts of the country overrun by nomads whose towns are removable, whose living, supporting possession of herds should everywhere be introduced. We see them in the midst of the desert, in a large green meadow-plot, lying, as it were, at anchor in a longed-for haven. Such motion, such wandering, becomes a habit to them, a necessity; at last they look upon the surface of the earth as if it were not hemmed-in by mountains, nor penetrated by rivers. Still have we seen the north-east move towards the south-west; one people driving another before it — domination and ownership completely altered.

"From over-peopled countries will the same thing happen again in the great cycle of the earth. What we have to expect from other nations it would be difficult to say; but it is wonderful how, through our own over-population, we cramp each other from within: and without waiting to be driven out, we drive ourselves out; pronouncing of our own accord the sentence of banishment against one another.

"This then is the time and place for giving play, without vexation or downheartedness in our souls, to a certain restlessness, not suppressing the impatient longing which urges us to change our position and place. Yet let not whatsoever we intend and purpose come to pass from hasty feeling, nor from any other sort of compulsion, but from conviction corresponding to the best advice.

"It has been said and repeated, 'Where I am well off, there is my fatherland;' yet this comforting proverb would be better expressed if it ran, 'Where I am useful, there is my fatherland.' At home a man can be useless, without its being noticed at once: out in the world uselessness is soon evident. If then I say, 'Let each one try to be useful to himself and others everywhere,' this is no doctrine or piece of advice, but the declaration of life itself.

"Now let us look at the globe, and for the present leave the sea unregarded. See that you are not carried away by the swarm of ships, but fix your glance upon the mainland, and marvel how it is overspread by a teeming, intercrossing ant-race. This has the Lord God himself allowed, whilst he prevented the building of the tower of Babel, and scattered the human race over all the world. Let us therefor praise Him, for this blessing has gone out upon all generations.

"Observe with pleasure how all youth hastens to set itself in motion. Since instruction is offered to it neither in the house nor at the doors, it forthwith speeds to countries and cities, whither the renown of knowledge and wisdom entices it. After receiving a swift and moderate education it feels itself presently driven to take a further look round in the world to see whether it can thus or anywhere find out and snatch up any useful experience helpful to its ends. May it accordingly light on good luck! But we are thinking of those accomplished and distinguished men, those noble inquirers into Nature, who willingly encounter every difficulty, every danger, in order to open out the world to the world, and through the most trackless wastes make a path and road.

"But mark you too, up the level highways, cloud upon cloud of dust, indicating the track of commodious high-packed vehicles, in which the noble, the rich, and so many others roll along, whose varying way of thought and object Yorick has so gracefully contrasted for us.

"But the sturdy craftsman on foot may look after them

reassured; for on him the fatherland has imposed the duty of making foreign ability his own, and of not returning to the native hearth until he has succeeded in this. But more generally we meet upon our road market-folk and peddlers; a small tradesman even dares not omit to leave his stall from time to time, to visit fairs and markets, to visit the wholesale dealer, and augment his scanty profit by the example and participation of the unlimited. But yet more unrestingly, in the shape of individuals on horseback, swarms in all the main and side streets the crowd of those whose occupation it is to make a claim on our purse, even against our will. Samples of all kinds, price-lists pursue us in town and country houses, and, wherever we may flee for refuge, industriously astonish us, offering opportunities which it would never occur to any one in his senses to seek out for himself. But what shall I say now of the people which before all others appropriates for itself the blessing of eternal wandering, and by its restless activity contrives to outwit those who stand still, and out-strip its fellow-wanderers? We need speak neither well nor ill of it. Nothing good, because our association keeps them aloof; nothing evil, because the traveler — mindful of reciprocal advantage — is bound to deal civilly with everyone he meets.

"But, now, before all things we have to think with sympathy of all artists; for they are throughout interconnected in the movement of the world. Does not the painter wander with easel and palette from face to face? and are not his brethren in art summoned, now here, now there — for there is building and modeling to be done everywhere? But more briskly does the musician step onward; for it is he especially who affords new surprise to a new ear — fresh astonishment for a fresh mind. Then the players, though they despise the cart of Thespis, yet still travel about in smaller companies, and their movable world is erected in every spot nimbly enough. Thus individually, foregoing serious and profitable engagements, they like to change one place for another where their augmented talent with similarly augmented requirements affords opportunity and pretext. Thereby they generally so train themselves beforehand that they leave no important stage in their country untrodden.

"Next are we presently reminded to glance at the teaching class. This likewise you find in perpetual activity; one professional chair after the other is occupied and left in order to

scatter richly — yes, in every direction — the seeds of quick culture. But more industrious, and of wider scope, are those pious souls who disperse themselves through all quarters of the world to bring salvation to the nations. Others, again, go as pilgrims to get salvation for themselves; whole hosts of them march to sanctified miraculous places, there to seek and to gain what their souls could not obtain at home.

"If all these, now, do not set us wondering, inasmuch as their doings and abstainings would for the most part be not conceivable without wandering, yet those who devote their industry to the soil we might at least regard as bound to it. By no means! Utilization can be imagined even without possession, and we see the keen cultivator forsaking a plot which has yielded him as a tenant-farmer profit and pleasure for a number of years; he seeks impatiently for the same, or greater profits, be it near or far. Nay, the owner himself leaves his newly cleared tillage, as soon as he has made it, by his working, acceptable to a less expert settler. Anew he penetrates into the desert, a second time makes for himself a place in the forests; in compensation for his former toil, a double and a threefold larger space — upon which, perhaps, too, he thinks of not remaining.

"Let us leave him there, at war with bears and other beasts, and come back to the civilized world, where we find things in no sense more at rest. Look at any great well-ordered kingdom, where the most apt must suppose himself to be the most easy to move: at the nod of a prince, at the order of the state council, the useful man is conveyed from one place to the other. To him, too, our exhortation applies — 'Try to be of use everywhere, everywhere are you at home.' But let us look at important statesmen, leaving, though unwillingly, their high positions; so have we reason to pity them, since we must require them neither as emigrators nor as travelers; not as emigrators, because they renounce a desirable position without any prospect of a better situation being opened out for them even in appearance only; not as travelers, because to be useful to other places in any way is seldom conceded to them.

"The soldier, however, is called to a peculiarly wandering life: even in peace now one post, now another, is assigned to him. To fight for the fatherland near or far he must always keep himself ready to move, and not only for immediate safety, but also for the purposes of people and rulers, he wends his way to all parts of the world, and to settle in this place or that is

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GOETHE IN FRANKFORT

From a Painting by Wm. Kaulbach

granted only to a few. Now, whilst courage always stands out as the first quality in the soldier, yet it is always supposed to be combined with fidelity, on which account we see certain nations, renowned for their trustworthiness, called away from their native lands to serve as body-guards for secular and spiritual princes.

"One more class, exceedingly migratory, and indispensable to the state, we see in those functionaries who, sent from court to court, encompass ministers and princes, and enweave the whole habitable globe with invisible threads. Not one of these, too, is sure of his position and locality for even one moment only. In time of peace the cleverest are sent from one part of the world to another; in war-time, following the victorious host, making ready the roads for it when fugitive, they are always prepared to exchange one place for another, on which account they always carry with them a large supply of farewell cards.

"If we have hitherto contrived to do ourselves honor at every step in claiming the most distinguished bodies of effective men as our comrades and colleagues in destiny, yet still, dear friends, there stands before you, as a conclusion, the highest honor, in finding yourselves affiliated with emperors, kings, and princes. First let us remember, with benedictions, that noble imperial wanderer Hadrian, who marched on foot at the head of his host through the civilized world, made subject to him, thereby first completely taking possession of it. With horror let us remember the conquerors, those armed wanderers, against whom no resistance availed, nor wall and bulwark could protect inoffensive nations. Finally, let us accompany with honest pity those hapless exiled princes, who, falling from the summit of greatness, cannot even be received in the humble guild of effective wanderers.

"Since we have now made all this present and clear to one another, no petty despondency, no murkiness bred of passion, will prevail over us. The time is past when people rushed adventurously into the wide world. Thanks to scientific travelers writing with wisdom, copying artistically, we are everywhere sufficiently well-instructed to know tolerably what we have to expect.

"Yet the individual cannot attain to perfect knowledge. But our association is based on this, that each shall be instructed in his degree according to his aims. If any one has a land in

mind towards which his wishes are directed, we try to make known to him in detail what has floated before his imagination as a whole: to give ourselves, one to the other, a survey of the inhabited and habitable globe is the most agreeable, the most profitable of diversions.

"In such a sense, then, we can look upon ourselves as banded in a world-wide association. Simply grand the idea — easy its realization by reason and strength. Unity is all-powerful; no division, therefore, no strife amongst us. So far as we have principles, they are common to all of us. Let man, we say, learn to think of himself as being without any enduring external relation; let him seek for consistency not in his surroundings but in himself: there he will find it; cherish and foster it with love; he will form and educate himself so as to be everywhere at home. He who devotes himself to what is most necessary, goes everywhere most surely to his goal. Others, on the contrary, seeking what is higher, more subtle, have, even in the choice of their road, to be more circumspect.

"Yet, whatever man lays hold of and deals with, the individual is not enough Society remains the highest need of any honest man. All useful people ought to stand in relation to each other, as the builder has to look after the architects, and they after masons and carpenters. And thus it is known to all, how and in what manner our association has been fixed and founded. We see no one amongst us who could not, according to his aims, use his effective faculty at any moment; who does not feel assured that everywhere, where chance, inclination, even passion might lead him, he would find himself well recommended, received, and aided on his way, nay, even as far as possible indemnified for accidents.

"Two obligations, moreover, we have most strictly taken upon us: to hold in honor every form of the worship of God; for they are all more or less comprised in the Creed; secondly, to allow all forms of government equally to hold good, since they all demand and promote a systematic activity — to employ ourselves in each, wherever and however long it may be, according to its will and pleasure. In conclusion, we hold it a duty to practice good morals, without pedantry and stringency; even as reverence for ourselves demands, which springs from the three reverences which we profess; all of us having the good fortune, some from youth up, to be initiated in this higher universal wisdom. All this have we, in the solemn

hour of parting, once more brought to mind, explained, heard, and acknowledged, and will also seal with a trusting Farewell.

"Stay not fettered in inaction—
Venture briskly, briskly roam!
Head and arm, in glad connection,
Everywhere will be at home.
Where beneath the sun we revel
Care with us will ne'er abide;
Space there is for all to travel,
Therefore is the world so wide."

The Scene in Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.

(From "Faust.")

(A Drinking Party.)

Frosch — No drinking? Naught a laugh to raise?
None of your gloomy looks, I pray!
You, who so bright were wont to blaze,
Are dull as wetted straw to-day.
Brander — 'Tis all your fault; your part ye do not bear,
No beastliness, no folly.
Frosch [*pours a glass of wine over his head*] — There,
You have them both!
Brander — You double beast!
Frosch — 'Tis what you asked me for, at least!
Siebel — Whoever quarrels, turn him out!
With open throat drink, roar, and shout.
Hollo! Hollo! Ho!
Altmayer — Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers!
Bring cotton wool! He splits my ears.
Siebel — 'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,
Then first the full power of the bass is known.
Frosch — Right! out with him who takes offense!
A tara lara la!
Altmayer — A tara lara la!
Frosch — Our throats are tuned. Come, let's commence
[*Sings*] — The holy Roman empire now,
How holds it still together?
Brander — An ugly song! a song political!
A song offensive! Thank God, every morn,
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not born!

I bless my stars at least that mine is not
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot.
Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er the rest;
That we elect a pope I now suggest.
Ye know, what quality ensures
A man's success, his rise secures.

Frosch [*sings*] — Bear, lady nightingale above,
Ten thousand greetings to my love.

Siebel — No greetings to a sweetheart! No love-songs shall there be!

Frosch — Love-greetings and love-kisses! Thou shalt not hinder me!
[*Sings*] — Undo the bolt! in stilly night,
Undo the bolt! thy love's awake!
Shut to the bolt! with morning light —

Siebel — Ay, sing away, sing on, her praises sound; — the snake!
My turn to laugh will come some day.
Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll play.
Some gnome her lover be! where cross-roads meet,
With her to play the fool; or old he-goat,
From Blocksberg coming in swift gallop, bleat
A good-night to her, from his hairy throat!
A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood,
Is for the damsel far too good;
The greeting she shall have from me,
To smash her window-panes will be!

Brander [*striking on the table*] — Silence! Attend! to me give ear!
Confess, sirs, I know how to live:
Some love-sick folk are sitting here!
Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,
That I a good-night strain to them should give.
Hark! of the newest fashion is my song!
Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong!

[*He sings*] — Once in a cellar lived a rat,
He feasted there on butter,
Until his paunch became as fat
As that of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison for the guest,
Then was his heart with pangs oppressed,
As if his frame love wasted.

Chorus [*shouting*] — As if his frame love wasted.

Brander — He ran around, he ran abroad,
Of every puddle drinking,
The house with rage he scratched and gnawed,
In vain, — he fast was sinking;
Full many an anguished bound he gave,

Nothing the hapless brute could save,
As if his frame love wasted.
Chorus — As if his frame love wasted.
Brander — By torture driven, in open day,
The kitchen he invaded,
Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,
With anguish sorely jaded;
The poisoner laughed, Ha! ha! quoth she,
His life is ebbing fast, I see,
As if his frame love wasted.
Chorus — As if his frame love wasted.
Siebel — How the dull boors exulting shout!
Poison for the poor rats to strew
A fine exploit it is, no doubt.
Brander — They, as it seems, stand well with you!
Altmayer — Old bald-pate! with the paunch profound!
The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature;
For he his counterpart hath found
Depicted in the swollen creature.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles — I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With the folk here each day's a holiday.
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent,
Like sportive kitten with its tail;
While no sick-headache they bewail,
And while their host will credit give,
Joyous and free from care they live.
Brander — They're off a journey, that is clear, —
They look so strange; they've scarce been here
An hour.
Frosch — You're right! Leipzig's the place for me!
'Tis quite a little Paris; people there
Acquire a certain easy finished air.
Siebel — What take you now these travelers to be?
Frosch — Let me alone! O'er a full glass you'll see,
As easily I'll worm their secret out,
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

Brander — They are but mountebanks, I'll lay a bet!
Altmayer — Most like.
Frosch — Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet.
Mephistopheles [*to* FAUST] —
These fellows would not scent the devil out,
E'en though he had them by the very throat!
Faust — Good-morrow, gentlemen!
Siebel — Thanks for your fair salute.
[*Aside, glancing at* MEPHISTOPHELES.]
How! goes the fellow on a halting foot?
Mephistopheles — Is it permitted here with you to sit?
Then though good wine is not forthcoming here,
Good company at least our hearts will cheer.
Altmayer — A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.
Frosch — You're doubtless recently from Rippach? Pray,
Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup?
Mephistopheles — To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop!
When last we met him he had much to say
Touching his cousins, and to each he sent
Full many a greeting and kind compliment.
[*With an inclination towards* FROSCH.
Altmayer [*aside to* FROSCH] — You have it there!
Siebel — Faith! he's a knowing one!
Frosch — Have patience! I will show him up anon!
Mephistopheles — Unless I err, as we drew near
We heard some practiced voices pealing.
A song must admirably here
Reëcho from this vaulted ceiling!
Frosch — That you're an amateur one plainly sees!
Mephistopheles —
Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast much skill.
Altmayer — Give us a song!
Mephistopheles — As many as you will.
Siebel — But be it a brand new one, if you please!
Mephistopheles — But recently returned from Spain are we,
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy.
[*Sings*] — A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea —
Frosch — Hark! did you rightly catch the words? a flea!
An odd sort of guest he needs must be.
Mephistopheles [*sings*] —
A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea,
Him loved he without feigning,

As his own son were he!
His tailor then he summoned,
The tailor to him goes:
Now measure me the youngster
For jerkin and for hose!

Brander — Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge,
The nicest measurement to take,
And as he loves his head, to make
The hose quite smooth and not too large!

Mephistopheles — In satin and in velvet,
Behold the younker dressed;
Bedizened o'er with ribbons,
A cross upon his breast.
Prime minister they made him,
He wore a star of state;
And all his poor relations
Were courtiers, rich and great.

The gentlemen and ladies
At court were sore distressed;
The queen and all her maidens
Were bitten by the pest,
And yet they dared not scratch them,
Or chase the fleas away.
If we are bit, we catch them,
And crack without delay.

Chorus [*shouting*] — If we are bit, etc.

Frosch — Bravo! That's the song for me.
Siebel — Such be the fate of every flea!
Brander — With clever finger catch and kill.
Altmayer — Hurrah for wine and freedom still!

Mephistopheles — Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,
A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

Siebel — You'd better not repeat those words again!

Mephistopheles — I am afraid the landlord to offend;
Else freely would I treat each worthy guest
From our own cellar to the very best.

Siebel — Out with it then! Your doings I'll defend.

Frosch — Give a good glass, and straight we 'll praise you, one and all.
Only let not your samples be too small;
For if my judgment you desire,
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

Altmayer [*aside*] — I guess, they 're from the Rhenish land.

Mephistopheles — Fetch me a gimlet here!
Brander — Say, what therewith to bore?
You cannot have the wine-casks at the door?
Altmayer — Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder stand.
Mephistopheles [*takes the gimlet. To* FROSCH] —
Now only say! what liquor will you take?
Frosch — How mean you that? have you of every sort?
Mephistopheles — Each may his own selection make.
Altmayer [*to* FROSCH] —
Ha! Ha! You lick your lips already at the thought.
Frosch — Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I propose;
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.
Mephistopheles [*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where* FROSCH *is sitting*] —
Get me a little wax — and make some stoppers — quick!
Altmayer — Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick!
Mephistopheles [*to Brander*] — And you?
Brander — Champagne's the wine for me;
Right brisk, and sparkling let it be!
[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores, one of the party has in the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*
Brander — What foreign is one always can't decline,
What's good is often scattered far apart.
The French your genuine German hates with all his heart,
Yet has a relish for their wine.
Siebel [*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches him*] —
I like not acid wine, I must allow,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!
Mephistopheles [*bores*] — Tokay
Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.
Altmayer — Come! look me in the face! no fooling now!
You are but making fun of us, I trow.
Mephistopheles — Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free
With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay;
What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?
Altmayer — Only be quick, it matters not to me.
[*After the holes are all bored and stopped.*
Mephistopheles [*with strange gestures*] —
Grapes the vine-stock bears,
Horns the buck-goat wears!
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
With a deeper glance and true
The mysteries of nature view!

Have faith and here's a miracle!
Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!
All [*as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass*] — Oh, beauteous spring, which flows so fair!
Mephistopheles — Spill not a single drop, of this beware!
[*They drink repeatedly.*
[*All sing*] — Happy as cannibals are we,
Or as five hundred swine.
Mephistopheles — They're in their glory, mark their elevation!
Faust — Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.
Mephistopheles — Attend, of brutishness ere long
You'll see a glorious revelation.
Siebel [*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame*] — Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!
Mephistopheles — [*addressing the flames*] — Stop,
Kind element, be still, I say!
[*To the company.*]
Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.
Siebel — What means the knave! For this you'll dearly pay!
Us, it appears, you do not know.
Frosch — Such tricks a second time let him not show!
Altmayer — Methinks 'twere well we packed him quietly away.
Siebel — What, sir! with us your hocus-pocus play!
Mephistopheles — Silence, old wine-cask!
Siebel — How! add insult, too!
Vile broomstick!
Brander — Hold! or blows shall rain on you!
Altmayer [*draws a stopper out of the table; fire springs out against him*] — I burn! I burn!
Siebel — 'Tis sorcery, I vow!
Strike home! The fellow is fair game, I trow!
[*They draw their knives and attack* MEPHISTOPHELES.
Mephistopheles [*with solemn gestures*] —
Visionary scenes appear!
Words delusive cheat the ear!
Be ye there, and be ye here!
[*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*
Altmayer — Where am I? What a beauteous land!
Frosch — Vineyards! unless my sight deceives!
Siebel — And clustering grapes too, close at hand!
Brander — And underneath the spreading leaves,
What stems there be! What grapes I see!
[*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same, and raise their knives.*

Mephistopheles [*as above*] —
Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take!
Note how the devil loves a jest to break!
[*He disappears with* FAUST, *the fellows draw back from one another.*
Siebel — What was it?
Altmayer — How?
Frosch — Was that your nose?
Brander [*to* SIEBEL] — And look, my hand doth thine inclose!
Altmayer — I felt a shock, it went through every limb!
A chair! I'm fainting! all things swim!
Frosch — Say what has happened, what's it all about?
Siebel — Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out,
His body from his soul I'd soon divide!
Altmayer — With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride —
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.
[*Turning to the table.*]
Would that the wine again were flowing!
Siebel — 'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.
Frosch — 'Twas wine I drank most certainly.
Brander — What of the grapes, too, — where are they?
Altmayer — Who now will miracles gainsay?

THE WITCH SCENE.

WITCHES' KITCHEN.

[A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth; various figures appear in the vapor arising from it. A female monkey sits beside the caldron to skim it, and watch that it does not boil over. The male monkey with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture.]

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust — This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest!
Dost promise that in this foul nest
Of madness, I shall be restored?
Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame?
And can she, by these rites abhorred,
Take thirty winters from my frame?
Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest!
Hope has already fled my breast.
Has neither nature nor a noble mind
A balsam yet devised of any kind?

Mephistopheles — My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,
Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth:
But in another book the lesson's writ; —
It forms a curious chapter, I admit.
Faust — I fain would know it.
Mephistopheles — Good! a remedy
Without physician, gold, or sorcery:
Away forthwith, and to the fields repair,
Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,
Thy senses and thyself confine
Within the very narrowest round,
Support thyself upon the simplest fare,
Live like a very brute the brutes among,
Neither esteem it robbery
The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung.
This the best method, credit me,
Again at eighty to grow hale and young.
Faust — I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade
So far, as in my hand to take the spade.
For this mean life my spirit soars too high.
Mephistopheles — Then must we to the witch apply!
Faust — Will none but this old beldame do?
Canst not thyself the potion brew?
Mephistopheles — A pretty play our leisure to beguile!
A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.
Not science only and consummate art,
Patience must also bear her part.
A quiet spirit worketh whole years long;
Time only makes the subtle ferment strong;
And all things that belong thereto,
Are wondrous and exceeding rare!
The devil taught her, it is true;
But yet the draught the devil can't prepare.
[*Perceiving the beasts.*]
Look yonder, a dainty pair!
Here is the maid! the knave is there!
[*To the beasts.*]
It seems your dame is not at home?
The Monkeys — Gone to carouse,
Out of the house,
Thro' the chimney and away!
Mephistopheles — How long is it her wont to roam?
The Monkeys — While we can warm our paws she'll stay.
Mephistopheles [*to* FAUST] —

What think you of the charming creatures?
Faust — I loathe alike their form and features!
Mephistopheles — Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,
Is just the thing that pleases me the best.
[*To the* MONKEYS.]
Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew!
What stir ye in the broth about?
Monkeys — Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew.
Mephistopheles — Of customers you'll have a rout.
The He-Monkey [*approaching and fawning on* MEPHISTOPHELES]
Quick! quick! throw the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
Oh, give me the prize!
Alas, for myself!
Had I plenty of pelf,
I then should be wise.
Mephistopheles — How blest the ape would think himself, if he
Could only put into the lottery!
[*In the meantime the young* MONKEYS *have been playing with a large globe, which they roll forwards.*
The He-Monkey — The world behold!
Unceasingly rolled,
It riseth and falleth ever;
It ringeth like glass!
How brittle, alas!
'Tis hollow, and resteth never.
How bright the sphere,
Still brighter here!
Now living am I!
Dear son, beware!
Nor venture there!
Thou too must die!
It is of clay;
'Twill crumble away;
There fragments lie.
Mephistopheles — Of what use is the sieve?
The He-Monkey [*taking it down*] —
The sieve would show,
If thou wert a thief or no?
[*He runs to the* SHE-MONKEY, *and makes her look through it*]
Look through the sieve!
Dost know him, the thief,
And dar'st thou not call him so?
Mephistopheles [*approaching the fire*] —

And then this pot?

The Monkeys — The half-witted sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

Mephistopheles — Unmannerly beast!
Be civil at least!

The He-Monkey — Take the whisk and sit down in the settle.

[*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down.*

Faust [*who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it*] —

What do I see? what form, whose charms transcend
The loveliness of earth, is mirrored here!
O Love, to waft me to her sphere,
To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend!
Alas! If I remain not rooted to this place,
If to approach more near I'm fondly lured,
Her image fades, in veiling mist obscured! —
Model of beauty both in form and face!
Is't possible? Hath woman charms so rare?
Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,
The very essence of all heavenly grace?
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found?

Mephistopheles — The six days' labor of a god, my friend,
Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,
By something clever doubtless should be crowned.
For this time gaze your fill, and when you please
Just such a prize for you I can provide;
How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees,
To take her to his home, a lovely bride!

[FAUST *continues to gaze into the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, continues to speak*]

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
My scepter this; — the crown I want alone.

The Monkeys [*who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud cries*] —

Oh, be so good,
With sweat and with blood,
The crown to lime!

[*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with which they skip about.*]

'Twas fate's decree!
We speak and see!
We hear and rhyme.

Faust [*before the mirror*] — Woe's me! well-nigh distraught I feel.
Mephistopheles [*pointing to the beasts*] —
And even my own head almost begins to reel.
The Monkeys — If good luck attend,
If fitly things blend,
Our jargon with thought
And with reason is fraught!
Faust [*as above*] — A flame is kindled in my breast!
Let us begone! nor linger here!
Mephistopheles [*in the same position*] —
It now at least must be confessed,
That poets sometimes are sincere.
[*The caldron which the* She-Monkey *has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The* Witch *comes down the chimney with horrible cries.*
The Witch — Ough! ough! ough! ough!
Accursed brute! accursed sow!
Thou dost neglect the pot, for shame!
Accursed brute to scorch the dame!
[*Perceiving* Faust *and* Mephistopheles.]
Whom have we here?
Who's sneaking here?
Whence are ye come?
With what desire?
The plague of fire
Your bones consume!
[*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws flames at* Faust, Mephistopheles, *and the* Monkeys. *The* Monkeys *whimper.*
Mephistopheles [*twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots*] —
Dash! Smash!
There lies the glass!
There lies the slime!
'Tis but a jest;
I but keep time,
Thou hellish pest,
To thine own chime!
[*While the* Witch *steps back in rage and astonishment.*]
Dost know me! Skeleton! Vile scarecrow, thou!
Thy lord and master dost thou know?
What holds me, that I deal not now
Thee and thine apes a stunning blow?
No more respect to my red vest dost pay?

Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim?
Have I my visage masked to-day?
Must I be forced myself to name?

The Witch — Master, forgive this rude salute!
But I perceive no cloven foot.
And your two ravens, where are they?

Mephistopheles — This once I must admit your plea; —
For truly I must own that we
Each other have not seen for many a day.
The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last
Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced;
The northern phantom from the scene hath pass'd,
Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced!
As for the foot, with which I can't dispense,
'Twould injure me in company, and hence,
Like many a youthful cavalier,
False calves I now have worn for many a year.

The Witch [*dancing*] — I am beside myself with joy,
To see once more the gallant Satan here!

Mephistopheles — Woman, no more that name employ!

The Witch — But why? what mischief hath it done?

Mephistopheles — To fable it too long hath appertained;
But people from the change have nothing won.
Rid of the evil one, the evil has remained.
Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good;
Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.
Dost make no question of my gentle blood;
See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear!

[*He makes an unseemly gesture.*

The Witch [*laughing immoderately*] —
Ha! Ha! Just like myself! You are, I ween,
The same mad wag that you have ever been!

Mephistopheles [*to* FAUST] —
My friend, learn this to understand, I pray!
To deal with witches this is still the way.

The Witch — Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire?

Mephistopheles — Of your known juice a goblet we require.
But for the very oldest let me ask;
Double its strength with years doth grow.

The Witch — Most willingly! And here I have a flask,
From which I've sipped myself ere now;
What's more, it doth no longer stink;
To you a glass I joyfully will give.

[*Aside.*]

If unprepared, however, this man drink,
He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

Mephistopheles —

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper well;
I grudge him not the choicest of thy store.
Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,
And straight a bumper for him pour!

[*The* WITCH, *with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book; places the* MONKEYS *in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons* FAUST *to approach.*

Faust [*to* MEPHISTOPHELES] —

Tell me, to what doth all this tend?
Where will these frantic gestures end?
This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff,
I've known and hated long enough.

Mephistopheles — Mere mummery, a laugh to raise!
Pray don't be so fastidious! She
But as a leech, her hocus-pocus plays,
That well with you her potion may agree.

[*He compels* FAUST *to enter the circle.*

[*The* WITCH, *with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book.*]

This must thou ken:
Of one make ten,
Pass two, and then
Make square the three,
So rich thou'lt be.
Drop out the four!
From five and six,
Thus says the witch,
Make seven and eight.
So all is straight!
And nine is one,
And ten is none,
This is the witch's one-time-one!

Faust — The hag doth as in fever rave.

Mephistopheles — To these will follow many a stave.
I know it well, so rings the book throughout;
Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,
For downright paradox, no doubt,
A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.
Ancient the art and modern too, my friend.

'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,
Error instead of truth abroad to send
By means of three and one, and one and three.
'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.
Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools?
When words men hear, in sooth, they usually believe
That there must needs therein be something to conceive.

The Witch [*continues*] — The lofty power
Of wisdom's dower,
From all the world conceal'd!
Who thinketh not,
To him I wot,
Unsought it is revealed.

Faust — What nonsense doth the hag propound?
My brain it doth well-nigh confound.
A hundred thousand fools or more,
Methinks I hear in chorus roar.

Mephistopheles — Incomparable Sibyl, cease, I pray!
Hand us thy liquor without more delay.
And to the very brim the goblet crown!
My friend he is and need not be afraid;
Besides, he is a man of many a grade,
Who oft hath drunk good draughts.

[*The* Witch, *with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup; as* Faust *lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.*

Mephistopheles — Gulp it down!
No hesitation! It will prove
A cordial and your heart inspire!
What? with the devil hand and glove,
And yet shrink back afraid of fire?
[*The* Witch *dissolves the circle.* Faust *steps out.*

Mephistopheles — Now forth at once! thou must not rest.

Witch — And much, sir, may the liquor profit you!

Mephistopheles [*to the* Witch] —
And if to pleasure thee I aught can do,
Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

Witch — Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you 'll see,
That 'twill a singular effect produce.

Mephistopheles [*to* Faust] —
Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me;
Thou must perspire, in order that the juice
Thy frame may penetrate through every part.
Thy noble idleness I'll teach thee then to prize,
And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognize

How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.
Faust — Let me but gaze one moment in the glass!
Too lovely was that female form!
Mephistopheles — Nay! Nay!
A model which all women shall surpass,
In flesh and blood ere long thou shalt survey.
[*Aside.*]
As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

The Harper's Songs.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.")

"What notes are those without the wall,
Across the portal sounding?
Let's have the music in our hall,
Back from its roof rebounding."
So spoke the king: the henchman flies;
His answer heard, the monarch cries,
"Bring in that ancient minstrel."

"Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!
Each lovely dame, I greet you!
What glittering stars salute my sight!
What heart unmoved may meet you!
Such lordly pomp is not for me,
Far other scenes my eyes must see:
Yet deign to list my harping."

The singer turns him to his art,
A thrilling strain he raises;
Each warrior hears with glowing heart
And on his loved one gazes.
The king, who liked his playing well,
Commands, for such a kindly spell,
A golden chain be given him.

"The golden chain give not to me:
Thy boldest knight may wear it,
Who 'cross the battle's purple sea
On lion breast may bear it;
Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,
Amid his heaps to feast his eyes, —
Its yellow glance will please him.

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GOETHE IN WEIMAR

From a Painting by Wm. Kaulbach

"I sing but as the linnet sings,
That on the green bough dwelleth;
A rich reward his music brings,
As from his throat it swelleth:
Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine
One sparkling draught of purest wine
To drink it here before you."

He viewed the wine, he quaffed it up:
"O draught of sweetest savor!
O happy house, where such a cup
Is thought a little favor!
If well you fare, remember me,
And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
As now for this I thank you."

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,—
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us;
A moment's guilt, an age of woe!

Mignon's Song.

Such let me seem, till such I be;
Take not my snow-white dress away!
Soon from this dusk of earth I flee,
Up to the glittering lands of day.

There first a little space I rest,
Then wake so glad, to scenes so kind;
In earthly robes no longer drest,
This band, this girdle left behind.

And those calm shining sons of morn,
They ask not who is maid or boy;
No robes, no garments there are worn,
Our body pure from sin's alloy.

Through little life not much I toiled,
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung,
Untimely woe my blossoms spoiled:
Make me again forever young!

Philina's Song.

Sing me not with such emotion
How the night so lonesome is;
Pretty maids, I've got a notion
It is the reverse of this.

For as wife and man are plighted,
And the better half the wife,
So is night to day united, —
Night's the better half of life.

Can you joy in bustling daytime, —
Day, when none can get his will?
It is good for work, for haytime;
For much other it is ill.

But when in the nightly glooming,
Social lamp on table glows,
Face for faces dear illuming,
And such jest and joyance goes;

When the fiery pert young fellow,
Wont by day to run or ride,
Whispering now some tale would tell O, —
All so gentle by your side;

When the nightingale to lovers
Lovingly her songlet sings,
Which for exiles and sad rovers
Like mere woe and wailing rings;

With a heart how lightsome-feeling
Do ye count the kindly clock,
Which, twelve times deliberate pealing,
Tells you none to-night shall knock!

Therefore, on all fit occasions,
Mark it, maidens, what I sing:
Every day its own vexations,
And the night its joys will bring.

The Elfin-King.

Who rides so late through the midnight blast?
'Tis a father spurs on with his child full fast;
He gathers the boy well into his arm,
He clasps him close and he keeps him warm.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?" —
"Father, dost thou not see the elfin-king?
The elfin-king with his crown and train!" —
"My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

"Come hither, thou darling, come, go with me!
Fine games I know that I'll play with thee;
Flowers many and bright do my kingdoms hold,
My mother has many a robe of gold."

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
What the elfin-king whispers so low in mine ear?" —
"Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,
As it rustles the withered leaves under the trees."

"Wilt thou go, bonny boy, wilt thou go with me?
My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;
My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
And rock thee and kiss thee and sing thee to sleep."

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not mark
The elf-king's daughters move by in the dark?" —
"I see it, my child; but it is not they,
'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray."

"I love thee! thy beauty it charms me so;
And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"
"O father, dear father, he's grasping me, —
My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly, — with terror he gasps, —
The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;
He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
But alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

NIKOLAI VASILIEVITCH GOGOL.

Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol, a Russian dramatist and novelist, born in the Government of Pultowa, March 31 (N. S.), 1809; died at Moscow, March 4 (N. S.), 1852.

After some preliminary study at Pultowa he entered the gymnasium of Niéjinsk in 1821. A satire entitled "Something about Niéjinsk; or, No Law for Fools," was his next effort in authorship. He also wrote a comedy which was represented by the students of the gymnasium. He graduated in 1828. In 1829 he published an idyl which he had written in the gymnasium. These admirable pictures of Russian life appeared in 1831, and Gogol found himself in the front rank of authors.

He was appointed Professor of History at St. Petersburg, but in 1835 he resigned the position. The success of "Evenings on a Farm" encouraged him to write a successful comedy, "The Revisor" (The Inspector-General). In 1836 he went abroad, and lived much in Rome. "Dead Souls," written in 1837, was published in 1842. This, his greatest work, takes its title from the fact that in the days of serfdom the serfs were called souls, and every proprietor was taxed according to the number of souls.

Gogol's last work, "Correspondence with my Friends," published in 1846, gave great offense to many of his admirers in Russia.

In 1848 he returned to Moscow, where he died the victim of a nervous disorder.

Watching and Parting.

(From "Taras Bulba.")

The mother alone slept not. She bent over the pillow of ner dear sons, as they lay side by side, she smoothed with a comb their carelessly tangled young curls, and moistened them with her tears. She gazed at them with her whole being, with every sense; she was wholly merged in the gaze, and yet she could not gaze enough. She had nourished them at her own breast, she had tended them and brought them up, and now to see them only for an instant! "My sons, my darling sons! what will become of you? what awaits you?" she said, and

tears stood in the wrinkles which disfigured her formerly beautiful face.

In truth she was to be pitied, as was every woman of that long-past period. She lived only for a moment in love, only during the first ardor of passion, only during the first flush of youth; and then her grim betrayer deserted her for the sword, for his comrades and his carouses. She saw her husband two or three days in a year, and then, for several years, heard nothing of him. And when she did see him, when they did live together, what life was hers! She endured insult, even blows; she saw caresses bestowed only in pity; she was a strange object in that community of unmarried cavaliers, upon which wandering Zaporozhe cast a coloring of its own. Her pleasureless youth flitted by, and her splendidly beautiful cheeks and bosom withered away unkissed, and became covered with premature wrinkles. All her love, all her feeling, everything that is tender and passionate in a woman was converted in her into maternal love. She hovered around her children with anxiety, passion, tears, like the gull of the steppes. They were taking her sons, her darling sons from her — taking them from her so that she should never see them again! Who knows? Perhaps a Tartar will cut off their heads in the very first skirmish, and she will never know where their deserted bodies lie, torn by birds of prey; and yet for each drop of their blood she would have given all of hers. Sobbing she gazed into their eyes, even when all-powerful sleep began to close them, and thought, "Perhaps Bulba, when he wakes, will put off their departure for a little day or two. Perhaps it occurred to him to go so soon because he had been drinking."

The moon from the height of heaven had long since illumined the whole courtyard filled with sleepers, the thick clump of willows, and the tall steppe-grass which hid the palisade surrounding the court. She still sat at her dear sons' pillow, never removing her eyes from them for a moment, or thinking of sleep. Already the horses, divining the approach of dawn, had all ceased eating, and lain down upon the grass; the topmost leaves of the willows began to rustle softly, and little by little the rippling rustle descended to their bases. She sat there until daylight, unwearied, and wished in her heart that the night might prolong itself indefinitely. From the steppes came the ringing neigh of the horses, and red tongues shone brightly in the sky. Bulba suddenly awoke, and sprang to his feet. He remembered quite

well what he had ordered the night before. "Now, people, you've slept enough! 'tis time! 'tis time! Water the horses! And where is the old woman!" (he generally called his wife so). "Be quick, old woman, get us something to eat: the way is long."

The poor old woman, deprived of her last hope, slipped sadly into the cottage. While she, with tears, prepared what was needed for breakfast, Bulba distributed his orders, went to the stable, and selected his best trappings for his children with his own hand.

The collegians were suddenly transformed. Red morocco boots with silver heels took the place of their dirty old ones; trousers wide as the Black Sea, with thousands of folds and plaits, were supported by golden girdles; from the girdle hung a long, slender thong, with tassels, and other tinkling things, for pipes. The jacket of fiery red cloth was confined by a flowered belt; engraved Turkish pistols were thrust through the belt; their swords clanged at their heels. Their faces, already a little sunburnt, seemed to have grown handsomer and whiter; the little black mustaches now cast a more distinct shadow on this pallor and their strong, healthy, youthful complexions. They were very handsome in their black sheepskin caps, with gold crowns. When their poor mother saw them, she could not utter a word, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Now, sons, all is ready; no delay!" said Bulba at last. "Now we must all sit down together in accordance with our Christian custom before a journey." All sat down, not excepting the servants, who had been standing respectfully at the door.

"Now, mother, bless your children," said Bulba. "Pray God that they may fight bravely, always defend their knightly honor, always defend the faith of Christ; and if not, that they may die, so that their breath may not be longer in the world."

"Come to your mother, children; a mother's prayer saves on land and sea."

The mother, weak as mothers are, embraced them, drew out two small images, and placed them, sobbing, on their necks. "May God's mother — keep you! Little sons, forget not your mother — send some little word of yourselves" — she could say no more.

"Now, children, let us go," said Bulba.

At the door stood the horses ready saddled. Bulba sprang

upon his "Devil," which jumped madly back, feeling on his back a load of twelve poods, for Taras was extremely stout and heavy.

When the mother saw that her sons were also mounted on their horses, she flung herself toward the younger, whose features expressed somewhat more gentleness than those of the others. She grasped his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and, with despair in her eyes, would not loose him from her hands. Two stout Cossacks seized her carefully, and carried her into the cottage. But before they had passed through the gate, with the speed of a wild goat, quite disproportionate to her years, she rushed to the gate, with irresistible strength stopped a horse, and embraced one of her sons with mad, unconscious violence. Then they led her away again.

The young Cossacks rode on sadly, and repressed their tears out of fear of their father, who, on his side, was somewhat moved, although he strove not to show it. The day was gay, the green shone brightly, the birds twittered rather discordantly. They glanced back as they rode. Their farm seemed to have sunk into the earth. All that was visible above the surface were the two chimneys of their modest cottage, and the crests of the trees up whose trunks they had been used to climb like squirrels; before them still stretched the field by which they could recall the whole story of their lives, from the years when they rolled in its dewy grass, up to the years when they awaited in it a black-browed Cossack maiden, who ran timidly across it with her quick young feet. There is the pole above the well, with the telega wheel fastened on top, rising solitary against the sky; already the level which they have traversed appears a hill in the distance, and all has disappeared. Farewell, childhood, games, all, all, farewell!

Maniloff and his Wife.

(From "Dead Souls.")

God alone, perhaps, can say what Maniloff's character was. There is a class of people known by the name of *people who are neither one thing nor another*. Possibly Maniloff should be counted among them. He was a well-favored man in personal appearance; his features were not lacking in agreeability, but this agreeability seemed rather too much permeated with

sugar; there was something about his manners and ways which sought favor and acquaintanceship. He smiled seductively, was of light complexion, and had blue eyes. You could not help saying, the first moment you spoke with him, "What a good and agreeable man!" The next moment you would say nothing; and at the third you would say, "The deuce knows what this fellow is like!" and you would go as far away from him as possible; and if you did not retreat, you would feel bored to death. From him you expect no quick or arrogant word, such as you may hear from almost any one if you touch upon a subject which offends him. Everybody has his hobby. One man's hobby turns to greyhounds; another thinks that he is a great lover of music, and is wonderfully sensitive to all its deep places; a third is a master of the art of dining daintily; a fourth can play a part higher than one assigned him if only by a couple of inches; a fifth, of more restricted desires, sleeps, and dreams how he may get a walk with a staff-adjutant, and show off before his friends, his acquaintances, and even those whom he does not know; a sixth is gifted with a hand which is beset with a supernatural desire to turn down the corner of some ace of diamonds or a deuce; while the hand of a seventh slips along to produce order somewhere, to get as near as possible to the persons of the post-station superintendent or of the postilion. In a word, every one has his peculiarity, but Maniloff had none. At home he said very little, and was mostly occupied in thought and meditation; but the subject of his thoughts was probably known to God alone. It is impossible to say that he busied himself with the management of his estate: he never even went into the fields, and affairs seemed to manage themselves. When the steward said, "It would be well, sir, to do so and so," "Yes; it would not be bad," was his customary reply, as he puffed away at his pipe, which had become a habit with him when he served in the army, where he was considered the most discreet, most delicate, and the most accomplished of officers. "Yes, it really would not be bad," he repeated.

When a muzhik came to him, and said, as he scratched the back of his head, "Master, let me leave my work, allow me to earn something." — "Go," he said, as he smoked his pipe; and it never entered his head that the muzhik had gone off on a drunken carouse. Sometimes, as he gazed from the veranda at the yard and the pond, he said that it would be well if an underground passage could be made of a sudden from the house, or if

a stone bridge were to be built across the pond with booths on each side, in which dealers might sit and sell the various small wares required by the peasants. At such times his eyes became particularly sweet, and his face assumed a most satisfied expression. However, all these projects were confined to words alone. There was forever something lacking in the house. In one room there was no furniture at all, though directly after his marriage he had said, "My love, we must see about putting some furniture into this room to-morrow, if only for a time."

His wife — however, they were perfectly satisfied with each other. In spite of the fact that they had been married more than eight years, each was constantly offering the other a bit of apple, or a sugar-plum, or a nut, and saying, in a touchingly tender voice, expressive of the most perfect affection, "Open your little mouth, my soul, and I will put this tidbit in."

In a word, they were what is called happy. But it may be observed that there are many other occupations in a house besides kisses and surprises, and many different questions might be put. Why, for instance, did matters go on so stupidly and senselessly in the kitchen? Why was the store-room so empty? Why have a thief for a housekeeper? Why were the servants dirty and intoxicated? Why did all the house-servants sleep so unmercifully, and spend all the rest of the time in playing pranks? But all these are trivial subjects, for Madame Manilora was well educated; and a good education is received in boarding-schools, as is well known; and in boarding-schools, as is well known, three principal subjects constitute the foundation of human virtue — the French tongue, which is indispensable to family happiness; the piano-forte, to afford pleasant moments to a husband; and lastly the sphere of domestic management — the knitting of purses and other surprises. Moreover, there are various perfections and changes in methods, especially at the present time: all this depends chiefly on the cleverness and qualities of the heads of the schools. In other boarding-schools it is so arranged that the piano-forte comes first, the French language next, and the domestic part last. And sometimes it is so arranged that the housekeeping department — that is to say, the knitting of surprises — is first, then French, then the piano. Methods vary.

Danger Threatens.

(From "The Inspector.")

Scene: A room in the house of the Chief of Police. Present: Chief of Police, Curator of Benevolent Institutions, Superintendent of Schools, Judge, Commissary of Police, Doctor, two Policemen.

Chief. — I have summoned you, gentlemen, in order to communicate to you an unpleasant piece of news: an Inspector is coming.

Judge. — What! An Inspector?

Chief. — An Inspector from St. Petersburg, incognito. And with secret orders, to boot.

Judge. — I thought so!

Curator. — If there's not trouble, then I'm mistaken!

Superintendent. — Heavens! And with secret orders, too!

Chief. — I foresaw it: all last night I was dreaming of two huge rats. I never saw such rats: they were black, and of supernatural size! They came, and smelled, and went away. I will read you the letter I have received from Andrei Ivan'itch Tchorikoff, — whom you know, Artemiy Philip'itch. This is what he writes: "Dear friend, gossip, and benefactor!" [*Mutters in an undertone as he runs his eye quickly over it.*] "I hasten to inform you, among other things, that an official has arrived with orders to inspect the entire government, and our district in particular." [*Raises his finger significantly.*] "I have heard this from trustworthy people, although he represents himself as a private individual. As I know that you are not quite free from faults, since you are a sensible man, and do not like to let slip what runs into your hands." — [*Pauses.*] Well, here are some remarks about his own affairs — "so I advise you to be on your guard: for he may arrive at any moment, if he is not already arrived and living somewhere incognito. Yesterday" — Well, what follows is about family matters — "My sister Anna Kirilovna has come with her husband; Ivan Kirilitch has grown very fat, and still plays the violin" — and so forth, and so forth. So there you have the whole matter.

Judge. — Yes, the matter is so unusual, so remarkable; something unexpected.

Superintendent. — And why? Anton Anton'itch, why is this? Why is the Inspector coming hither?

Chief [*sighs*]. — Why? Evidently, it is fate. [*Sighs.*] Up to this time, God be praised, they have attended to other towns; now our turn has come.

Judge. — I think, Anton Anton'itch, that there is some fine political cause at the bottom of this. This means something: Russia — yes — Russia wants to go to war, and the minister, you see, has sent an official to find out whether there is any treason.

Chief. — What's got hold of him? A sensible man, truly! Treason in a provincial town! Is it a border town — is it, now? Why, you could ride away from here, for three years and not reach any other kingdom.

Judge. — No, I tell you. You don't — you don't — The government has subtle reasons; no matter if it is out of the way, they don't care for that.

Chief. — Whether they care or not, I have warned you, gentlemen. See to it! I have made some arrangements in my own department, and I advise you to do the same. Especially you, Artemiy Philip'itch! Without doubt, this traveling official will wish first of all to inspect your institutions — and therefore you must arrange things so that they will be decent. The nightcaps should be clean, and the sick people should not look like blacksmiths, as they usually do in private.

Curator. — Well, that's a mere trifle. We can put clean nightcaps on them.

Chief. — And then, you ought to have written up over the head of each bed, in Latin or some other language — that's your business — the name of each disease: when each patient was taken sick, the day and hour. It is not well that your sick people should smoke such strong tobacco that one has to sneeze every time he goes in there. Yes, and it would be better if there were fewer of them: it will be set down at once to bad supervision or to lack of skill on the doctor's part.

Curator. — Oh! so far as the doctoring is concerned, Christian Ivan'itch and I have already taken measures: the nearer to nature the better, — we don't use any expensive medicines. Man is a simple creature: if he dies, why then he dies; if he gets well, why then he gets well. And then, it would have been difficult for Christian Ivan'itch to make them understand him — he doesn't know one word of Russian.

Chief. — I should also advise you, Ammos Feodor'itch, to turn your attention to court affairs. In the anteroom, where the clients usually assemble, your janitor has got a lot of geese

and goslings, which waddle about under foot. Of course it is praiseworthy to be thrifty in domestic affairs, and why should not the janitor be so too? only, you know, it is not proper in that place. I meant to mention it to you before, but always forgot it.

Judge. — I'll order them to be taken to the kitchen this very day. Will you come and dine with me?

Chief. — And moreover, it is not well that all sorts of stuff should be put to dry in the court-room, and that over the very desk, with the documents, there should be a hunting-whip. I know that you are fond of hunting, but there is a proper time for everything, and you can hang it up there again when the Inspector takes his departure. And then your assistant — he's a man of experience, but there's a smell about him as though he had just come from a distillery — and that's not as it should be. I meant to speak to you about it long ago, but something, I don't recall now precisely what, put it out of my mind. There is a remedy, if he really was born with the odor, as he asserts: you might advise him to eat onions or garlic or something. In that case, Christian Ivan'itch could assist you with some medicaments.

Judge. — No, it's impossible to drive it out: he says that his mother injured him when he was a child, and an odor of whisky has emanated from him ever since.

Chief. — Yes, I just remarked on it. As for internal arrangements, and what Andrei Ivan'itch in his letter calls "faults," I can say nothing. Yes, and strange to say, there is no man who has not his faults. God himself arranged it so, and it is useless for the freethinkers to maintain the contrary.

Judge. — What do you mean by faults, Anton Anton'itch? There are various sorts of faults. I tell every one frankly that I take bribes; but what sort of bribes? Greyhound pups. That's quite another thing.

Chief. — Well, greyhound pups or anything else, it's all the same.

Judge. — Well, no, Anton Anton'itch. But for example, if some one has a fur coat worth five hundred rubles, and his wife has a shawl —

Chief. — Well, and how about your taking greyhound pups as bribes? Why don't you trust in God? You never go to church. I am firm in the faith, at all events, and go to church every Sunday. But you — oh, I know you! If you begin to

talk about the creation of the world, one's hair rises straight up on his head.

Judge. — It came of itself, of its own accord.

Chief. — Well, in some cases it is worse to have brains than to be entirely without them. Besides, I only just mentioned the district court: but to tell the truth, it is only very rarely that any one ever looks in there; 'tis such an enviable place that God himself protects it. And as for you, Luka Luk'itch, as superintendent of schools, you must bestir yourself with regard to the teachers. They are educated people, to be sure, and were reared at divers academies, but they have very peculiar ways which go naturally with that learned profession. One of them, for instance, the fat-faced one, — I don't recall his name, — cannot get along without making grimaces when he takes his seat; — like this [*makes a grimace*]: and then he begins to smooth his beard out from under his neckerchief, with his hand. In short, if he makes such faces at the scholars, there is nothing to be said: it must be necessary; I am no judge of that. But just consider — if he were to do that to a visitor it might be very unpleasant; the Inspector or any one else might take it as personal. The Devil knows what might come of it.

Superintendent. —What am I to do with him? I have spoken to him about it several times already. A few days ago, when our chief went into the class-room, he made such a grimace as I never beheld before. He made it out of good-will; but it is a judgment on me, because freethinking is being inculcated in the young people.

Chief. — And I must also mention the teacher of history. He's a wise man, that's plain, and has acquired a great mass of learning; but he expresses himself with so much warmth that he loses control of himself. I heard him once: well, so long as he was talking about the Assyrians and Babylonians, it was all right; but when he got to Alexander of Macedon, I can't describe to you what came over him. I thought there was a fire, by heavens! He jumped from his seat and dashed his chair to the floor with all his might. Alexander of Macedon was a hero, no doubt; but why smash the chairs? There will be a deficit in the accounts, just as the result of that.

Superintendent. — Yes, he is hasty! I have remarked on it to him several times. He says, "What would you have? I would sacrifice my life for science."

Chief. — Yes, such is the incomprehensible decree of fate: a

learned man is always a drunkard, or else he makes faces that would scare the very saints.

Superintendent.— God forbid that he should inspect the educational institutions. Everybody meddles and tries to show everybody else that he is a learned man.

Chief. — That would be nothing: that cursed incognito! All of a sudden you hear — "Ah, here you are, my little dears! And who," says he, "is the Judge here?" — "Lyapkin-Tyapkin." — "And who is the Superintendent of the Hospital?" — "Zemlyanika!" That's the worst of it!

[*Enter* POSTMASTER.]

Chief. — Well, how do you feel, Ivan Kusmitch?

Postmaster. — How do I feel? How do *you* feel, Anton Anton'itch?

Chief. — How do I feel? I'm not afraid; and yet I am, — a little. The merchants and citizens cause me some anxiety. They say I have been hard with them; but God knows, if I have ever taken anything from them it was not out of malice. I even think [*takes him by the arm and leads him aside*] — I even think there may be a sort of complaint against me. Why, in fact, is the Inspector coming to us? Listen, Ivan Kusmitch: why can't you — for our common good, you know — open every letter which passes through your office, going or coming, and read it, to see whether it contains a complaint or is simply correspondence? If it does not, then you can seal it up again. Besides, you could even deliver the letter unsealed.

Postmaster. — I know, I know. You can't tell me anything about that; I always do it, not out of circumspection but out of curiosity: I'm deadly fond of knowing what is going on in the world. It's very interesting reading, I can tell you! It is a real treat to read some letters: they contain such descriptions of occurrences, and they're so improving — better than the Moscow News.

OLD-FASHIONED GENTRY.

(From "Mirgorod.")

I AM very fond of the modest life of those isolated owners of remote estates which are generally called "old-fashioned" in Little Russia, and which, like ruinous and picturesque houses, are beautiful through their simplicity and complete contrast to a new and regular building whose walls have never yet been

washed by the rain, whose roof has not yet been overgrown with moss, and whose porch, still possessed of its stucco, does not yet display its red bricks. I can still see the low-roofed little house, with its veranda of slender, blackened wooden columns, surrounding it on all sides, so that in case of a thunder-storm or a hail-storm you could close the window shutters without getting wet; behind it fragrant wild-cherry trees, row upon row of dwarf fruit-trees, overtopped by crimson cherries and a purple sea of plums, covered with a lead-colored bloom, luxuriant maples under whose shade rugs were spread for repose; in front of the house the spacious yard, with short fresh grass, through which paths had been worn from the storehouses to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the apartments of the family; a long-necked goose drinking water with her young goslings, soft as down; the picket fence festooned with bunches of dried apples and pears, and rugs hung out to air; a cart-load of melons standing near the store-house, the oxen unyoked and lying lazily beside it. All this has for me an indescribable charm, — perhaps because I no longer see it, and because anything from which we are separated pleases us.

But more than all else, the owners of this distant nook, — an old man and old woman, — hastening eagerly out to meet me, gave me pleasure. Afanasy Ivanovitch Tovstogub and his wife, Pulkheria Ivanovna Tovstogubikha, according to the neighboring peasants' way of expressing it, were the old people of whom I began to speak. If I were a painter and wished to depict Philemon and Baucis on canvas, I could have found no better models than they. Afanasy Ivanovitch was sixty years old, Pulkheria Ivanovna was fifty-five. Afanasy Ivanovitch was tall, always wore a short sheepskin coat covered with camlet, sat all doubled up, and was almost always smiling, whether he were telling a story or only listening to one. Pulkheria Ivanovna was rather serious, and hardly ever laughed; but her face and eyes expressed so much goodness, so much eagerness to treat you to all the best they owned, that you would probably have found a smile too repelling on her kind face. The delicate wrinkles were so agreeably disposed on their countenances that an artist would certainly have appropriated them. It seemed as though in them you might read their whole life: the pure, peaceful life led by the old, patriotic, simple-hearted, and at the same time wealthy families, which always present a marked contrast to those baser Little-Russians who work up from tar-

burners and peddlers, throng the courtrooms like grasshoppers, squeeze the last copper from their fellow-countrymen, crowd Petersburg with scandal-mongers, finally acquire capital, and triumphantly add an *f* to their surnames which end in *o*. No, they did not resemble those despicable and miserable creatures, but all ancient and native Little-Russian families.

They never had any children, so all their affection was concentrated on themselves.

The rooms of the little house in which our old couple dwelt were small, low-ceiled, such as are generally to be seen with old-fashioned people. In each room stood a huge stove, which occupied nearly one-third of the space. These little rooms were frightfully hot, because both Afanasy Ivanovitch and Pulkheria Ivanovna were fond of heat. All their fuel was stored in the anteroom, which was always filled nearly to the ceiling with straw, which is generally used in Little Russia in place of wood.

The chairs of the room were of wood, and massive, in the style which generally marked those of the olden times: all had high, turned backs of natural wood, without any paint or varnish; they were not even upholstered, and somewhat resembled those which are still used by bishops. Triangular tables stood in the corners, a square table stood in front of the sofa; and there was a large mirror in a slender gilt frame, carved in foliage, which the flies had covered with black spots; in front of the sofa was a mat with flowers which resembled birds, and birds which resembled flowers: and these things constituted almost the entire furniture of the far from elegant little house where my old people lived. The maids' room was filled with young and elderly serving-women in striped chemises, to whom Pulkheria Ivanovna sometimes gave trifles to sew, and whom she set to picking over berries, but who ran about the kitchen or slept the greater part of the time. Pulkheria Ivanovna regarded it as a necessity that she should keep them in the house, and she kept a strict watch of their morals; but to no purpose.

Afanasy Ivan'itch very rarely occupied himself with the farming; although he sometimes went out to see the mowers and reapers, and gazed with great intensity at their work. All the burden of the management devolved upon Pulkheria Ivan'na. Pulkheria Ivanovna's housekeeping consisted of a constant locking and unlocking of the storehouse, of salting, drying, and preserving incalculable quantities of fruits and vegetables. Her house was exactly like a chemical laboratory. A fire was con-

stantly laid under an apple-tree: and the kettle or the brass pan with preserves, jelly, marmalade, — made with honey, with sugar, and with I know not what else, — was hardly ever taken from the tripod. Under another tree the coachman was forever distilling vodka with peach-leaves, with wild cherry, cherry flowers, wild gentian, or cherry-stones, in a copper still; and at the end of the process he was never able to control his tongue, but chattered all sorts of nonsense which Pulkheria Ivanovna did not understand, and took himself off to the kitchen to sleep. Such a quantity of all this stuff was preserved, salted, and dried that it would probably have overwhelmed the whole yard at least (for Pulkheria Ivanovna liked to lay in a store far beyond what was calculated for consumption), if the greater part of it had not been devoured by the maid-servants, who crept into the storehouse and overate themselves to such a fearful extent that they groaned and complained of their stomachs for a whole day afterwards.

Both the old folks, in accordance with old-fashioned customs, were very fond of eating. As soon as daylight dawned (they always rose early) and the doors had begun their many-toned concert of squeaks, they sat down at the table and drank coffee. When Afanasy Ivanovitch had drunk his coffee, he went out, flirted his handkerchief, and said, "Kish, kish! go away from the veranda, geese!" In the yard he generally encountered the steward: he usually entered into conversation with him, inquired about the work of the estate with the greatest minuteness, and imparted to him such a multitude of observations and orders as would have caused anyone to marvel at his understanding of business; and no novice would have ventured to conjecture that so acute a master could be robbed. But his steward was a clever rascal: he knew well what answers he must give, and better still how to manage things.

This done, Afanasy Ivanovitch returned to the house, and approaching Pulkheria Ivanovna, said, "Well, Pulkheria Ivan'na, is it time to eat something, do you think?"

"What shall we have to eat now, Afanasy Ivan'itch, — some wheat and suet cakes, or some patties with poppy-seeds, or some salted mushrooms?"

"Some mushrooms, then, or some patties, if you please," said Afanasy Ivan'itch; and then suddenly a table-cloth would make its appearance on the table, with the patties and mushrooms.

An hour before dinner Afanasy Ivan'itch took another snack, and drank vodka from an ancient silver cup, ate mushrooms, divers dried fishes, and other things. They sat down to dine at twelve o'clock. There stood upon the table, in addition to the platters and sauce-boats, a multitude of pots with covers pasted on, that the appetizing products of the savory old-fashioned cooking might not be exhaled abroad. At dinner the conversation turned upon subjects closely connected with the meal.

After dinner Afanasy Ivanovitch went to lie down for an hour, at the end of which time Pulkheria Ivanovna brought him a sliced watermelon and said, "Here, try this, Afanasy Ivan'itch; see what a good melon it is."

"Don't put faith in it because it is red in the center, Pulkheria Ivan'na," said Afanasy Ivanovitch, taking a good-sized chunk. "Sometimes they are not good though they are red."

But the watermelon slowly disappeared. Then Afanasy Ivanovitch ate a few pears, and went out into the garden for a walk with Pulkheria Ivanovna. When they returned to the house, Pulkheria Ivanovna went about her own affairs; but he sat down on the veranda facing the yard, and observed how the interior of the storeroom was alternately disclosed and revealed, and how the girls jostled each other as they carried in or brought out all sorts of stuff in wooden boxes, sieves, trays, and other receptacles for fruit. After waiting a while, he sent for Pulkheria Ivanovna or went in search of her himself, and said, "What is there for me to eat, Pulkheria Ivan'na?"

"What is there?" asked Pulkheria Ivanovna. "Shall I go and tell them to bring you some curd dumplings with berries, which I had set aside for you?"

"That would be good," answered Afanasy Ivanovitch.

"Or perhaps you could eat some kisel?" [A jelly-like pudding, made of potato flour, and flavored with some sour fruit juice.]

"That is good also," replied Afanasy Ivanovitch; whereupon all of them were immediately brought and eaten in due course.

Before supper Afanasy Ivanovitch took another appetizing snack.

At half-past nine they sat down to supper. After supper they went directly to bed, and universal silence settled down upon this busy yet quiet nook.

The chamber in which Afanasy Ivanovitch and Pulkheria

Ivanovna slept was so hot that very few people could have stayed in it more than a few hours; but Afanasy Ivanovitch, for the sake of more warmth, slept upon the stove bench, although the excessive heat caused him to rise several times in the course of the night and walk about the room. Sometimes Afanasy Ivanovitch groaned as he walked thus about the room.

Then Pulkheria Ivanovna inquired, "Why do you groan, Afanasy Ivan'itch?"

"God knows, Pulkheria Ivan'na! It seems to me that my stomach aches a little," said Afanasy Ivanovitch.

"Hadn't you better eat something, Afanasy Ivan'itch?"

"I don't know; perhaps it would be well, Pulkheria Ivan'na: by the way, what is there to eat?"

"Sour milk, or some stewed dried pears."

"If you please, I will try them," said Afanasy Ivanovitch. A sleepy maid was sent to ransack the cupboards, and Afanasy Ivanovitch ate a plateful; after which he remarked, "Now I seem to feel relieved."

I loved to visit them; and though I overate myself horribly, like all their guests, and although it was very bad for me, still I was always glad to go to them. Besides, I think that the air of Little Russia must possess some special properties which aid digestion; for if any one were to undertake to eat in that way here, there is not a doubt but that he would find himself lying on the table a corpse, instead of in bed.

Pulkheria Ivanovna had a little gray cat, which almost always lay coiled up in a ball at her feet. Pulkheria Ivanovna stroked her occasionally, and tickled her neck with her finger, the petted cat stretching it out as long as possible. It would not be correct to affirm that Pulkheria Ivanovna loved her so very much, but she had simply become attached to her from seeing her continually about. Afanasy Ivanovitch often joked about the attachment.

Behind their garden lay a large forest, which had been spared by the enterprising steward, possibly because the sound of the ax might have reached the ears of Pulkheria Ivanovna. It was dense, neglected; the old tree trunks were concealed by luxuriant hazel-bushes, and resembled the feathered legs of pigeons. In this wood dwelt wild cats. These cats had a long conference with Pulkheria Ivanovna's tame cat through a hole under the storehouse, and at last led her astray, as a detachment of soldiers leads astray a dull-witted peasant. Pulkheria Ivanovna noticed that her cat was missing, and caused search to be made for her;

but no cat was to be found. Three days passed; Pulkheria Ivanovna felt sorry, but in the end forgot all about her loss.

[The cat returns to the place half starved, and is coaxed to come into the house and eat, but runs away on Pulkheria Ivanovna's trying to pet her.]

The old woman became pensive. "It is my death which is come for me," she said to herself; and nothing could cheer her. All day she was sad. In vain did Afanasy Ivanovitch jest, and seek to discover why she had suddenly grown so grave. Pulkheria Ivanovna either made no reply, or one which did not in the least satisfy Afanasy Ivanovitch. The next day she had grown visibly thinner.

"What is the matter with you, Pulkheria Ivanovna? You are not ill?"

"No, I am not ill, Afanasy Ivan'itch. I want to tell you about a strange occurrence. I know that I shall die this year; my death has already come for me."

Afanasy Ivanovitch's mouth was distorted with pain. Nevertheless he tried to conquer the sad feeling in his mind, and said smiling, "God only knows what you are talking about, Pulkheria Ivan'na! You must have drunk some of your peach infusion instead of your usual herb tea."

"No, Afanasy Ivan'itch, I have not drunk my peach infusion," replied Pulkheria Ivanovna. "I beg of you, Afanasy Ivan'itch, to fulfill my wishes. When I die, bury me by the church wall. Put on me my grayish gown, — the one with the small flowers on a cinnamon ground. My satin gown with the red stripes you must not put on me: a corpse needs no clothes; of what use are they to her? But it will be good for you. Make yourself a fine dressing-gown, in case visitors come, so that you can make a good appearance when you receive them."

"God knows what you are saying, Pulkheria Ivan'na!" said Afanasy Ivanovitch. "Death will come some time; but you frighten me with such remarks."

"Mind, Yavdokha," she said, turning to the housekeeper, whom she had sent for expressly, "that you look after your master when I am dead, and cherish him like the apple of your eye, like your own child. See that everything he likes is prepared in the kitchen; that his linen and clothes are always clean; that when visitors happen in, you dress him properly, otherwise he will come forth in his old dressing-gown, for he often forgets now whether it is a festival or an ordinary day."

Poor old woman! She had no thought for the great moment which was awaiting her, nor of her soul, nor of the future life; she thought only of her poor companion, with whom she had passed her life, and whom she was about to leave an orphan and unprotected. After this fashion did she arrange everything with great skill, so that after her death Afanasy Ivanovitch might not perceive her absence. Her faith in her approaching end was so firm, and her mind was so fixed upon it, that in a few days she actually took to her bed, and was unable to swallow any nourishment.

Afanasy Ivanovitch was all attention, and never left her bedside. "Perhaps you could eat something, Pulkheria Ivan'na," he said, gazing uneasily into her eyes. But Pulkheria Ivanovna made no reply. At length, after a long silence, she moved her lips as though desirous of saying something — and her spirit fled.

Afanasy Ivanovitch was utterly amazed. It seemed to him so terrible that he did not even weep. He gazed at her with troubled eyes, as though he did not understand the meaning of a corpse.

Five years passed. Being in the vicinity at the end of the five years, I went to the little estate of Afanasy Ivanovitch, to inquire after my old neighbor, with whom I had spent the day so agreeably in former times, dining always on the choicest delicacies of his kind-hearted wife. When I drove up to the door, the house seemed twice as old as formerly; the peasants' cottages were lying on one side, without doubt exactly like their owners; the fence and hedge around the yard were dilapidated; and I myself saw the cook pull out a paling to heat the stove, when she had only a couple of steps to take in order to get the kindling-wood which had been piled there expressly for her use. I stepped sadly upon the veranda; the same dogs, now blind or with broken legs, raised their bushy tails, all matted with burs, and barked.

The old man came out to meet me. So this was he! I recognized him at once, but he was twice as bent as formerly. He knew me, and greeted me with the smile which was so familiar to me. I followed him into the room. All there seemed as in the past; but I observed a strange disorder, a tangible loss of something. In everything was visible the absence of the painstaking Pulkheria Ivanovna. At table, they gave us a knife without a handle; the dishes were prepared

with little art. I did not care to inquire about the management of the estate; I was even afraid to glance at the farm buildings. I tried to interest Afanasy Ivanovitch in something, and told him divers bits of news. He listened with his customary smile, but his glance was at times quite unintelligent; and thoughts did not wander therein — they simply disappeared.

"This is the dish" — said Afanasy Ivanovitch when they brought us curds and flour with cream, — "this is the dish" — he continued, and I observed that his voice began to quiver, and that tears were on the point of bursting from his leaden eyes; but he collected all his strength in the effort to repress them: "this is the dish which the — the — the de — ceas" — and his tears suddenly gushed forth, his hand fell upon his plate, the plate was overturned, flew from the table, and was broken. He sat stupidly, holding the spoon, and tears like a never-ceasing fountain flowed, flowed in streams down upon his napkin.

He did not live long after this. I heard of his death recently. What was strange, though, was that the circumstances attending it somewhat resembled those connected with the death of Pulkheria Ivanovna. One day, Afanasy Ivanovitch decided to take a short stroll in the garden. As he went slowly down the path with his usual heedlessness, a strange thing happened to him. All at once he heard some one behind him say in a distinct voice, "Afanasy Ivan' itch!" He turned round, but there was no one there. He looked on all sides; he peered into the shrubbery, — no one anywhere. The day was calm and the sun was shining brightly. He pondered for a moment. Then his face lighted up, and at last he cried, "It is Pulkheria Ivanovna calling me!"

He surrendered himself utterly to the moral conviction that Pulkheria Ivanovna was calling him. He yielded with the meekness of a submissive child, withered up, coughed, melted away like a candle, and at last expired like it when nothing remains to feed its poor flame. "Lay me beside Pulkheria Ivan'na" — that was all he said before his death.

His wish was fulfilled; and they buried him beside the churchyard wall close to Pulkheria Ivanovna's grave. The guests at the funeral were few, but there was a throng of common and poor people. The house was already quite deserted. The enterprising clerk and village elder carried off to their cottages all the old household utensils which the housekeeper did not manage to appropriate.

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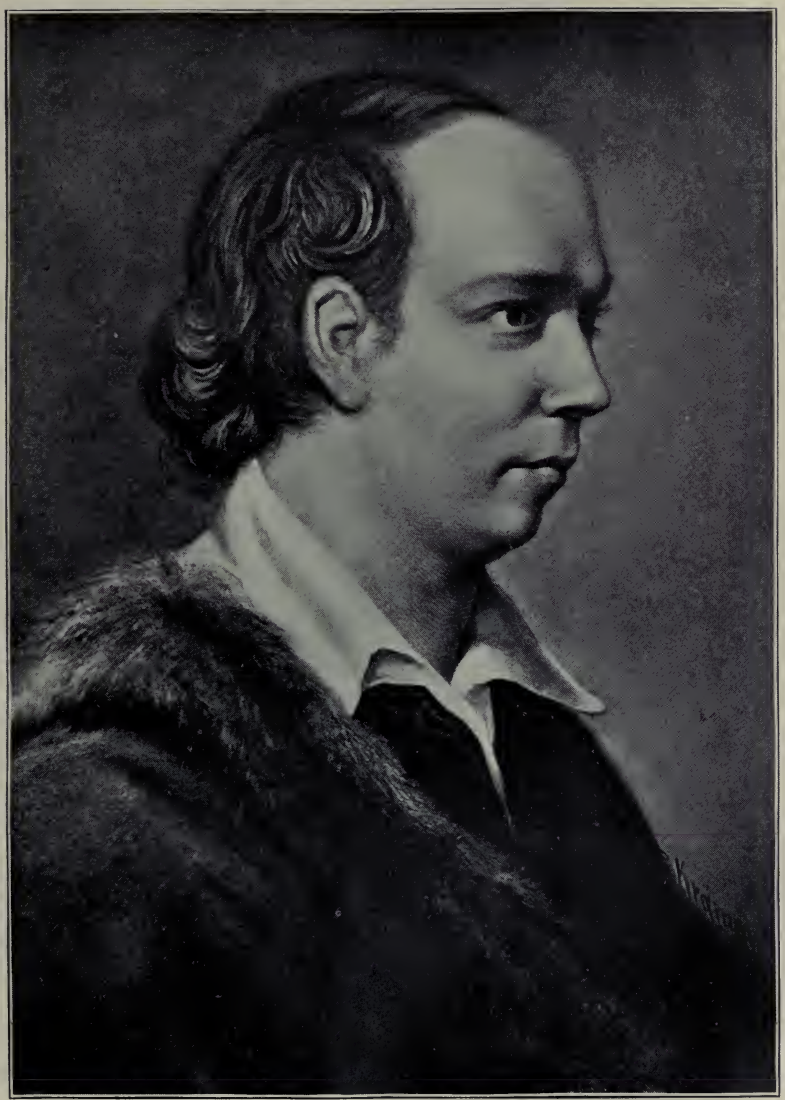

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

From a Painting by P. Krämer

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith, a British novelist and poet, born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728; died in London, April 4, 1774. He entered in 1744, Dublin University and took his degree five years after. He went home, ostensibly to study for the Church. In two years he presented himself as a candidate for ordination, but was rejected. He tried tutorship, and several other things, with no result. Toward the end of 1752 he went to the Continent. He attended lectures on medicine at Leyden, and afterward went to Paris, whence he started for a pedestrian tour on the Continent. It is certain that he made an extended tour, with little or no means of support except his fiddle. His "Story of the Philosophical Vagabond," in "The Vicar of Wakefield," is held to be more or less autobiographical.

Early in 1756 Goldsmith, now about eight-and-twenty, made his way back to London and penniless. In 1759 he published a small volume entitled "An Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He wrote for several newspapers, to which he furnished a series of "Chinese Letters," which were soon republished under the title of "The Citizen of the World." "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in 1769. About the middle of 1761 he found himself in arrears to his landlady, who gave him the choice between three courses: to pay his bill, to go to prison, or to marry her. Goldsmith applied to Dr. Johnson to extricate him from this predicament; and put in his hand a bundle of manuscript. The Doctor took the manuscript, sold it to a bookseller, and handed the money to Goldsmith. That manuscript was "The Vicar of Wakefield." Among these works — mainly compilations — are a "History of England," a "History of Greece," a "History of Rome," the "History of Animated Nature," "Life of Beau Nash," a "Short English Grammar," and a "Survey of Experimental Philosophy." He also wrote several very clever comedies, among which is "She Stoops to Conquer." His fame in literature, however, rests mainly upon the novel "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the two poems, "The Traveler" (1765) and "The Deserted Village" (1770).

The Description of the Family of Wakefield, in which a Kindred Likeness Prevails, as well of Morals as of Persons.

(From "The Vicar of Wakefield.")

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive I had scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I never could find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them to find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's Office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as

some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveler or the poor dependant out-of-doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custard plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the support of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our oldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her direction, called Sophia, so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in

it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say: "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country," "Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe — open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected with too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

Family Misfortunes. The Loss of Fortune Only Serves to Increase the Pride of the Worthy.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield — a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers. Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness; but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting: for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the only wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his

affections upon the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the Church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all except my two daughters, to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awakened in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together: I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters; in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defense of my favorite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid

showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation, but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason, for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge; he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How!" cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity! You might as well advise me to give up my fortune, as my argument." "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding; but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument, for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances; and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favor, nor will I allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune, but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined; one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

A Migration. The Fortunate Circumstances of our Lives are Generally Found at last to be of our own Procuring.

The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature, but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction, for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them, and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighborhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances, for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune, but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us, then, without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why, then, should we not learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on

penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, traveled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff; and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheater of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten miles from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarcely a farmer's daughter within ten miles round, but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters,

whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue.

While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it.

Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together; my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath by the roadside, observing with a smile, that

as we were ill-mounted, he would be too generous to attempt to leave us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we traveled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town."

"What!" cried I, "is my young landlord, then, the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence."

"Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell, "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals.

"Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured, he found numbers disposed to solicit; his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the

other seemed to decay; he grew improvident as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of money he gave promises. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependants whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence.

"The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice, and advice when rejected produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable; he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found, that — that — I forget what I was going to observe; in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his fallen fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he traveled through Europe on foot, and now, though he has scarcely attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarcely looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue; she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had

an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described; she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

A Proof that even the Humblest Fortune may Grant Happiness, Which Depends, not on Circumstances, but Constitution.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast was also provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, I

having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures; the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, — Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night or The Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read

loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I found them still secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behavior served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out in all their former splendor: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order our son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. — "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now." — "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." — "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." — "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure that very instant to change their dress, and the

next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

Mr. Burchell is Found to be an Enemy for He Has the Confidence to Give Disagreeable Advice.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavored to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good-sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world in coping with our betters. Such as are poor and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side: the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable that you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the Giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain; and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then traveled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye; but the Giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now traveled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the

first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came all fell before him; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion: 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor forever!'—'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no, I declare off. I'll fight no more; for I find in every battle that you get all the honor and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'"

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary dissuaded her with great ardor, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamor. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all. She knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. "Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons, you are right. I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret; but I find my visits here are become troublesome. I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove hard to hide her concern with a forced smile and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove.

"How, woman!" cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured,

my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips!"—"Why should he provoke me then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."—"Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?"cried I; "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else, no, never. Once indeed, I remember to have heard him say he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor."—"Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion I can't pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

Fresh Mortifications, or a Demonstration that seeming Calamities may be real Blessings.

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behavior. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could

not be done without expense. We debated, therefore, in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished. It was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plow, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purpose above-mentioned, at the neighboring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavorable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning at parting, after I had gone some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and, after he had a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him. A second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home. A third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for although I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right; and St. Gregory, upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother-clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me

more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met, the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me.

But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this; I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude; and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back, adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the Church.

Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully fought against the deuterogamy of the age."— "Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir; I beg pardon."— "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."— "Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold" —

I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my

modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbor such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe that the world in general began to be blamably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. "Ay, sir," replied he, — as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, — "Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, Ἄναρχον ἀρὰ καὶ ἀτελεύταιον τὸ πᾶν, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, — Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phæl-Asser, Nabon-Asser, — he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd: for, as we usually say, ἐκ τὸ βιβλίον κυβερνήτης, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate — but, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question." That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touch-stone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject therefore insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to sell a horse, and very luckily indeed his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do

it at neighbor Jackson's or anywhere." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country; upon replying that he was my next-door neighbor: "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg farther than I." A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson (the old gentleman), his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."—"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, — the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning, about Greek and cosmogony and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Although I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest

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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIFLD AND HIS WIFE

struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

From "She Stoops to Conquer."

Act I.

Scene I. — *A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

[*Enter* Mrs. Hardcastle *and* Mr. Hardcastle.]

Mrs. Hardcastle. — I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbor Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hardcastle. — Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate,

the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hardcastle. — And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy [*taking her hand*], you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothys and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hardcastle. — Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hardcastle. — Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely!

Mrs. Hardcastle. — No matter; Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hardcastle. — Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — Humor, my dear; nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Hardcastle. — I'd sooner allow him a horsepond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hardcastle. — Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we sha'n't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hardcastle. — Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — He coughs sometimes.

Hardcastle. — Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hardcastle. — And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet — [*Tony hallooing behind the scenes.*] — Oh, there he goes — a very consumptive figure, truly!

[*Enter* TONY, *crossing the Stage.*]

Mrs. Hardcastle. — Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovey?

Tony. — I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — You sha'n't venture out this raw evening, my dear: you look most shockingly.

Tony. — I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hardcastle. — Ay, the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. — Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins, the exciseman, Jack Slang, the horse-doctor, little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. — As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*.

Mrs. Hardcastle [*Detaining him*]. — You sha'n't go.

Tony. — I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. — I say you sha'n't.

Tony. — We'll see which is the strongest, you or I.

[*Exit, hauling her out.*

Hardcastle [*Alone*]. — Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling, Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

[*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE.]

Hardcastle. — Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superflu-

ous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hardcastle. — You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hardcastle. — Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hardcastle. — I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hardcastle. — Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hardcastle. — Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I sha'n't like him. Our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hardcastle. — Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hardcastle. — Is he?

Hardcastle. — Very generous.

Miss Hardcastle. — I believe I shall like him.

Hardcastle. — Young and brave.

Miss Hardcastle. — I'm sure I shall like him.

Hardcastle. — And very handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. — My dear papa, say no more [*kissing his hand*], he's mine — I'll have him.

Hardcastle. — And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hardcastle. — Eh! You have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hardcastle. — On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hardcastle. — He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hardcastle. — Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hardcastle. — My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? — Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hardcastle. — Bravely resolved! In the meantime, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception: as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle [*Alone*]. — Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last, but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then, reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I — But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

[*Enter* Miss Neville.]

Miss Hardcastle. — I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss Neville. — Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again — bless me! — sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the goldfishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hardcastle. — No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened — I can scarce get it out — I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Neville. — And his name —

Miss Hardcastle. — Is Marlow.

Miss Neville. — Indeed!

Miss Hardcastle. — The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. — As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, *my* admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hardcastle. — Never.

Miss Neville. — He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp — you understand me.

Miss Hardcastle. — An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw! think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Neville. — I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-à-têtes*. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hardcastle. — And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Neville. — A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hardcastle. — My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville. — It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hardcastle. — "Would it were bed-time, and all were well." [*Exeunt.*

. . . . . .

Act III.

[*Enter* Miss Hardcastle *and* Maid.]

Miss Hardcastle. — What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. — But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, Madam!

Miss Hardcastle. — Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem?*

Maid. — It's the dress, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hardcastle. — And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. — Certain of it.

Miss Hardcastle. — I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. — But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hardcastle. — In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. — But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hardcastle. — Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant — Did your honor call? — Attend the Lion there. — Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. — The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. — It will do, Madam. But he's here. [*Exit Maid.*

[*Enter* MARLOW.]

Marlow. — What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*

Miss Hardcastle. — Did you call, Sir? Did your honor call?

Marlow. [*Musing.*] — As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hardcastle. — Did your honor call? [*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

Marlow. — No, child. [*Musing.*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle. — I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow. — No, no. [*Musing.*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. [*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*]

Miss Hardcastle. — Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir?

Marlow. — I tell you, no.

Miss Hardcastle. — I should be glad to know Sir: we have such a parcel of servants.

Marlow. — No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted — I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. — O la, Sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow. — Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your — a — what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss Hardcastle. — No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow. — One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips, perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hardcastle. — Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

Marlow. — Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle. — Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow. — Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle. — Oh, Sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow. — To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching.*] Yet nearer, I don't think so much. [*Approaching.*] By coming close to some women, they look

younger still; but when we come very close indeed — [*Attempting to kiss her.*]

Miss Hardcastle. — Pray, Sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow. — I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss Hardcastle. — And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you were before a justice of peace.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] — Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me.

Miss Hardcastle. — Oh, then, Sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

Marlow. — Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, my child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss Hardcastle. — Hold, Sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

Marlow. — Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle. — Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Marlow. — Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle. — And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. [*Aside.*] — Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss Hardcastle. — I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work, or their family.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] — All's well; she don't laugh at me. [*To her.*] Do *you* ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle. — Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow. — Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss Hardcastle. — Ay, but the colors don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marlow. — And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. — Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [*Exit Marlow.*

Pictures from "The Deserted Village."

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm —
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath their spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,

Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last

Oh blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, — forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn, —
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train, —
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, — for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could *gauge*.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,

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"The village Master taught his little school"

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Contrasted National Types.

(From "The Traveler.")

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,

And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due, —
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smoldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,

And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in mystic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

Edwin and Angelina.

A Ballad.

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale,
And guide my lonely way,

To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answ'ring care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:

On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn!" she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heav'n!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide, —
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life, — my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets,
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaise.

Good people all, with one accord
  Lament for Madame Blaise,
Who never wanted a good word —
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor —
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
  With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways —
  Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
  And hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew —
  But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
  By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her —
  When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
  Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
  Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
  For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more —
  She had not died to-day.

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT.

Edmond Louis Huot de and Jules Alfred Huot de Goncourt, brothers and joint authors of numerous historical works. They were born in France, Edmond at Nancy, May 26, 1822, and Jules in Paris, Dec. 17, 1830; the latter died in Paris, June 20, 1870; Edmond, July 16, 1896. Their friendship was as close as their literary union subsequently became. Both were scholars of no mean attainments, and possessed equally the facile and strenuous talent that made them co-builders of a single renown. Among the joint productions of the brothers are "En 18—" (1851); "Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution et sous la Directoire" (1854–1855); "La Peinture à l'Exposition Universelle" (1855); "Une Voiture de Masques" (1856), republished in 1876 as "Créatures de ce Temps;" "Portraits Intimes du XVIII^me^ Siècle" (1856 and 1858); "Histoire de Marie Antoinette" (1858); "Les Maîtresses de Louis XV." (1860); "Les Hommes de Lettres" (1861), republished under the title of "Charles Demailly" (1861); "La Femme au XVIII^me^ Siècle" (1862); "Renée Mauperin" (1864); "Idées et Sensations" (1866); "Manette Salomon" (1867); "L'Art de XVIII^me^ Siècle" (1874). Among the works of E. Goncourt are "L'Œuvre de Prudhon" (1877) and "Les Frères Zemganno," a novel (1879). After the death of his brother, Edmond Goncourt published "L'Œuvre de Watteau" (1876); "La Fille Eliza" (1878); "La Maison d'un Artiste" (1881); "Chérie" (1884); "Madame Saint-Huberti" (1885); "Mademoiselle Clairon" (1890). Alfred Haserick's translation of "Armande," an account by the brothers Goncourt of the adventures of the beautiful actress, was published in 1894.

The Child Philomène.

(From "Sister Philomène.")

The Church loves to surround childhood with pretty and fresh faces. She knows how these little beings, in whom the soul is called to life through the senses, are impressed by the outward appearance of those around them; she therefore strives

to appeal to their eyes, to attract them by the charm of the women who teach and tend them. The Church chooses for these duties the Sisters whose countenances are most pleasing and cheerful, for it seems as though she wished, by the smiling faces of the younger Sisters, to replace the absent mother's smile for the poor little orphans.

Of the ten Sisters who had charge of these orphans, nearly all were young, nearly all pretty; those even who had not regular features had a gentle glance, a sweet smile that made them sympathetic and charming. One only formed an exception, and she, poor thing, was utterly devoid of grace.

This Sister was slightly humpbacked, one shoulder being higher than the other, spoke with a strong provincial accent that made her thoroughly ridiculous, and, moreover, had a face like a mask.

It was impossible to see or hear her without recalling Punch to mind. The children had nicknamed her Sister Carabosse. With the gestures of a man, she crossed her legs, stuck her arms akimbo in speaking, and stood with her hands behind her back. Her manners, too, were abrupt and rough, and at first sight her thick, black eyebrows inspired fear. Notwithstanding appearances, however, Sister Marguerite was the best of creatures. The small allowance her family — small land-owners in Périgord — gave her was entirely spent on cakes for the children when taken out walking. Seeing this little girl remain surly and lonely among companions of her own age, not joining even in their games, the kind Sister comprehended that there existed some wounded feeling, some need for consolation in the child whom the other Sisters, rebuffed in their first advances, now abandoned to her isolation. Instinctively she attached herself to Philomène, occupied herself with her during playtime, bought her a skipping-rope, and lightened her sewing task — in short, Philomène became her favorite, her adopted *protégée*. One day after lunch, without any apparent cause, Philomène threw herself into the Sister's arms and burst into tears, finding no other way of thanking her. The Sister did not know what to say, for she also began to cry, without knowing why, when suddenly the child broke into a laugh, and her moist eyes brightened. As she raised her head she had just caught sight of the ridiculous appearance that Sister Carabosse presented with tears streaming down her cheeks.

From that moment Philomène became like her little com-

panions; a slightly serious look only remained on her otherwise open and frank countenance. She took pleasure in the amusements of her age, recovered the spirit, appetite, tastes, and boisterous health of youth, and eagerly joined in all the games. A spirit of emulation took possession of her, and she became interested in her work. She often thought of the large silver heart of the Virgin hanging in the oratory, with the names of the girls who had behaved best during the week pinned up around it; and she envied all the badges distributed for assiduity in the work-room — the green ribbon and silver medal of the Infant Jesus, the red ribbon of Saint Louis of Gonzague, or the white ribbon of the Holy Angels.

Each week now brought its amusement, the Thursday's walk, now an intense pleasure, which in early days had seemed so dull and mournful.

The Sisters nearly always took the little flock along the banks of the Canal Saint Martin. The children walked two by two, scattering as they passed along, in the murmur of their voices, a sound like that of humming bees, watching a boy fishing, or a dog running up and down a barge, or a wheelbarrow trundled over a bending plank; happy at the mere sight, and happy to breathe in and to listen to the echoes of Paris.

At the Feast of the Assumption, on the Mother Superior's *fête* day, and two or three other times a year, they went into the country, and were usually taken to Saint-Cloud. They went through the park, crossed the bridge at Sèvres, wandered by the river-side, under the trees, till they reached a small inn at Suresnes. There in the arbors they crowded round the wooden tables, all stained with purple wine, and feasted upon a large cream cheese, bought by Sister Marguerite.

These joyous, free, open-air treats, the romps in the tall grass, the wild flowers gathered under the willow-trees — all this impressed the excursion more lastingly on Philomène even than the others. She awoke on the ensuing mornings filled with these recollections, and when the sight of the clouds, roads, and river had grown dim in her memory, she still retained of the country she no longer beheld a perfume, an echo, a sensation of sun; and the scent of the trees, the rippling of the water came gently back to her as from afar.

One day more especially dwelt in her mind. They had, as they returned from the country, entered the grounds of a market-gardener. It was May. The luminous sky had an infinite

though subdued transparency, like a white sky overspread with a softly shimmering veil of blue net. The atmosphere was sweet with the morning's breath. At moments a breeze gently shivered through the trees, and died away like a caress on the children's cheeks. In the tenderness of both sky and air, the pear, peach, cherry, and apricot trees blazed forth in a glory of blossom, silvery clusters nestling on every bough. Under the apple-trees a vast nosegay lay scattered over the red-brown earth, and the sun dancing through the foliage flitted like a bird over the snowy carpet of flowers. The radiant impression left by this vision of a soft and delicious Nature, decked as for a virginal feast, the dazzling orchard caught sight of in its tender spring-tide of candor and freshness — all this lived like a dream in the heart of little Philomène.

Little by little the singular persistency of her sensations, the unconscious faculty for retaining a vision, as it were, of things gone by, made the child more impressionable, and developed in her an acute state of sensitiveness. She grew melancholy, and was almost angered at any caress bestowed by the Sisters on the other little girls; a word or a question addressed to another wounded her as a slight or neglect. She had such a craving for tenderness and affection that any kindness displayed to others seemed something robbed from her; and this dread, of which she was herself ashamed, this torture which she hid, was betrayed by an unreasoning jealousy. One day the whole convent went to spend the afternoon at Madame de Mareuil's near Lagny. Madame de Mareuil was the benefactress of the convent, and every year gave a great lunch to the little orphans. At the end of the day, while the carriages were conveying them home, the little ones having had a sip of champagne, all talked at the same time, recalling out loud, as if it were a fairy tale, the wonderful things they had seen — the moat full of water, the great gilded gates, the avenues with festoons of ivy, clinging in garlands from tree to tree, and the satin-covered chairs, and the great gallery where the family portraits gazed down on them as they ate, and the boundless park, the marble statues, and the hot-house flowers they did not even know the name of, that looked like wax. Philomène, in the midst of the noise, admiration, and exclamations, alone remained unmoved and silent.

"Well, you little dumb thing," said Sister Marguerite, "you do not say anything. Was it not all fine enough to please you?

What do you mean by being so quiet? Come, come, I know: you would have liked to have been with the big girls, and the lady to notice you. I know what you are, you like "— And the Sister, stopping short, heaved a compassionate sigh as she looked at the child. That night, before Philomène dropped off to sleep, she felt Sister Marguerite gently pull her blanket up over her hands and her uncovered shoulders.

All the kindly Sister's care and attention could not, however, wrest the child's heart from the memory of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Her thoughts continually turned toward her aunt, toward Madame de Viry and Monsieur Henry. As in the past, the first Sundays in the month were the most eventful days in her life. If she trembled less when called to the parlor, she still had the same tender caress for her aunt, and exacted always the same promise from the old woman — that when she would be old enough she should return to Madame de Viry's — with a query of "*That is certain, is it not?*" full of an anxiety that rose from the very depths of her being.

Besides these Sundays, three weeks in the year also caused Philomène the deepest emotion. These were the eight days preceding New Year's Day, the eight days preceding Madame de Viry's *fête* day, and the eight days before that of her aunt.

All that time she lived a double kind of existence, pondering over the letter of good wishes she longed to make so fine. Long in advance she had bought some pretty writing-paper with initials surrounded by a wreath of embossed roses; with what embarrassment and diffidence did she strive to set forth well-rounded phrases, similar to those she read in books! What care she took in writing to close the *a*'s well, to make no blots! Once her letter ended, signed, and sealed with a transparent wafer, what machinations for it to arrive just on the eve of the *fête* day!

Philomène was ten years old when a little girl two years older than herself entered the orphanage. On seeing each other for the first time, the two children went toward one another with the impulse and natural instinct of children that have already met. This spontaneous affection was cemented the following day at play-time by a present the newcomer, Céline, made to Philomène. For many a day this present seemed to Philomène the most lovely thing in the world. It was an embossed and stamped envelope imitating net, and on it was displayed a vase whereon was written, in gilt letters surrounded

by gold flourishes, the word, *Souvenir;* from this envelope could be drawn forth a nosegay of painted cut-out lilac that opened like a fan with seven sticks, on each of which a little printed medallion displayed the Infant Jesus lying in the manger, surrounded by kneeling children. Philomène had carefully shut up and hid this beautiful gift in her mass-book; the first days she constantly gazed at it, touched it, unfolded it, looking at the pictures and reading the litany printed round them: "*O Jesus! divine Savior, as my New Year's gift accept my heart.*"

The two little ones soon became intimate friends, and whenever they could be together were never apart. They shared everything that their friends brought them, even their butter and sugar. Their thoughts, joys, disappointments were one. In the playground they were always seen together, sometimes with an arm thrown round the neck or slipped round the waist of the other, absorbed the while in ceaseless conversation; and they walked to and fro in the yard linked together in some pretty childlike gesture, confidentially leaning on one another; Philomène with large eyes, long lashes, slow glance, and full, half-parted lips, rosy and rather tanned cheeks, and amber-colored locks straying from under her cap; Céline with rounded, prominent forehead, naturally curly hair, small, clear, deep-set gray eyes, open nostrils, thin lips, dimpled chin, and oval face. After a few turns, they would often sit down on the stone bench near the pump; even in winter they sat there for a quarter of an hour at a time, huddled up in print gowns that through the poor thin folds betrayed a thick woolen knitted vest, the tips of their shapeless list shoes resting on the ground; and they remained there, overcome with cold, silent and motionless, taking an indolent pleasure in the numbing sensation, while they gazed into space, Philomène looking at some bird, Céline watching a passing cloud.

Until her entry into the convent Céline had been the little nurse and maid of an infirm grandmother. Her childhood had been lulled and charmed by the *Lives of the Saints.* The old woman read a few pages out loud every evening, opening the book with her gouty fingers at the page she had marked the previous day. Then, as she grew older, Céline in her turn took the big book on her lap, and read to her grandmother. She had learned to read in that book; in it her imagination had spelt out its first letters, and this her first alphabet was the initiation of her life.

The miracles, adventures, self-sacrifices, heroisms, glorious agonies, divine deaths, half-revealed heavens, showers of palms, had dazzled her like a fairy tale of miracles. The legends of the *Légende dorée* filled her brain and seemed to swell her forehead — a forehead resembling that of Memling's little Virgin — almost deformed by the bump of the marvelous. A magic world stood out of these pages, as thrilling as that by which a nurse awakens the first dream and stimulates the reasoning of a child. She found in the history of these saints and martyrs, so full of phantoms, monsters, and metamorphoses, the raptures, the inthrallment, the emotions, the sweet horror of phantasmagoria, and the ideal reality that fairy tales convey to a being of her age; and as by the side of the old woman nothing came to disturb the illusions of the child, as neither doubt nor smile ever startled the naïve warmth of her impressions, or her first trust and faith, for her the path strewn with Hop-o'-my-Thumb's crumbs was represented by the desert road planted by Saint Macaire with a willow-tree at every mile; the talking bird of Indian tales was the grasshopper that roused Saint Gregory from sleep; and the water that sang was the block of ice imploring Saint Theobald to say masses for the soul shut up within it. She did not behold visions of palaces with diamond gates, conjured up by the wave of a wand, in which Golden Locks had been slumbering for some hundred years; but she dreamed of the golden ladders touching the ground, of the pathway magnificently carpeted and dazzling with light, that led a saint's soul from a cell to celestial glory. Even her terrors in the dark were not the usual terrors of a child; she did not fancy she saw an ogre nor a bogey nor thieves; but outlined in the obscurity, as by a coal of fire, drawing quite close to her in her sleeplessness, was the devil, such as she had seen him in the legend, tempting a saint.

In the day-time, the land of saints unrolled itself before her in a radiant and confused perspective. She repeated words that in her ears sounded like the noise of a shell from the Eastern waters, and the name of a certain King Gondoforus brought to her the sonorous echo of a far-off kingdom. Then the vaults of heaven seemed to open and angelic voices silenced the voice of man. "You don't talk to-day?" the grandmother would sometimes say to her while the little girl mechanically plied her needle, hemming a towel or darning a stocking. The child merely answered by a smile — she was dreaming of solitude,

deserts, a hermitage in a corner of the Monceaux plain, just beyond Paris, in a spot she had seen.

Lifting her above the realities of life, these thoughts and dreams made Céline's life happy; but soon a mere passive and ideal communion with this miraculous history did not suffice for her; the long martyrology, ever ready with sacrifices and oblations to God, incited her to self-immolation. She strove to martyrize herself, silently, as best she could. She chastised her innocent little senses, deprived herself of her favorite dishes, imposed on herself the recital of a certain number of *Aves* as she walked down a street. She took vows of silence for half a day. When she went to bed, heavy with sleep, she would force herself to remain awake several hours till a time she had previously fixed on; or when her grandmother offered her an excursion or a treat, she punished herself for the very wish she had to accept, saying she was ill and going to bed. Church-going, confession, and her first Communion had developed this mystic temperament. Céline had subtilized all these little self-sacrifices, and by dint of sharpening and reiterating her petty torments, by the ingenuity and detail she exerted, had carried them to the verge of cruelty. She took a certain pride in putting to the test her sickly and childish little body, already eager and strong for suffering. The stories of young Christian girls brought before the proconsul, from whose wounded limbs, when torn by iron rakes, milk flowed instead of blood, had always been an attraction and a temptation for her.

Philomène, more delicate, more sensitive, less dreamy and more tender, was constantly censured and lectured by Céline. Céline, with a zeal of proselytism that already kindled and purified her friendships and affections, had taken to heart the task of strengthening and guiding a soul that she considered feeble and idle. By persuasion and advice, by the influence of earnest words and example, little by little she lifted her companion out of the weaknesses and natural disposition of her age. She inveigled her into a course of little sacrifices, not, however, without struggles and much patience. She had to gain ground inch by inch, be ready each day to go over all again, make unceasing efforts of reasoning, use irony without bitterness, anxious prayers and supplications against Philomène's pleadings, her timid opposition, resistance and excuses for her lukewarmness.

Often Philomène would complain, say she was not strong enough, that so much must not be demanded of her. Céline

was never at a loss for an answer. She was always ready to quote an example, the virtue of some saint or another to which they must aspire. And she replied to the murmuring of her soul as she had replied to those of her body the day that Philomène expressed disgust at the boiled beef given them for every dinner: —

"Ah! my dear, remember Saint Angèle: three walnuts, three chestnuts, three figs, and three leeks, that was all she ate, and bread only on Sunday; and you dare to grumble!"

A nature like Philomène's was easily influenced and ready to submit; she expanded under the inspiration Céline strove to kindle and rouse within her. When, during the recreations, the giddy little ones of the convent came and sang round them: —

I love wine,
I love onion,
I love Suzon,

Céline and she replied: —

I love the convent,
Love the convent,
Love the convent.

Her friend's faith was hers also, but her character lent it her own form and expression. What in Céline was a hidden and concentrated fire was with her an overflowing flame; her exaltation became an expansion.

The Sisters were surprised and delighted at this change. They saw a special grace in this sudden conversion of a child who till then had shown but a careless and indifferent piety, and whom they now quoted to the other little girls as a model of fervent faith, regularity, and punctuality.

Every day on awakening Philomène crossed herself and offered up her first thoughts to God. While dressing she prayed for the robe of innocence lost by original sin. Before beginning her work she laid it all at the Lord's feet in expiation of her errors. She never forgot to murmur a short prayer at the strike of the hour. At nine o'clock she thought as she prayed of the Holy Ghost, who at that hour had, on Whit-Sunday descended on the Apostles; at twelve she invoked the Angel Gabriel. Before dinner she went through a short examination of her faults while reciting a *Miserere*. Before playtime she asked God to guard her speech. At the hour

when Jesus gave up the ghost, she besought him to attach her to his cross so that she could never leave it. Then followed other short prayers — prayers to remember the presence of God, prayers whenever she had committed any trifling fault. In the evening, before getting into bed, she never failed to pray and kiss the floor three times. If she awoke at night, she joined in thought those servants of God who sing his praises during the night hours; she joined in the worship of the blessed saints, the songs of the angelic host in Paradise, and then endeavored to go to sleep again in an attitude becoming in God's sight, such as she would wish for if death came and surprised her.

The time for Philomène's first Communion drew near while she was yet in the fervor aroused by her friend's influence. It was a great event in her childish existence. Thoroughly prepared by the weekly catechism class, she was filled and agitated by emotion. The week preceding the great and momentous Sunday, a retreat consisting of a course of exercises, instructions, and exhortations stimulated her zeal and ardor. This withdrawal from life and external thought, the meditation and fascination of the long vigils, the constantly evoked images of the flesh and blood of Christ, the mysterious joy of a union with God, threw Philomène into a kind of mystical rapture. Abstinence, fasting, the natural feebleness of a body ill-nourished by the meager convent fare, all contributed to deaden her faculties and increase her ecstatic condition. Under the spiritual exaggeration and nervous irritation of constant prayer she was alternately thrown into transports of adoration or crushed and bowed down by contrition. All her blood seemed to rush to her head and heart. She was shaken all over by inward agitation, by the passionate longing of her childish imagination thirsting for love. She would quit the confessional bathed in tears, happy to feel them streaming down her cheeks till they reached and moistened her lips. It was a passionate aspiration toward all that the first approach to the mystery of the sacrament can bring to an excitable child of twelve — new sensations, inner revelations, unknown ardors. She fancied she had a call; a new conscience seemed to awake within her; she felt as if she had dismissed one part of her life, and abruptly entered upon another; as though the veil of her childish soul were torn asunder in a first assumption of womanly character and moral responsibility.

At last the great day came. Philomène had begged her aunt to bring her some eau-de-cologne and some scented pomatum. When she entered the church, in the midst of the other communicants, she stood as if transfixed; she could neither hear nor see anything around her, and was so moved that she hardly knew what she was doing. There seemed to be a great hum and roar in her and around her; the fragance of the cosmetics she had used enveloped her, and she inhaled them as a breath of Paradise, not realizing that they emanated from her own person. Rays of light streamed through the church, throwing the jewel-like color of the stained-glass windows over the altar. A bluish vapor rose in the dusty daylight. The lighted tapers threw their sparkle upon the white frocks. In the nave voices mingled with perfumes, and prayers with hymns. The censers swung back with a broken sound in the white-gloved hands. But for Philomène there was nothing but the altar, and on the altar nothing but the tabernacle. She gazed steadfastly at it, and by a wonderful effort riveted her inner sight as well, forcing both mind and vision to pierce through the mist which after long gazing shrouds all things from our view, till she fancied she fathomed the mysterious depths of the gilded shrine, as the sun is divined behind the hill that hides it by the faint light it leaves above.

As the girls on the bench rose, she rose too. Her turn came and she received the Host. As she partook of it, she felt an ineffable sensation of faintness, a rapture that was almost a swoon.

From this day the church became for Philomène a calm, holy spot, tender and familiar, like some well-remembered room of childhood's home, full of tender memories of a mother's love.

She waited impatiently for Sunday, when she would go there, live there a whole day, lingering on from service to service.

Nevertheless, Saint Laurent, where the Sisters took the children, was but a shabby little church. Situated at the top of the Boulevard de Strasbourg, and now standing clear from its surroundings, it looked like an old country church, abandoned in the middle of a lonely square, in which maybe some rope-maker carried on his trade.

Inside it was cold and bare; one felt it to be the poverty-stricken parish church of the two faubourgs, the Faubourg Saint

Denis and the Faubourg Saint Martin. Not a sound was to be heard under the severely arched roof, along the gray and dirty walls; at times only the dragging step of slipshod clogs over the pavement, or a harsh and hollow cough broke the silence. The congregation was of the poorest class; a second-hand dealer in clothes with a colored handkerchief on her head, a maid carrying home some small family dinner tied up in a cloth, a coal-woman who hissed between her lips a silent prayer, a mother with a basket, and a child in her arms over whom she makes the sign of the cross as she enters, or a seamstress praying with bent head, and finger-tips roughened by the needle raised to her mouth. Women in mourning, with old black dresses, bonnets, and veils turned rusty, pass through the aisles. Close by the iron railings of the side chapels other old women in linen caps may be seen, with fixed gaze, dilated pupils, and eyes upraised, mumbling prayers. At times also in a corner some bent old man in a shabby blue coat whitened at the seams would kneel humbly on the ground. Philomène, however, did not notice the melancholy aspect of Saint Laurent. She did not see that the church was miserable, for she was happy there, and it seemed to her that her pleasure was due to the place itself and its belongings. She was conscious of a vague sensation of comfort and infinite peace, a dreamy idleness and languid satisfaction. The spell she was under while seated in the nave gave her the sensation of a balmy and soothing climate, and the penetrating, subtle atmosphere of the church seemed to her that of an ideal fatherland.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

Gosse, Edmund William, an English poet and critic; born at London, September 21, 1849. In 1867 he was appointed an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum, and in 1875 translator to the Board of Trade. In 1872 and 1874 he visited Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and in 1877 Holland, for the purpose of studying the literature of those countries. He is the author of "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets" (1870); "On Viol and Flute" (1873); "King Erik," a tragedy (1876); "The Unknown Lover" (1878); "New Poems" (1879); "Studies in Northern Literature" (1879); "Life of Gray" (1882); "From Shakespeare to Pope" (1885); "Seventeenth Century Studies," critical essays on literature (1883); "Firdausi in Exile, and Other Poems" (1885); "Raleigh," in the "English Men of Letters" series (1886); "A Life of Congreve" (1888); "History of Eighteenth Century Literature" (1889); "Gossip in a Library" (1891); "The Secret of Narcisse," romance (1892); "Questions at Issue," essays (1893); "The Jacobean Poets" (1894); "In Russet and Silver," poems (1894); "Critical Kit-Kats" (1896); "History of Modern English Literature" (1897). He also contributed numerous essays to "Ward's English Poets" (1880–81).

February in Rome.

When Roman fields are red with cyclamen,
  And in the palace gardens you may find,
  Under great leaves and sheltering briony-bind,
Clusters of cream-white violets, oh then
The ruined city of immortal men
  Must smile, a little to her fate resigned,
  And through her corridors the slow warm wind
Gush harmonies beyond a mortal ken.
Such soft favonian airs upon a flute,
  Such shadowy censers burning live perfume,
  Shall lead the mystic city to her tomb;
Nor flowerless springs, nor autumns without fruit,
Nor summer mornings when the winds are mute,
  Trouble her soul till Rome be no more Rome.

Desiderium.

Sit there forever, dear, and lean
  In marble as in fleeting flesh,
Above the tall gray reeds that screen
  The river when the breeze is fresh;
Forever let the morning light
Stream down that forehead broad and white,
And round that cheek for my delight.

Already that flushed moment grows
  So dark, so distant; through the ranks
Of scented reed the river flows,
  Still murmuring to its willowy banks;
But we can never hope to share
Again that rapture fond and rare,
Unless you turn immortal there.

There is no other way to hold
  These webs of mingled joy and pain;
Like gossamer their threads enfold
  The journeying heart without a strain, —
Then break, and pass in cloud or dew,
And while the ecstatic soul goes through,
Are withered in the parching blue.

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,
  And Youth, fold up those peacock wings!
More rapture fills the years that pass
  Than any hope the future brings;
Some for to-morrow rashly pray,
And some desire to hold to-day,
But I am sick for yesterday.

Since yesterday the hills were blue
  That shall be gray for evermore,
And the fair sunset was shot through
  With color never seen before!
Tyrannic Love smiled yesterday,
And lost the terrors of his sway,
But is a god again to-day.

Ah, who will give us back the past?
  Ah woe, that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast,
  And is so fain to find the sea, —

That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,
For breakers of the homeless deep.

Then sit forever, dear, in stone,
  As when you turned with half a smile,
And I will haunt this islet lone,
  And with a dream my tears beguile;
And in my reverie forget
That stars and suns were made to set;
That love grows cold, or eyes are wet.

Lying in the Grass.

Between two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing color on bare throat and head, —
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony, —
A fourth is mowing, and the fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood,
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red, —
Her evensong of love is but half said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose;
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair;
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear, high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad;
They dig themselves warm graves, and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
What Godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and Loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind;
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose bar, —
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee, —
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through:
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

The Fear of Death.

Last night I woke and found between us drawn —
  Between us, where no mortal fear may creep —
  The vision of Death dividing us in sleep:
And suddenly I thought, Ere light shall dawn
  Some day, the substance, not the shadow, of Death
Shall cleave us like a sword. The vision passed,
But all its new-born horror held me fast,
  And till day broke I listened for your breath.
Some day to wake, and find that colored skies,
  And pipings in the woods, and petals wet,
  Are things for aching memory to forget;
And that your living hands and mouth and eyes
Are part of all the world's old histories! —
  Dear God! a little longer, ah, not yet! —

A Plea.

The Preacher who hath fought a goodly fight,
  And toiled for his great Master all day long,
  Grows faint and harassed after even song,
And harshly chides the eager proselyte;
The sage who strode along the even height
  Of narrow Justice severing wrong from wrong,
  Stumbles and sinks below the common throng,
In pits of prejudice forlorn of light.
  But thou, within whose veins a cooler blood
  Runs reasonably quiet, brand not thou
With name of hypocrite each sunken brow;
  To every son of man on earth who would
  The Graces have not given it to be good,
And virtuous fruit may break the laden bough.

JAMES GRAHAM.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Edinburgh in 1612; died there on the scaffold, May 21, 1650.

He at first served with the Covenanters against Charles I., afterwards he changed to the royal side. In 1650 he headed a royalist rising and was defeated, captured, and executed.

My Dear and Only Love.

My dear and only love, I pray
  This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
  But purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part, —
  Which virtuous souls abhor, —
And hold a synod in thy heart,
  I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
  And I will reign alone;
My thoughts shall ever more disdain
  A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
  To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
  And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
  And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
  Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
  I'll never love thee more.

52.04

"My dear and only love"

From a Painting by J. F. Ballavoine

If in the empire of thy heart,
  Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
  And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
  And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
  Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
  And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAME.

James Grahame, a Scottish poet, born at Glasgow, April 22, 1765; died there, Sept. 14, 1811. He was educated at Edinburgh, studied law and practiced his profession until 1809, when he went to England and took orders in the Anglican Church with favorable prospects. But in two years ill-health compelled him to give up his curacy and return to Scotland. His poems all have a religious cast, and were mainly written while he was engaged in legal practice. He wrote "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," a tragedy (1801); "The Sabbath" and "Sabbath Walks" (1804–1805); "Birds of Scotland" (1806); "British Georgics" (1809); and "Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade" (1810).

Few poets have been more highly commended by eminent authorities than this genial, whole-souled Scotchman.

A Present Deity.

(From "The Sabbath.")

O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a present Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream,
To think that He who hears the heavenly choirs
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He who rolls yon solar sphere
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear His awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel His care for all that lives —
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there
Would please my sight, and tell of Thee!

There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault by day, by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole,
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth his handiwork!"

The Sabbath Morning.

How still the Morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear — the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gentle down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
  But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,

He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares his heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God — not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes — yet fears presumption in the hope —
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

A Summer Sabbath Walk.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart! pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound! — the ringdove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear —
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp — the buzz,
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away —
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circles gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,

Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scapes,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

An Autumn Sabbath Walk.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent-sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass;
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend — conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep; the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range —
It was not wide — no dog would bay at him;
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rustic cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on the way!
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where Nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
That copse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appear,
Flowers faintly tinged and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, from the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws

Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A Winter Sabbath Walk.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day —
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch,
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But now let me explore the deep-sunk dell.
No footprint, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs

Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away;
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

JAMES GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER, a Scottish poet and physician, was born, probably at Dunse in Berwickshire, at a date variously given as 1721 to 1724; and died at Saint Christopher, West Indies, Dec. 16, 1766. Grainger's best poem is his "Ode on Solitude" (1755). He wrote also a didactic poem of no great merit, called "The Sugar Cane" (1764); a translation of the Elegies of Tibullus (1759), which was savagely reviewed by Smollet; the ballad of "Bryan and Pereene," published in "Percy's Reliques;" a medical treatise (1753); and an "Essay on the More Common West Indian Diseases" (1764).

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
  Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated Empiric, puffed Pretense,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face —
Ignorant of the time and place —
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buckskins, steeped in blood,

Fly thy presence, Solitude.
Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.
You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare;
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and somber mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn:
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all Nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,

Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfall behind,
You sink to rest,
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighboring poplar's height,
Wakes you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.
With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bauble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before Thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosms Thine.

SARAH GRAND.

Sarah Frances Elizabeth (Clare) Grand, a novelist, is a native of Ireland, but of English parents. She was educated at Twickenham and Kensington; was married at sixteen to an army officer; and accompanied her husband to Ceylon, Singapore, China, Japan, and Egypt. Her novel "Ideala" was published in 1888. "Singularly Deluded" was published by Mr. Blackwood in 1892. "The Heavenly Twins" was published in 1893. "Our Manifold Nature," a collection of short stories, appeared in 1894; and the "Beth Book" in 1897.

Diavolo and Angelica.

(From "The Heavenly Twins."[1])

As Lord Dawne had hinted to Mrs. Orton Beg, it was now a question of how best to educate the twins. Their parents had made what they considered suitable arrangements for their instruction; but the children, unfortunately, were not satisfied with these. They had had a governess in common while they were still quite small; but Mr. Hamilton-Wells had old-fashioned ideas about the superior education of boys, and consequently, when the children had outgrown their nursery governess, he decided that Angelica should have another, more advanced; and had at the same time engaged a tutor for Diavolo, sending him to school being out of the question because of the fear of further trouble from the artery he had severed. When this arrangement became known, the children were seen to put their heads together.

"Do we like having different teachers?" Diavolo inquired tentatively.

"No, we don't," said Angelica.

Lady Adeline had tried to prepare the governess, but the latter brought no experience of anything like Angelica to help her to understand that young lady, and so the warning went for

[1] By permission of Cassell Publishing Company.

nothing. "A little affection goes a long way with a child," she said to Lady Adeline, "and I always endeavor to make my pupils understand that I care for them, and do not wish to make their lessons a task, but a pleasure to them."

"It is a good system, I should think," Lady Adeline observed, speaking dubiously, however.

"Can you do long division, my dear?" the governess asked Angelica when they sat down to lessons for the first time.

"No, Miss Apsley," Angelica answered sweetly.

"Then I will show you how. But you must attend, you know," — this last was said with playful authority.

So Angelica attended.

"How did you get on this morning?" Lady Adeline asked Miss Apsley anxiously afterward.

"Oh, perfectly!" the latter answered. "The dear child was all interest and endeavor."

Lady Adeline said no more; but such docility was unnatural, and she did not like the look of it at all.

Next day Angelica, with an innocent air, gave Miss Apsley a long division sum which she had completed during the night. It was done by an immense number of figures, and covered four sheets of foolscap gummed together. Miss Apsley worked at it for an hour to verify it, and, finding it quite correct, she decided that Angelica knew long division enough, and must go on to something else. Her first impression was that she had secured a singularly apt pupil, and she was much surprised, when she began to teach Angelica the next rule in arithmetic, to find that she could *not* make the dear child see it. Angelica listened, and tried, with every appearance of honest intention, getting red and hot with the effort; and she would not put the slate down; she would go on trying till her head ached, she was so eager to learn; but work as she might, she could do nothing but long division. Miss Apsley said she had never known anything so singular. Lady Adeline sighed.

For about a week the twins "lay low."

The tutor had found it absolutely impossible to teach Diavolo anything. The boy was perfectly docile. He would sit with his bright eyes riveted on his master's face, listening with might and main apparently; but at the end of every explanation the tutor found the same thing. Diavolo never had the faintest idea what he had been talking about.

At the end of a week, however, the children changed their

tactics. When lessons ought to have begun one morning Diavolo went to Miss Apsley, and sat himself down beside her in Angelica's place, with a smiling countenance and without a word of explanation; while Angelica presented herself to the tutor with all Diavolo's books under her arm.

"Please, sir," she said, "there must have been some mistake. Diavolo and I find that we were mixed somehow wrong, and I got his mind and he got mine. I can do his lessons quite easily, but I can't do my own; and he can do mine, but he can't do these" — holding up the books. "It's like this, you see. I can't learn from a lady, and he can't learn from a man. So I'm going to be your pupil, and he's going to be Miss Apsley's. You don't understand twins, I expect. It's always awkward about them; there's so often something wrong. With us, you know, the fact of the matter is, that *I* am Diavolo, and *he* is me."

The tutor and governess appealed to Mr. Hamilton-Wells, and Mr. Hamilton-Wells sent for the twins and lectured them, Lady Adeline sitting by, seriously perplexed. The children stood to attention together, and listened respectfully; and then went back to their lessons with undeviating cheerfulness; but Diavolo did Angelica's, and Angelica did his diligently, and none other would they do.

But this state of things could not continue, and in order to end it, Mr. Hamilton-Wells had recourse to a weak expedient which he had more than once successfully employed unknown to Lady Adeline. He sent for the twins, and consulted their wishes privately.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Well, sir," Diavolo answered, "we don't think it's fair for Angelica only to have a beastly governess to teach her when she knows as much as I do, and is a precious sight sharper."

"I taught you all you know, Diavolo, didn't I?" Angelica broke in.

"Yes," said Diavolo, with a wise nod.

"And it is beastly unfair," she continued, "to put me off with a squeaking governess and long division, when I ought to be doing mathematics and Latin and Greek."

"My dear child, what use would mathematics and Latin and Greek be to you?" Mr. Hamilton-Wells protested.

"Just as much use as they will to Diavolo," she answered decidedly. "He doesn't know half as much about the good of

education as I do. Just ask him." She whisked round on her brother as she spoke, and demanded: "Tell papa, Diavolo, what *is* the use of being educated?"

"I am sure I don't know," Diavolo answered impressively.

"My dear boy, mathematics are an education in themselves," Mr. Hamilton-Wells began didactically, moving his long white hands in a way that always suggested lace ruffles. "They will teach you to reason."

"Then they'll teach me to reason too," said Angelica, setting herself down on the arm of a chair as if she had made up her mind, and intended to let them know it. All her movements were quick, all Diavolo's deliberate. "Men are always jeering at women in books for not being able to reason, and I'm going to learn, if there's any help in mathematics," she continued. "I found something the other day — where is it now?" She was down on her knees in a moment, emptying the contents of her pocket on to the floor, and sifting them. There were two pocket-handkerchiefs of fine texture, and exceedingly dirty, as if they had been there for months (the one she used she carried in the bosom of her dress or up her sleeve), a ball of string, a catapult and some swan shot, a silver pen, a pencil holder, part of an old song book, a pocket book, some tin tacks, a knife with several blades and scissors, etc.; also a silver fruit knife, two colored pencils, indiarubber, and a scrap of dirty paper wrapped round a piece of almond toffee. This was apparently what she wanted, for she took it off the toffee, threw the latter into the grate — whither Diavolo's eyes followed it regretfully — and spread the paper out on her lap, whence it was seen to be covered with cabalistic-looking figures.

"Here you are," she said. "I copied it out of a book the other day, and put it round the toffee because I knew I should be wanting that, and then I should see it every time I took it out of my pocket, and not forget it."

"But why did you throw the toffee away?" said Diavolo.

"Shut up, and listen," Angelica rejoined from the floor politely; and then she began to read: 'Histories make men wise; poets, witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.' Now that's what I want, papa. I want to know all that, and have a good time; and I expect I shall have to contend to get it!"

"You'll soon learn how," said Diavolo encouragingly.

Mr. Hamilton-Wells had always enjoyed his children's pre-

cocity, and, provided they amused him, they could make him do anything. So after the conference he announced that he had been questioning Angelica, and had found that she really was too far advanced for a governess, and he had therefore decided that she should share Diavolo's lessons with the tutor. The governess accordingly disappeared from Hamilton House, the first tutor found that he had no vocation for teaching, and left also, and another was procured with great difficulty, and at considerable expense, for the fame of the Heavenly Twins was wide-spread, and their parents were determined besides not to let any candidate engage himself under the pleasing delusion that the task of teaching them would be something of a sinecure.

The tutor they finally secured turned out to be a very good fellow, fortunately; a gentleman, and with a keen sense of humor which the twins appreciated, so that they took to him at once, and treated him pretty well on the whole; but lessons were usually a lively time. Angelica, who continued to be the taller, stronger, and wickeder of the two, soon proved herself the cleverer also. Like Evadne, she was consumed by the rage to know, and insisted upon dragging Diavolo on with her. It was interesting to see them sitting side by side, the dark head touching the fair one as they bent together intently over some problem. When Diavolo was not quick enough, Angelica would rouse him up in the old way by knocking her head, which was still the harder of the two, against his.

"Angelica, did I see you strike your brother?" Mr. Ellis sternly demanded, the first time he witnessed this performance.

"I don't know whether you saw me or not, sir, but I certainly did strike him," Angelica answered irritably.

"Why?"

"To wake him up."

"You see, sir," Diavolo proceeded to explain in his imperturbable drawl; "Angelica discovered that I was born with a hee-red-it-air-ee predisposition to be a muff. We mostly are on father's side of the family" —

"And if he isn't one, it's because I slapped the tendency out of him as soon as I perceived it," Angelica interrupted. "Get on, Diavolo, I've no patience with you when you're so slow. You know you don't want to learn this, and that's why you're snailing."

It was rather a trick of Diavolo's "to snail" over his lessons, for in that as in many other things he was very unlike the good little boy who loved his book, besides evincing many other traits of character equally unpopular at the present time. Diavolo would not work unless Angelica made him, and the worst collision with the tutor was upon this subject.

"Wake up, Theodore, will you!" Mr. Ellis said, during the first week of their studies.

"Not until you call me Diavolo," was the bland response.

Mr. Ellis resisted for some time, but Diavolo was firm and would do nothing, and Lady Adeline cautioned the tutor to give in if he saw an opportunity of doing so with dignity.

"But the young scamp will be jeeringly triumphant if I do," Mr. Ellis objected.

"Oh, no," Lady Adeline answered. "Diavolo prides himself upon being a gentleman, and he says a gentleman never jeers or makes himself unpleasant. His ideas on the latter point, by the way, are peculiarly his own, and you will probably differ from him as to what is or is not unpleasant."

Mr. Ellis made a point of calling the boy "Diavolo" in a casual way, as if he had forgotten the dispute, as early as possible after this, and found that Lady Adeline was right. Diavolo showed not the slightest sign of having heard, but he got out his books at once, and did his lessons as if he liked them.

Mr. Hamilton-Wells had a habit of always saying a little more than was necessary on some subjects. He was either a born *naturalist* or he had never conquered the problem of what not to say, and he was so incautious as to come into the schoolroom one morning while lessons were going on, and warn Mr. Ellis to be most careful about what he gave the twins to read in Latin, because some of the classic delicacies which boys are expected to swallow without injury to themselves are much too highly seasoned for a young lady: "You must make judicious excerpts," he said.

Slap came the dictionary down upon the table, and Angelica was deep in the "ex's" in a moment. Excerpt, she found, was to pick or take out. She passed the dictionary to Diavolo, who studied the definition; but neither of them made a remark. From that day forth, however, they spent every spare moment they had in poring over Latin text-books, until they mastered the language, simply for the purpose of finding out what it was that Angelica ought not to know.

There were, as has already been stated, some lively scenes at lessons.

"Talk less and do more," Mr. Ellis rashly recommended in the early days of their acquaintance, and after that, when they disagreed they claimed that they had his authority to settle the difference by tearing each other's hair or scratching each other across the table; and when he interfered, sometimes they scratched him too. Mr. Hamilton-Wells raised his salary eventually.

The children invariably had a discussion about everything as soon as it was over. They called it "talking it out"; and after they had sinned and suffered punishment, their great delight was to come and coax the tutor "to talk it out." They would then criticise their own conduct and his, impartially, point out what they might have done, and what he might have done, and what ought to have been done on both sides.

These discussions usually took place at the schoolroom tea, a meal which both tutor and children as a rule thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Ellis was not bound to have tea with the twins, but they had politely invited him on the day of his arrival, explaining that their parents were out, and it would give them great pleasure to entertain him.

Tea being ready, they took him to the schoolroom, where he found a square table, just large enough for four, daintily decorated with flowers and very nice china.

"We have to buy our own china because we break so much," Angelica said, seeing that the tutor noticed it. "That was the kind of thing papa got for us" — indicating a hugely thick white cup and saucer, which stood on the mantelpiece on a stand of royal blue plush, and covered with a glass shade.

"We broke the others, but we had that one mounted as a warning to him. Papa has no taste at all."

The tutor's face was a study. It was the first of these remarks he had heard.

The children decided that it would balance the table better if he poured out the tea, and he good-naturedly acquiesced, and sat down with Angelica on his right, and Diavolo on his left. The fourth seat opposite was unoccupied, but there was a cover laid, and he asked who was expected.

"Oh, that is for the Peace Angel," said Diavolo casually.

"Prevents difficulties at tea, you know," Angelica supplemented. "*We* don't mind difficulties, but we thought you might

object, so we asked his holiness" — indicating the empty chair — "to preserve order."

Mr. Ellis did not at first appreciate the boon which was conferred on him by the presence of the Peace Angel, but he soon learnt to.

"I am on my honor and thick bread and butter to-day," said Diavolo, looking longingly at the plentiful supply and variety of cakes on the table.

"What does that mean exactly?" Mr. Ellis asked, pausing with the teapot raised to pour.

"Why, you see, he was naughty this morning," Angelica explained. "And as mamma was going out, she put him on his honor, as a punishment, not to eat cake."

"I've a good mind not to eat anything," said Diavolo, considering the plate of thick bread and butter beside him discontentedly.

"Then you'll be cutting off your nose to vex your face," said Angelica.

Diavolo caught up a piece of bread and butter to throw at her; but she held up her hand, crying: "I appeal to the Peace Angel!"

"I forgot," said Diavolo, transferring the bread to his plate.

The children studied the tutor during tea.

He was a man of thirty, somewhat careworn about the eyes, but with an excessively kind and pleasant face, clean shaven; and thick, reddy-brown hair. He was above the middle height, a little stooped at the shoulders, but of average strength.

"I like the look of you," said Angelica frankly.

"Thank you," he answered, smiling.

"And I vote for a permanent arrangement," she said, looking at Diavolo.

He was just then hidden behind a huge slice of bread, biting it, but he nodded intelligently.

The permanent arrangement referred to was to have the tutor to tea, and he agreed, wisely stipulating, however, that the presence of the Peace Angel should also be permanent. He even tried to persuade the twins to invite him to lessons; but that they firmly declined.

"You'll like being our tutor, I think," Diavolo observed during this first tea.

"He will if we like him," said Angelica significantly.

"Are we going to?" Diavolo asked.

"Yes, I think so," she answered, taking another good look at Mr. Ellis. "I like the look of that red in his hair."

"Now, isn't that a woman's reason?" Diavolo exclaimed, appealing to Mr. Ellis.

"Yes, it is," said Angelica, preparing to defend it by shuffling a note-book out of her pocket, and ruffling the leaves over: "Listen to this" — and she read — "'A tinge of red in the hair denotes strength and energy of character and good staying power.' We don't want a muff for a tutor, do we? There are born muffs enough in the family without importing them. And a woman's reason is always a good one, as men might see if they'd only stop chattering and listen to it."

"It mayn't be well expressed, but it will bear examination," Mr. Ellis suggested.

"Do you like being a tutor?" asked Diavolo.

"It depends on whom I have to teach."

"If you're a good fellow, you'll have a nice time here — on the whole — I hope, sir," Angelica observed. "But why are you a tutor?"

"To earn my living," Mr. Ellis answered, smiling again.

The children remembered this, and when they were having tea under the shadow of the supposititious Peace Angel's wing, after the first occasion on which, when the tutor tried to separate them during a fight at lessons, they had turned simultaneously and attacked him, they made it the text of some recommendations. He expressed a strong objection to having manual labor imposed upon him as well as his other work; but they maintained that if only he had called the affray "a struggle for daily bread" or "a fight for a livelihood," he would quite have enjoyed it; and they further suggested that such diversion must be much more interesting than being a mere commonplace tutor who only taught lessons. They could not understand why a fight was not as much fun for him as for them, and thought him unreasonable when they found he was not to be persuaded to countenance that way of varying the monotony. Not that there was ever much monotony in the neighborhood of the Heavenly Twins; they managed to introduce variety into everything, and their quickness of action, when both were roused, was phenomenal. One day while at work they saw a sparrow pick up a piece of bread, take it to the roof-tree of an angle of the house visible from the schoolroom window, drop it, and chase it as it fell; and the twins had made a bet as to

which would beat, bird or bread, quarreled because they could not agree as to which had bet on bird and which on bread, and boxed each other's ears almost before the race was over.

Mr. Ellis, although continually upon his guard, was not by any means always a match for them. Over and over again he found that his caution had been fanned to sleep by flattering attentions, while traps were being laid for him with the most innocent air in the world, as on one occasion when Diavolo betrayed him into a dissertation on the consistency of the Scriptures, and Angelica asked him to kindly show her how to reconcile Prov. viii. 2: "For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it," with Eccles. i. 18: "For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

His way with them was admirable, however, and he completely won their hearts. The thing that they respected him for most was the fact that he took in *Punch* on his own account, and could show you a lot of things in it that you could never have discovered yourself, as Angelica said, and read bits in a way that made them seem ever so much funnier than when *you* read them; and could tell you who drew the pictures the moment he looked at them — so that "*Punch* Day" came to be looked forward to by the children as one of the pleasantest events of the week. Lessons were suspended the moment the paper arrived, if they had been good; but when they were naughty Mr. Ellis put the paper in his pocket, and that was the greatest punishment he could inflict upon them — the only one that ever made them sulk. They would be good for hours in advance to earn the right of having *Punch* shown to them the moment it came. And it was certainly by means of his intelligent interpretation of it that their tutor managed to cultivate their tastes in many ways, and give them true ideas of art, and the importance of art, at the outset, and also of ethics. He was as careful of Angelica's physical as of her mental education, being himself strongly imbued by the then new idea that a woman should have the full use of her limbs, lungs, heart, and every other organ and muscle, so that life might be a pleasure to her and not a continual exertion. He had a strong objection to the artificial waist, and impressed the beauty of Tenniel's classical purity of figure upon the children by teaching them to appreciate the contrast it presents to the bulging vulgarities made manifest by Keene; and showed them also that while Du

Maurier depicted with admirable artistic interpretation the refined surroundings and attenuated forms of women as they are, Linley Sambourne, that master of lovely line, pointed the moral by drawing women as they should be. There was nothing conventional about the Heavenly Twins, and it was therefore easy to make a good impression upon them in this direction, and the tutor soon had a practical proof of his success which must have been eminently satisfactory if a trifle embarrassing.

The children were out on the lawn in front of the house one afternoon when a lady arrived to call upon their mother. They were struck by her appearance as she descended from her carriage, and followed her into the drawing-room to have a good look at her. She was one of those heroic women who have the constancy to squeeze their figures in beyond the V shape, which is the commonest deformity, to that of the hourglass which bulges out more above and below the line of compression.

There were a good many other people in the room, whom the Heavenly Twins saluted politely; and then they sat down opposite to the object of their interest and gazed at her.

"Why are you tied so tight in the middle?" Angelica asked at last in a voice that silenced everybody else in the room. "Doesn't it hurt? I mean to have a *good* figure when I grow up, like the Venus de Medici, you know. I can show you a picture of her, if you like. She hasn't a stitch on her."

"She looks awfully nice, though," said Diavolo, "and Angelica thinks she would be able to eat more with that kind of figure."

"Yes," Angelica candidly confessed, looking at her victim compassionately. "I shouldn't think, now, that you can eat both pudding and meat, can you?"

"Not to mention dessert!" Diavolo ejaculated with genuine concern.

"Mr. Ellis, will you get those children out of the room, somehow," Lady Adeline whispered to the tutor, who had come in for tea.

"Is it true, do you think," Mr. Ellis began loudly, addressing Mr. Hamilton-Wells across the room — "Is it true that Dr. Galbraith is going to try some horrible experiments in vivisection this afternoon?"

"What is vivisection?" asked Angelica, diverted.

"Cutting up live animals to find out what makes them go," said the tutor.

In three minutes there wasn't a vestige of the Heavenly Twins about the place.

. . . . . .

The twins had a code of ethics which differed in some respects from that ordinarily accepted in their state of life. They honored their mother — they couldn't help it, as they said themselves, apologetically; but their father they looked upon as fair game for their amusement.

"What was that unearthly noise I heard this morning?" Mr. Ellis asked one day.

"Oh, did we wake you, sir?" Diavolo exclaimed. "We didn't mean to. We were only yowling papa out of bed with our fiddles. He's idle sometimes, and won't get up, and it's so bad for him, you know."

"I wish you could see him scooting down the corridor after us," Angelica observed. "And do you know, he speaks just the same at that time of day in his dressing-gown, as he does in the evening in dress clothes. You'd die if you heard him."

Another habit of the twins was to read any letters they might find lying about.

"It is dishonorable to read other people's letters," Mr. Ellis admonished them severely when he became aware of this peculiarity.

"It isn't for us," Angelica answered defiantly. "You might as well say it's dishonorable to squint. We've always done it, and everybody knows we do it. We warn them not to leave their letters lying about, don't we, Diavolo?"

"That is because it is greater fun to hunt for them," Diavolo interpreted precisely. When Angelica gave a reason he usually cleared it of all obscurity in this way.

"And how are we to know what goes on in the family if we don't read the letters?" Angelica demanded.

"What necessity is there for you to know?"

"Every necessity!" she retorted. "Not be interested in one's own family affairs? Why, we should be wanting in intelligence, and we're not that, you know! And we should be wanting in affection, too, and every right feeling; and I hope we are not that either, Mr. Ellis, *quite*. But you needn't be afraid about your own letters. We sha'n't touch them."

"No," drawled Diavolo. "Of course that would be a very different thing."

"I am glad you draw the line somewhere," Mr. Ellis observed sarcastically. He was far from satisfied, however, but he noticed eventually that the dust collected on letters of his own if he left them lying about, and he soon discovered that when his intelligent pupils gave their word they kept it uncompromisingly. It was one of their virtues, and the other was loyalty to each other. Their devotion to their mother hardly counted for a virtue, because they never carried it far enough to make any sacrifice for her sake. But they would have sacrificed their very lives for each other, and would have fought for the right to die until there was very little left of either of them to execute; of such peculiar quality were their affections.

They had gone straight to Fountain Towers by the shortest cut across the fields that afternoon when Mr. Ellis suggested vivisection as a possible occupation for Dr. Galbraith. They never doubted but that they should discover him hard at work, in some underground cellar most likely, to which they would be guided by the cries of his victims, and would be able to conquer his reluctance to allow them to assist at his experiments, by threats of exposure; and they were considerably chagrined when, having carefully concealed themselves in a thick shrubbery, in order to reconnoiter the house, they came upon him in the garden, innocently occupied in the idle pursuit of pruning rose-trees.

He was somewhat startled himself when he suddenly saw their hot red faces, set like two moons in a clump of greenery, peeping out at him with animated eyes.

"Hollo!" he said. "Are you hungry?" The faces disappeared behind the bushes.

"Are we, Angelica?" Diavolo whispered anxiously.

"Of course we are," she retorted.

"I thought we were too angry — disgusted — disappointed — *something*," he murmured apologetically, but evidently much relieved.

Dr. Galbraith went on with his pruning, and presently the twins appeared walking down the proper approach to the garden hand in hand demurely.

After they had saluted their host politely, they stood and stared at him.

"Well?" he said at last.

"I suppose we are too late?" said Angelica.

"For what?" he asked, without pausing in his occupation.

"For the viv-viv-vivinesectionining."

"Vivinesectionining! What on earth — Oh!" Light broke in upon him. "Who told you I was?"

"Mr. Ellis," said Angelica.

"No, he didn't tell us you were exactly," Diavolo explained with conscientious accuracy. "He asked papa if it was true that you were going to this afternoon?"

"And what were *you* doing?" Dr. Galbraith asked astutely.

"We were in the drawing-room," Angelica answered, "trying to find out from a lady why she tied herself up so tight in the middle."

"And so you came off here to see?"

"Yes," said Diavolo. "We wanted to catch you at it."

"You little brute, misbegotten by the" —— Dr. Galbraith began, but Diavolo interrupted him.

"*Sir!*" he exclaimed, drawing himself up with an expression of as much indignation as could be got into his small patrician features. "If you do not instantly withdraw that calumny, I shall have to fight you on my mother's behalf, and I shall consider it my duty to inform her of the insinuation which is the cause of offense."

"I apologize," said Dr. Galbraith, taking off his hat and bowing low. "I assure you the expression was used as a mere *façon de parler*."

"I accept your explanation, sir," said Diavolo, returning the salute. "But I caution you to be careful for the future. What is a *façon de parler*, Angelica?" he whispered as he put his hat on.

"Oh, just a way of saying it," she answered. "I wish you wouldn't talk so much. Men are always cackling by the hour all about nothing. If people come to see me when *I* have a house of my own, I shall not forget the rites of hospitality."

The doctor put up his pruning-knife. There was a twinkle in his gray eyes.

"If you will do me the favor to come this way," he said, "my slaves will prepare a small collation on the instant."

"Oh, yes," said Diavolo. "Arabian Nights, you know! You must have fresh fruits and dried fruits, choice wines, cakes, sweets, and nuts."

"It shall be done as my lord commands," said the doctor.

That same evening, when he took the children home, Dr. Galbraith found Lady Adeline alone. She was a plain woman,

but well-bred in appearance; and tender thoughts had carved a sweet expression on her face.

Next to her brother Dawne, Dawne's most intimate friend, Dr. Galbraith, was the man in the world upon whom she placed the greatest reliance.

"I have brought back the children," he said.

"Ah, then they *have* been with you!" she answered in a tone of relief. "We hoped they were."

"Oh, yes," he said smiling. "They showed me exactly what the difficulty here had been, and I have been endeavoring to win back their esteem, for they made it appear plainly that they despised me when they found me peacefully pruning rose-trees instead of dismembering live rabbits, as Mr. Ellis had apparently led them to expect."

"They told you, then?"

"Oh, exactly, I am sure — about the lady tied too tight in the middle, and everything."

"They are terrible, George, those children," Lady Adeline declared. "My whole life is one ache of anxiety on their account. I am always in doubt as to whether their unnatural acuteness portends vice or is promising; and whether we are doing all that ought to be done for them."

"I am sure they are in very good hands now," he answered cheerfully. "Mr. Ellis is an exceedingly good fellow; they like him too, and I don't think anybody could manage them better."

"No," said Lady Adeline: "but that only means that no one can manage them at all. They are everywhere. They know everything. They have already mastered every fact in natural history that can be learnt upon the estate; and they will do almost anything, and are so unscrupulous that I fear sometimes they are going to take after some criminal ancestor there may have been in the family, although I never heard of one, and go to the bad altogether. Now, what is to be done with such children? I hardly dare allow myself to hope that they have good qualities enough to save them, and yet — and yet they are lovable," she added, looking at him wistfully.

"Most lovable, and I am sure you need not disturb yourself seriously," he answered with confidence. "The children have vivid imaginations and incomparable courage; and their love of mischief comes from exuberance of spirits only, I am sure. When Angelica's womanly instincts develop, and she has seen

something of the serious side of life — been made to *feel* it, I mean — she will become a very different person, or I am much mistaken. Her character promises to be as fine, when it is formed, as it will certainly be unusual. And as for Diavolo — well, I have seen no sign of any positive vice in either of them."

"You comfort me," said Lady Adeline. "How did you entertain them?"

"Oh, we had great fun!" he replied, laughing. "We had an impromptu Arabian Nights' entertainment with all the men and women about the place disguised as slaves; and they all entered into the spirit of the thing heartily. I assure you, I never enjoyed anything more in my life. But I must go. I am on my way to town to-night to read a paper to-morrow morning upon a most interesting case of retarded brain development, which I have been studying for the last year. If I am right in my conclusions, we are upon the high road to some extraordinary and most valuable discoveries."

"Now, that is a singular man," Lady Adeline remarked to Mr. Ellis afterward. She had been telling the tutor about the success of his stratagem. "He spent valuable hours to-day playing with my children, and he says he never enjoyed anything so much in his life, and I quite believe him; and to-morrow he will probably astonish the scientific world with a discovery of the last importance."

"I call him a human being, perfectly possessed of all his faculties," Mr. Ellis answered.

The twins worked well by fits and starts; but when they did not choose to be diligent, they considerately gave their tutor a holiday. The last threat of a thrashing for Diavolo happened to be on the first of these occasions.

"It looks a good morning for fishing," he remarked casually to Angelica, just after they had settled down to lessons.

"Yes, it does," she answered.

There was a momentary pause, and then away went their books, and they were off out of the window.

But Mr. Ellis succeeded in capturing them, and, laying hold of an arm of each, he dragged them before the paternal tribunal in the library. He was not intimate with the peculiar relations of the household to each other at that particular time, and he thought Mr. Hamilton-Wells would prefer to order the punishment himself for so serious an offense. An-

gelica shook her hair over her face, and made sufficient feint of resistance to tumble her frock on the way, while Diavolo pretended to be terror-stricken; but this was only to please Mr. Ellis with the delusion that fear of their father gave him a moral hold over them, for the moment Mr. Hamilton-Wells frowned upon them they straightened themselves and beamed about blandly.

Mr. Hamilton-Wells ordered Diavolo to be thrashed, and Diavolo dashed off for the cane and handed it to his tutor politely, saying at the same time: "Do be quick, Mr. Ellis, I want to get out."

"You wouldn't dare to thrash him if he were big enough to thrash you back," Angelica shrieked, waltzing round like a tornado; "and it isn't fair to thrash him and not me, for I am much worse than he is. You know I am, papa! and I shall *hate* you if Diavolo is thrashed, and teach him how to make your life a burden to you for a month, I *shall*" — stamping her foot.

It always made her blood boil if there were any question of corporal punishment for Diavolo. She could have endured it herself without a murmur, but she had a feminine objection to knowing that it was being inflicted, especially as she was not allowed to be present.

"Don't be an idiot, Angelica," Diavolo drawled. "I would rather be thrashed, and have done with it. It does fellows good to be thrashed; makes them manly, they say in the books. And it hurts a jolly sight less than being scratched by *you*, if that is any comfort."

"Oh, you *are* mean!" Angelica exclaimed. "Wait till we get outside!"

"I think, sir," Mr. Ellis ventured to suggest in answer to an appealing glance from Mr. Hamilton-Wells, and looking dubiously at the cane — "I think, since Diavolo doesn't care a rap about being flogged, I had better devise a form of punishment for which he will care."

"Then come along, Diavolo," Angelica exclaimed, making a dash for the door. "They won't want us while they're devising."

Mr. Ellis would have followed them, but Mr. Hamilton-Wells gently restrained him. "It is no use, Mr. Ellis," he said, sighing deeply. "I would recommend you to keep up a show of disapproval for form's sake, but I beg that you will not

give yourself any unnecessary trouble. They are quite incorrigible."

"I hope not," the tutor answered.

"Well, I leave them to you, make what you can of them!" their father rejoined. "I wash my hands of the responsibility while you are here."

The Heavenly Twins got their day's sport on that occasion, and returned with a basket full of trout for tea, fishy themselves, and tired, but bland and conciliatory. They dressed for the evening carefully, and without coercion, which was always a sign of repentance; and then they went down to the schoolroom, where they found Mr. Ellis standing with his back to the fireplace, reading a newspaper. He looked at them each in turn as they entered, and they looked at him, but he made no remark.

"I wish you would give us a good scolding at once, and have done with it," Angelica observed.

He made no sign of having heard, however, but quietly turned the paper over, chose a fresh item of information, and began to read it. Angelica sat down in her place at table, leant back with her short frock up to her knees and her long legs tucked under her chair, and reflected. Diavolo did the same, yawning aggressively.

"I'd sell my birthright for a mess of pottage with pleasure this minute," he exclaimed.

"What was pottage, Mr. Ellis?" Angelica asked insinuatingly.

"You don't suppose the recipe has been handed down in the Ellis family, do you?" said Diavolo.

Angelica looked round for a missile to hurl at him, but there being nothing handy, she tried the effect of a withering glance, to which he responded by making a face at her. A storm was evidently brewing, but fortunately just at that moment the tea arrived, and caused a diversion which prevented further demonstrations. Happily for those in charge of the twins, their outbursts of feeling were all squalls which subsided as suddenly as those of the innocent babe which howls everybody in the house out of bed for his bottle, and is beyond all comfort till he gets it, when his anger instantly goes out, and only a few gurgling "Oh's" of intense satisfaction mark the point from which the racket proceeded.

For a week Mr. Ellis maintained an attitude of dignified reserve with the twins, and their sociable souls were much

exercised to devise a means to break down the barrier of coldness which they found between themselves and their tutor. They tried everything they could think of to beguile him back to the old friendly footing, and it was only after all other means had failed that they thought at last of apologizing for their unruly conduct. It was the first time that they had ever done such a thing in their lives spontaneously, and they were so proud of it that they went and told everybody they knew.

Mr. Ellis, having graciously accepted the apology, found himself expected to discuss the whole subject at tea that evening.

"Of course, we were quite in the wrong," said Angelica, taking advantage of the Peace Angel's presence to sum up comprehensively; "but you must acknowledge that we were not altogether to blame, for you really have not been making our lessons sufficiently interesting to rivet our attention lately."

"That is true," said the diligent Diavolo. "My attention has not been riveted for weeks."

After the twins had made their memorable apology, they were so impressed by the importance of the event that they determined to celebrate it in some special way. They wanted to do something really worthy of the occasion.

"We'll do some good to somebody, shall we?" said Angelica.

"Not unless there's some fun in it," said Diavolo.

"Well, who proposed to do anything without fun in it?" Angelica wanted to know. "You've no sense at all, Diavolo. When people get up fancy fairs and charity balls, do they pretend to be doing it for fun? No! They say, 'Oh, my dear, I *am* so busy, I hardly know what to do first; but what keeps me up is the object! the good object!' And then they're enjoying it as hard as they can all the time. And that's what we'll do. We'll give the school children a treat."

The twins were allowed an hour to riot about the place after their early dinner, and then a bell was rung to summon them in to lessons, but on that particular day Mr. Ellis waited in vain for them. Angelica had concealed her riding habit in a loft, and as soon as they got out they ran to the stables, which were just then deserted, the men being at their dinner; and Angelica changed her dress while Diavolo got out their ponies and saddled them, and having carefully stolen through a thick plantation on to the high road, they scampered off to Morningquest as hard as their lively little steeds could carry them.

They were well known in Morningquest, and many an admiring as well as inquiring glance followed them as they cantered close together side by side through the quaint old streets. The people were wondering what on earth they were up to.

"Everybody looks so pleased to see us," said Diavolo, smiling genially; "I think we ought to come oftener."

"We will," said Angelica.

They pulled up at the principal confectioner's in the place, and bought as many pounds of sweets as they could carry, desiring the proprietor in a lordly way to send the bill to Hamilton House at his earliest convenience; and then they rode off to the largest day school in the city, stationed themselves on either side of a narrow gateway through which both girls and boys had to pass to get in, and pelted the children with sweets as they returned from their midday dinners; and as they had chosen sugar almonds, birds' eggs, and other varieties of a hard and heavy nature, which, although interesting in the mouth of a child, are inconvenient when received in its eyes, and cause irritation, which is apt to be resented, when pelted at the back of its head, the scene in a few minutes was extremely animated. This was what the Heavenly Twins called giving the school children a treat, and they told Mr. Ellis afterward that they enjoyed doing good very much.

"What shall we do now?" said Diavolo, as they walked their ponies aimlessly down the street when that episode was over.

"Let's call on grandpapa and the bishop," Angelica suggested.

"The bishop first, then," said Diavolo. "They've such good cakes at the palace."

"Well, that's just why we should do grandpapa first," said Angelica. "Don't you see? We can have cake at Morne; and we shall be able to eat the ones at the palace too, if they're better."

"Yes," said Diavolo, with grave precision. "I notice myself, that, however much I have had, I can always eat a little more of something better."

"That's what they mean by tempting the appetite," observed Angelica sagely.

When the children arrived at the castle, it occurred to them that it would be a very good idea to ride right in and go up-

stairs on their ponies; but they only succeeded in mounting the broad steps and entering the hall, where they were captured by the footman and respectfully persuaded to alight. They announced that they had come to call on the Duke of Morningquest, and were conducted to his presence with pomp and ceremony enough to have embarrassed any other equally dusty disheveled mortals, but the twins were not troubled with self-consciousness, and entered with perfect confidence. The duke was delighted. If there was one thing which could give him more pleasure than another in his old age, it was the wicked ways of the Heavenly Twins, and especially of the promising Angelica, who very much resembled him both in appearance, decision of character, and sharpness of temper. She promised, however, to be on a much larger scale, for the duke was diminutive. He looked like one who stands in a picture at the end of a long line of ancestors, considerably reduced by the perspective, and it was as if in his person an attempt had been made to breed the race down to the vanishing point. His high-arched feet were admired as models of size and shape, and so also were his slender delicate hands; but neither were agreeable to an educated eye and an intelligence indifferent to the dignity of dukes, but nice in the matter of proportion.

The children found their grandfather in the oriel room, so called because of the great oriel window, which was a small room in itself, although it looked, as you approached the castle, no bigger than a swallow's nest on the face of the solid masonry, being the only excrescence visible above the trees from that point of view. The castle stood on a hill which descended precipitously from under the oriel, so that the latter almost overhung the valley in which the city lay below, and commanded a magnificent view of the flat country beyond, thridded by a shining winding ribbon of river. The hill was wooded on that side to the top, and the castle crowned it, rising above the trees in irregular outline against the sky imposingly. The old duke sat in the oriel often, looking down at the wonderful prospect, but thinking less of his own vast possessions than of the great cathedral of Morningquest, which he coveted for Holy Church. He had become a convert to Roman Catholicism in his old age, and his bigotry and credulity were as great now as his laxity and skepticism had been before his conversion.

He was sitting alone with his confessor and private chap-

lain, Father Ricardo, a man of middle age, middle neight, attenuated form, round head with coarse black hair, piercing dark eyes, aquiline nose somewhat thick, and the loose mouth characteristic of devout Roman Catholics, High Church people, and others who are continually being wound up to worship an unseen Deity by means of sensuous enjoyment; the uncertain lines into which the lips fall in repose indicating fairly the habitual extent of their emotional indulgences. His manners were suave and deferential, his motives sincerely disinterested in the interests of the Church, his method of gaining his ends unhampered by any sense of the need of extreme verbal accuracy. He was reading to the duke when the children were announced, and rose and bowed low to them as they entered, with a smile of respectful and affectionate interest.

Diavolo raised his dusty cap to his chest and returned the bow with punctilious gravity. Angelica tossed him a nod as she passed up the room in a business-like way to where her grandfather was sitting facing the window. The old duke looked round as the children approached and his face relaxed; he did not absolutely smile, but his eyes twinkled.

Angelica plumped down on the arm of his chair, put her arm round his neck, and deposited a superficial kiss somewhere in the region of his ear, while Diavolo wrung his hand more ceremoniously, but with much energy. Both children seemed sure of their welcome, and comported themselves with their usual unaffected ease of manner. The old duke controlled his mouth, but there was something in the expression of his countenance which meant that he would have chuckled if his old sense of humor had not been checked by the presence of the priest, which held him somehow to his new professions of faith, and the severe dignity of demeanor that best befits the piety of a professional saint.

He was wearing a little black velvet skull cap, and Angelica, still sitting on the arm of his chair, took it off as soon as she had saluted him, looked into it, and clapped it on to the back of his head again, somewhat awry.

"I am glad you have your black velvet coat on to-day," she said, embracing the back of his chair with an arm, and kicking her long legs about in her fidgety way. "It goes well with your hair, and I like the feel of it."

"Have you a holiday to-day?" the duke demanded with an affectation of sternness.

"Yes," said Angelica absently, taking up one of his delicate hands and transferring a costly ring from his slender white forefinger to her own dirty brown one.

"No," the more exact Diavolo contradicted; "we gave Mr. Ellis a holiday."

"To tell you the truth, grandpapa, I had forgotten all about lessons," said Angelica candidly. "I fancy Mr. Ellis is fizzing by this time, don't you, Diavolo?"

"What are you doing here if you haven't a holiday?" their grandfather asked.

"Visiting you, sir," Diavolo answered in his peculiar drawl, which always left you uncertain as to whether he intended an impertinence or not. He was lying at full length on the floor facing his grandfather, with the back of his head resting on the low window sill, and the old gentleman was looking at him admiringly. He was not at all sure of the import of Diavolo's last reply, but had the tact not to pursue the subject.

The priest had remained standing, with his hands folded upon the book he had been reading, and a set smile upon his thin, intellectual face, behind which it was easy to see that the busy thoughts came crowding.

Angelica turned on him suddenly, flinging herself from the arm of her grandfather's chair on to a low seat which stood with its back to the window, in order to do so.

"I say, Papa Ricardo, I want to ask you," she began. "What do you think of that Baronne de Chantal, whom you call Sainte, when her son threw himself across the threshold of their home to prevent her leaving the house, and she stepped across his body to go and be *religieuse?*"

"It was the heroic act of a holy woman," the priest replied.

"But I thought Home was the woman's sphere?" said Angelica.

"Yes," the priest rejoined, "unless God calls them to religion."

"But did God give her all those children?" Angelica pursued.

"Yes, indeed," said Father Ricardo. "Children are the gift of God."

"Well, so I thought I had heard," Angelica remarked, with a genial air of being much interested. "But it seems such bad management to give a lady a lot of children, and then take her away so that she can't look after them."

The poor old duke had been dull all day. His mind, under the influence of his father confessor, had been running on the horrors of hell, and such subjects, together with the necessity of accomplishing certain good works and setting aside large sums of money in order to excuse himself from such condemnation as the priest had ventured to hint courteously that even a great duke might entail upon himself by the quite excusable errors of his youth; but since the Heavenly Twins arrived the old gentleman had begun to see things again from a point of view more natural to one of his family, and his countenance cleared in a way which denoted that his spirits were rising. Father Ricardo was accustomed to say that the dear children's high spirits were apt to be too much for his Grace; but this was a mistake, due doubtless to his extreme humility, which would not allow him to mention himself, for whom there was no doubt the dear children *were* apt to be too much.

The old duke, upon that last remark of Angelica's, twinkled a glance at his Father Confessor which had an effect on the latter that made itself apparent in the severity of his reply: "The ways of the Lord are inscrutable," he said, "and it is presumptuous for mortals, however great their station, to attempt to fathom them."

"I have heard that before too, often," said Diavolo, with a wise nod of commendation.

"So have I," said Angelica; and then both children beamed at the priest cordially, and the long-suppressed chuckle escaped from the duke.

Father Ricardo retired into himself.

"Grandpapa," Diavolo resumed — the Heavenly Twins never allowed the conversation to flag — "Grandpapa, do you believe there ever was a little boy who never, never, told a lie?"

"I hope, sir, you do not mean me to infer that you are mendacious?" the old gentleman sternly rejoined.

"Mendacious?" Diavolo repeated; "that's do I tell lies, isn't it? Well, you see, sir, it's like this. If I'd been up to something, and you asked me if I'd done it, I'd say 'Yes' like a shot; but if Angelica had been up to something, and I knew all about it, and you asked me if she'd done it, I'd say 'No' flatly."

"Do I understand, sir, that you would tell me a lie 'flatly'?"

"Yes," said Diavolo decidedly, "if you were mean enough to expect me to sneak on Angelica."

"Father Ricardo," the latter began energetically, "when you tell a lie do you look straight at a person or just past the side of their heads?"

"*I* always look straight at a person myself," said Diavolo, gravely considering the priest; "I can't help it."

"It's the best way," said Angelica with the assurance of one who has tried both. "I suppose, grandpapa," she pursued, "when people get old they have nothing to tell lies about. They just sit and listen to them"; and again she looked hard at Father Ricardo, whose face had gradually become suffused with an angry red.

"I should think, Father Ricardo," said Diavolo, observing this, "if you were a layman, you would be feeling now as if you could throttle us?"

But before the poor priest could utter the reproof which trembled on his lips, the door opened and the duke's unmarried daughter and youngest child, the beautiful Lady Fulda, entered, and changed the moral atmosphere in a moment.

ROBERT GRANT.

Robert Grant, a prominent American author and jurist, born at Boston, Mass., Jan. 24, 1852. He graduated from Harvard in 1873 and the Harvard Law School in 1879. Since 1893 he has been a judge of probate and insolvency for Suffolk County, Mass. Among his most popular works are: "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels" (1879); "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" (1880); "An Average Man" (1883); "Face to Face" (1886); "The Reflections of a Married Man" (1892); "The Art of Living." He also wrote the well-known boys' stories, "Jack Hall" (1887); "Jack in the Bush" (1888).

My First Ball.

(From "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl.")[1]

Fortunately, Mr. Murray Hill at this moment came up, and said that it was time for the "German." Seats for this delightful dance had been arranged, during supper-time, around the reception-room, the idea being that the couples should sit there and leave the dancing-room clear for the figures. Mr. Hill escorted me to a chair in one corner, which he said was the "head," and left me to ruminate, while he endeavored to make the other dancers take their seats. I noticed that a favorite device for securing good seats was to tie a handkerchief to a couple of chairs, beforehand, which gave the owner of the handkerchief an indisputable right to their possession. Everything was at last reduced to order, and the array of lovely girls, with their partners, that encircled the room, formed certainly a most picturesque sight, and I could not but feel elated to think that I was the happy leader of it all. Miss Van Amburgh had deemed it in better taste not to lead herself, and had taken a seat about in the middle of the German.

When all was ready, Mr. Hill gave a signal, and the first four couples began to waltz with all their might and main.

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MY FIRST BALL

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"It is the right and left figure," said my partner in my ear, while we were whirling around with the others.

"Oh yes. But what am I to do?"

"You must take out some gentleman."

This was dreadful. I did not have the least idea whom to choose. We stopped waltzing, and I looked, in a bewildered manner, round the circle without seeming to see anyone whom I knew. Finally I said, "I will take out Mr. Pumystone."

Mr. Hill led me up to him, and I timidly put out my hand to signify that he was to come out. He sprang forward with alacrity, beaming all over.

"I feel very much flattered, I am sure, Miss Palmer," said he, as he led me into the other room.

"What do we do next?" said I. I knew perfectly well, but it was necessary to say something.

"Watch me, watch me; it is very simple," replied he.

We all formed a ring, and at a sign from the leader, we went round the circle from right to left, giving an alternate hand to each person that we met. Those who knew one another would accompany the movement with a friendly shake of the hand. As soon as we rotated back to the one whom we had taken out, the circle was dissolved by everybody's beginning to waltz again.

Mr. Pumystone conducted me back to my seat, and after a few words returned to his own.

And now followed an hour of happiness that I shall always recall with rapture. I feel sure that I shall never again experience such thrills of delight as I enjoyed during this my first German. Every one was so kind to me that I completely forgot my identity, and almost fancied that Mrs. Van Amburgh's ball-room was fairyland, and I a fabled princess. It seemed too wonderful for belief, that the brilliant, audacious being now whirling over the floor in a sea of tattered tulle was really I, the timid, simple school-girl of yesterday. I think that I must have danced at least twice with every young man in the room, and there were some who seemed never to leave my side. As my partner had to attend to the German, I saw very little of him, except in the intervals between the figures; but Mr. Pumystone, Mr. Blake, and two or three others were battling perpetually for his chair, which annoyed Mr. Hill a little, I thought. I didn't see why it should, I am sure.

Last of all, to crown the evening, came the bouquet figure, as

it was called, which consisted simply in taking out some one of the opposite sex, and presenting her or him, as the case might be, with a lovely bunch of flowers or a *boutonnière*. I was dreadfully afraid that I should not get any, for I had already been taken out a great deal more than my share. But fortune, or whatever divinity it is that presides over the destinies of "buds," was kinder than my fears. One — two — three — four (this from Mr. Pumystone, with a wealth of compliment) —five — six (poor little Jimmy Noble's) — seven — eight (from Mr. Coney, I was nearly tickled to death by it) beauties fell to my lot; and last of all, Mr. Blake, with a slight blush, and a look of embarrassment, that made me feel a little awkward too, held out to me a cluster of roses, with the words, —

"Miss Palmer, I have been waiting ever so long to give you these. I hope you have enjoyed your evening."

"Oh, yes; and I am so much obliged, Mr. Blake, for all your kindness."

Mr. Blake mumbled something in reply, which I failed to catch (we were dancing at the time); and as he left me at my seat, seemed very shy and peculiar.

And whom did I give my *boutonnière* to? I hear some one ask. I did not want to give it to anybody; but since it seemed to be necessary, I presented mine to Mr. Coney. Mr. Blake was standing near by at the time, and I thought that he looked very unhappy because I did not give it to him, which was, of course, half the fun. The recipient of my favor, when our waltz was over, gave me a long look from his dark eyes, touched the rose that I had given him to his lips, and with a low bow, withdrew. Lost in reverie, I was dreaming of I know not what, when I suddenly became aware that my partner, Mr. Hill, was standing in front of me.

"Miss Palmer," said he, "there is one bouquet left. Will you let me make you a present of it?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hill; but I have so many. I mean I have been so lucky that — don't you think it would be better to give it to one of the girls who has not got any?"

A shadow came over Mr. Hill's face, and he looked hurt. What touchy creatures men are! How could I have known that he really wanted me to have it? I supposed, of course, that he had offered it to me only out of politeness.

"You had better take it," said he coldly.

"Well; if you insist. Thank you, very much;" and then I

felt I had not treated him quite kindly, so I continued, — "You don't know how much I have enjoyed myself to-night, Mr. Hill. I shall always remember my first German as one of the epochs of my life."

He brightened up at once on hearing this, and said, —

"Of course you understood that, owing to my having to lead the German, I have not been able to see so much of you as I should have liked."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Hill; I understood perfectly. You must be very tired; aren't you?"

"Not a bit. It is rather a new experience for me to lead, and therefore amusing. I don't go to parties much, as a rule."

"Why not, Mr. Hill?"

"I don't have time."

"Well, I can't imagine how any one who is invited can help going to a German. I think they are more fun than anything on earth. Oh, Mr. Hill, here comes my mother. I suppose that means that it is time to go home; I don't want to go at all."

"Come, Alice," said Mamma, who was on the arm of Colonel Huckins, "we had better be going; it is after one o'clock."

"Oh, a little longer, Mamma."

"No, dear."

"Just a little — only ten minutes."

"Yes; only ten minutes, Mrs. Palmer," cried kind-hearted Colonel Huckins.

"Do let her stay, Mrs. Palmer. Miss Palmer only asks for ten minutes," said my partner.

"Miss Palmer," whispered a pathetic voice at my side, "won't you give me one last turn?" It was Mr. Manhattan Blake.

"Ask Mamma," I replied, with a wicked glance from my eyes.

"Just one turn, Mrs. Palmer, — a very short one," besought Mr. Blake.

"Well," said Mamma, hesitating. "But mind, only ten minutes." And off I rushed on the arm of Mr. Blake, leaving my partner, poor Mr. Hill, looking mad as hops.

It was the polka redowa, — a dance which, as everybody knows, is not very pretty to look at, but awfully exciting. Feeling that it was my last chance, I positively tore over the floor, regardless of my dress, — there was not much left of it, at any rate, — and everything else, to tell the truth. We

stopped at last, utterly exhausted, in a corner, as far as possible from Mamma.

"Miss Palmer," murmured Mr. Blake, "thanks to you, I have had a most delightful evening."

"Oh, really, Mr. Blake, I don't see what I had to do with it," I replied, with a little laugh.

There was a pause for a moment, and I began to feel half embarrassed, half inclined to laugh, for Mr. Blake looked dreadfully sentimental. I didn't know what to make of it exactly.

"Won't you give me a bud to remember this evening by?" said he presently, very shyly.

"Oh, I couldn't, Mr. Blake; besides, if you have had such a good time, you ought not to need anything to remember it by."

"Just one, — a little one."

The poor fellow looked so dreadfully in earnest that it made me feel quite badly. The idea of his caring for a paltry, withered rosebud! What geese men are!

"You will only fling it in the street the moment you leave the house," said I, looking down, and trifling with the roses he had sent me.

"That only shows how little you know me, Miss Palmer," sighed he.

"I don't pretend to know you," I cried, with an arch smile. This was cruel, but I could not resist the temptation.

"You might have a little faith, I think."

He said it so nicely that I hesitated; and if a woman hesitates, the proverb says there is no use in further resistance. So I gave in. "I will try you for once," said I, with a blush. "Here!" As I spoke, I detached a little deep crimson bud from his bunch, and reached it out to him. He took it from my hand; and, blushing much more than I, put it in the left lapel of his coat.

"You see I have placed it over my heart," he whispered softly.

"What a goose I was to give it to him! I wish I hadn't," thought I.

"Alice!" It was Mamma's voice in my ear. "You have been over fifteen minutes already. You are not to be trusted, I see."

"I have been all ready for five minutes, Mamma," I protested.

Taking Mr. Blake's arm, I followed my mother into the other room. Everybody was saying good-by to Mrs. Van Amburgh; and the party was evidently breaking up. While I was waiting my turn to tell her what a lovely time I had had, Mr. Pumystone strolled up, and expressed the hope that my evening had been a pleasant one.

"Perfectly splendid," said I. "Are you going to Mrs. Van Rooster's on Friday?"

"Shall you be there, Miss Palmer?" said he.

"Yes, I expect to."

"In that case *je ne vis que pour ça*," and with a bow that he would himself have termed *resplendissant*, most brilliant, he wished me good-evening, and withdrew.

Mrs. Van Amburgh looked tired and sleepy, but she bade us good-by very sweetly. I whispered to her daughter that the party had exceeded my wildest imaginings, and kissed her affectionately on the cheek. In spite of my rude behavior, I found Mr. Hill waiting in the entry to ask if he might get my carriage, a favor which I granted him, and then, after shaking hands with him and Mr. Blake, at the foot of the staircase, I went up to the dressing-room.

Emerging therefrom, five minutes later, in my nubia and snowy wraps, both these young men were very eager to secure the privilege of putting me into my carriage. Mr. Hill went out into the street, bare-headed, to look for it, and Mr. Blake remained in the vestibule talking to me. Presently some one shouted that Miss Palmer's carriage was at the door, and although I had meant to take Mr. Hill's arm, since he had asked me first, I naturally took Mr. Blake's, because he was close at hand. As I tripped down the steps, several familiar voices cried "Good-night," which I tried to return as sweetly as possible. Mr. Hill held the door of our carriage wide open, and helped Mamma and me in.

"Oh, you ought not to have come out without anything on, Mr. Hill. You will surely catch cold," said I.

"Oh no, I sha'n't," said he; "good-night." And then he helped Papa in.

"Good-night, Mr. Hill. Good-night, Mr. Blake," I cried.

Just before the door of the carriage closed, Mr. Coney, shrouded in a comfortable-looking ulster, pressed forward, and shook my hand warmly. "Good-night," he murmured softly.

"Good-night, good-night," said I, and away the carriage

rolled, while through the frosty pane I saw a half-dozen hats raised in air, and those who had no hats on scampering up the door-steps to escape from the cold.

"Well, Alice," said my father, "did any one speak to you?"

"Oh, Papa, I have had a perfectly glorious time. I never had such fun in my life," I cried, flinging myself back on the cushion.

"And who was the Prince in the fairy tale?" he continued.

"I don't understand you, Papa. I didn't see any Prince."

"Which of your slaves did you admire most, then, since you insist on my being literal?"

"Oh, I don't know; all of them were very nice."

"I was sorry to see, Alice," said Mamma, "that you seemed to fancy that Mr. Harry Coney. The Coneys were nobodies, ten years ago. Besides, he has the reputation of being an idle and dissipated young man, and a great flirt. It was he who is said to have broken poor Minnie Van Rooster's heart."

"Did he? Oh, how awful!" said I. "If I had known that, I would never have given him my *boutonnière*. But he seemed very gentlemanly, and talked in a most interesting way."

"I would rather see a daughter of mine in her coffin than have her marry a man like that," said Mamma, severely.

"You had better wait until he asks me, Mamma," I cried, with a pout.

"That was a nice-looking young man who danced the German with you," said Papa. "He had an intelligent, strong face. He is Mr. Murray Hill's son, I believe?"

"Yes, he was very kind," said I.

"I should say he was a very nice fellow. I thought he was much more attractive-looking than that other dyspeptic youth with the thin face, who kept hanging around you."

"What, Mr. Manhattan Blake?"

"Yes, that is his name, I believe."

"Oh, Papa, Mr. Blake was awfully nice, and I liked him ever so much better than Mr. Murray Hill. He has so much more interesting ideas of things. Mr. Hill is well enough, but he is dreadfully poky. One can always tell beforehand what he is going to say."

"Well, you may know best, but Mr. Blake looked to me like what is called a flat."

"Oh, Papa, he is very manly, I know; don't you think that he is, Mamma?"

I hear," replied Mamma, "that he is quite an exceptional young man, æsthetic, and full of delightful tastes. How did you like Mr. Gerald Pumystone, Alice? Isn't he a charming fellow? *So* attractive, and with such good manners."

"I think he is too ridiculous for anything, Mamma. It is rather good fun to talk to him, and he is not ugly, but he is such a goose. He positively stuffs compliments down one's throat."

"Nonsense, child. You take things too much *au sérieux*. It is only his way. Everybody says that he is a delightful young man, and he is indubitably the most desirable *parti* in town."

"I wouldn't marry a man for money for anything, Mamma," said I, indignantly.

"As you yourself remarked, a moment ago, wait until he asks you, my dear," replied Mamma.

On reaching the house, Mamma insisted on my taking a cup of *bouillon*, which had been left on a heater for me, and after drinking that, and putting my flowers in a cool place, so that they might look respectably on the morrow, I gathered up my wraps to go to my room. I felt that I should not be able to sleep, and I would have given worlds to have had Grace Irving to talk it all over with.

I said good-night to Papa and Mamma, and dragged myself slowly up the stairs. "I wonder," thought I, "if he really cared to have that rose-bud. I think he does look a little bit like Kenelm Chillingly. How nice that Mr. Harry Coney was, too! I dare say it was all Minnie Van Rooster's fault. She looks like a flirt herself." And thus communing with myself, I went into my own room and shut the door.

FÉLIX GRAS.

Gras, Félix, the son of a Provençal farmer, was born May 3, 1844, in the little town of Malemort, five-and-twenty miles to the eastward of Avignon. His schooling ended when he was seventeen years old. The notary at Avignon to whom he was then articled, Maître Jules Giéra, was himself a writer of merit, and was the brother of Paul Giéra, one of the seven founders of the Félibrige, the society of Provençal men of letters, having for its leaders Joseph Roumanille and Frédéric Mistral, which has developed in the past thirty years so noble a literary and moral renascence throughout the whole of Southern France. His coming to Avignon was his entry into the most inspiring literary society that has existed in modern times. His first important work, an epic poem in twelve cantos, "Li Carbounié" (1876), treating of the mountain life for which his affection was so strong, placed him at the head of the younger generation of Félibres; and his succeeding epic, "Toloza" (1882), with his shorter poems collected under the title "Lou Roumancero Prouvençall (1887), placed him second only to the master of all Provençal poetry, Mistral. The theme of "Toloza" is the crusade of Simon de Montfort against the Albigenses. Not less excellent is his collection of stories in prose, — the prose of a poet, yet racy and strong, — "Li Papalino" (1891). His greatest popular success, "Li Rouge dóu Miejour" (1896), has been achieved on lines differing widely from all his earlier work, and has come to him from outside of his own country. This is a story of the French Revolution, told autobiographically from the standpoint of a South of France peasant. Being translated into English, "The Reds of the Midi" was published in America, and subsequently in England, before it was published in France in either Provençal or French; and it has been so warmly received in both countries that it has passed through six editions in America and through four in England. In France, on the other hand, the Provençal edition has made but little stir; and the author's own version in French, "Les Rouges du Midi," has achieved only a moderate success. But if a critic was right in affirming (what needs modifying to-day) that the verdict of a foreign nation is the verdict of posterity, Félix Gras — having won the approval of two foreign nations at a single

blow — is sure in time to hold among French writers a commanding place. But even now, in his own southern country, his position is secure. Since August, 1891, — in succession to Roumanille, who succeeded Mistral, — he has been the Capoulié, the official head of the Félibrige. In his election to this office he received the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a poet by his brother poets of the South of France.

In the Bad Old Times.

(From "The Reds of the Midi.")

That evening the party was complete. I, in my corner on the little bench with the cat, said not a word; but I thought to myself: "If only some one would ask old Pascal to tell a story! Yesterday he finished telling us the battle of Mont Saint-Jean; to-day, perhaps, he will tell us nothing."

Just then Lou Materoun, as he pressed with his thumb into his clay pipe a piece of amadou that smelt sweet as it burned, said: "I 've always wanted to ask you, Pascal, how it was that you, a peasant from Malemort, happened to be in the Battalion from Marseilles that went up to Paris the year of the Revolution? That always has puzzled me."

"It was poverty, young fellow," old Pascal answered in his rich, clear voice; "it was just poverty. But if you have the patience to listen I 'll tell you about it from first to last."

We knew then that a story was coming; and so we all settled ourselves comfortably to listen, and old Pascal began: —

Why are people always grunting nowadays? They actually grunt because of over-plenty! Nowadays each peasant has his own corner of earth. He who has earth has bread, and he who has bread has blood. I, who am speaking to you, was twelve years old before ever I had seen either kneading-trough, bread-hutch, oil-jar, or wine-keg; things owned nowadays by the poorest peasant in the land. In the one room of my father's hut — it was more a hut than a cottage — were two cradle-like boxes filled with oat-straw in which we slept, the cooking-pot in the middle of the room hanging from a roof-beam, and a big chopping-block — and that was all! That was just all!

We were lodged in this hut, which stood a little above the village of Malemort and close to the Château de la Garde, because we belonged, with the other farm animals, to the estate of La Garde, owned by the Marquis d'Ambrun. My father gathered the acorns from the oaks of the Marquis, and was allowed to

keep the half of them for his pay; and we also had the right to till two scraps of land, from which we got enough beans and vetches and herbs to keep us from actually starving to death — we three and all our fleas. You will know how we lived when I tell you that not until I got away from La Garde altogether did I taste anything as good as a bit of fresh-baked soft bread dipped in soup made of rancid pork.

My people baked bread but once a year. When the day for making it came, my father and mother went down to the village, and there, husks and all, kneaded the coarse flour made of the rye and beans and acorns we had managed to collect in the course of the year. It was on the very block that you can see in front of our stable, the one on which I cut fodder for the mule, that each morning my father with his big axe chopped up our food for the day. By the end of the year the bread was so hard that it nicked the edge of the axe.

The first bit of white bread that ever I tasted was given me one day, as I passed in front of the Château, by Mademoiselle Adeline, who was of the same age as myself. And for giving it to me she got a round scolding from her mother, the Marquise.

"Adeline, Adeline!" cried the Marquise, "why do you give your white bread to that little wretch? You must not teach him what white bread is, or the day may come when he will snatch it out of your mouth!" and then turning to me she went on: "Get out of here, little beast! Get out! Hurry — or I will set the dogs on you!" And I, gripping fast my bit of bread, scampered off to our hut as fast as I could go. That piece of bread was the most delicious thing I have eaten in all my life. And yet the cruel words of the Marquise made it bitter with a drop of gall.

Another time I was worse served. I was coming home from a hunt for some magpies' nests that I knew of in the poplars in the valley of the Nesque. It was ten o'clock; and, as I had eaten nothing that day, hunger was twisting my empty insides. As I passed behind the Château, skirting the stables and sheepfolds, I saw in the gutter a fine cabbage-stalk. My mouth watered and I ran to pick it up; but the Marquis's sow with her litter also saw it at the same time, and ran as quick as I did. The swine-herd, a cruel fellow, when he saw me stretch out my arm, gave me such a whack with his stick that it took away my breath. I left the cabbage-stalk to the pigs and ran as hard as I could run, for the brute would have beaten me to a jelly; and as I

made off I heard the Marquis calling from his window: "Well done! Well done! What is that little rascal doing there? Does he want to take the food out of the mouths of my pigs? Vermin that they are, those peasants! If they could but get at us, they would eat us up alive!"

That day another great drop of bitterness fell into my heart.

So, too, when Monsieur le Marquis, Madame le Marquise, and Monsieur Robert, their son, — who was Cavalier du Roy, — chanced one day to pass before our hut, and I saw my old father and my old mother kneel down on the threshold, just as if the Host were going by, shame devoured me; and it seemed as if a red-hot iron were pressing into the pit of my stomach, it hurt me so to keep back my rage.

"You wretched boy," called out my father as he rose from his knees, "the next time I'll take good care that you kneel to our kind master!" and to know how good and how simple my father was made the fire, not of God, burn the more fiercely within me.

The only one of those living in the Château whom I could look upon with pleasure and salute with respect was little Adeline, the young lady who gave me the piece of white bread. She had gentle eyes, and smiled at me each time that we chanced to meet. But as she grew up it seemed to me that little by little her smiles grew fainter. Her eyes, I know, were just as gentle, only I dared not look at her any more.

One November evening during All Saint's week, while we were in our hut around a pot of dried beans, — the last left from our store for the year, — my father said: "To-morrow, son, we must begin to gather our acorns in the Nesque for the winter. Times are going to be hard with us. I don't know all that is taking place, but I have been told that in Avignon people are killing each other off like flies; and there is the Revolution in Paris, and Monsieur le Marquis and all the family are going to help the King of France, who is in great danger."

This was the first time I had heard of the King of France, but instantly the thought came to me: "If I could only fight him, this King of France whom the Marquis is going to defend!" How old was I then? I don't know. I never knew exactly — the records of baptism, you see, were burned; but I must have been thirteen, perhaps fourteen years old. Certainly my father's words astonished me, but as much, perhaps, by their number as by what he told. He always had a short tongue, poor man.

The next morning I had forgotten all about the King of France when, before daybreak, we started to gather our harvest of acorns. It was fearful weather. The ground was frozen two spans deep; a cutting wind was blowing; from time to time snow-squalls burst out of the sullen sky. The dawn was just breaking when we reached the ravine of the Nesque, bordered by great oaks, through which the wind blew sharply and tossed hither and thither their leaves, that looked as if they had been turned into red copper by the cold. Excepting the red-oak leaves, everything on the earth and above it was gray. The sky was one mass of even, gray cloud, stretching from east to west just like a piece of gray felt. Flocks of linnets, red-breasts, yellow-hammers, and other little birds came down from the mountains, flying close to the ground, or, with feathers all fluffed up, huddling together in the stubble or bushes. When the poor little things act that way, it always is bitter cold.

Let any one try to gather acorns in cold weather with numb hands! Among the pebbles in the dry bed of the river the shining acorns, no bigger than olives, so slide and slip through your fingers that it takes a whole big half-day to gather two pecks of them. My poor father, I can see him now! As he crouched down and leaned forward he left between his skimpy greenish stuff-jacket and his buckled breeches a great gap, where the sharp edge of his lean spine showed plainly through his coarse worn-out shirt; and his rough woollen stockings were full of holes, and so worn off at the heels that his feet were naked in his wooden shoes stuffed with dry grass.

The furious cold wind, which whipped about and whirled the copper-red leaves, whistled in the osiers; and in the hollows of the rocks it howled and roared like some great fearful horn. I hugged myself close, my skin all cracked with the cold, and thought of the good time to come when, sheltered behind a rock, we could eat, with our hunger for a sauce, the hard nubbin of black bread which my father that morning had chopped off for us on the block with the big axe.

We were working hard in silence — for the very poor never have much to say — when all of a sudden I heard the hounds of the Marquis in full cry. They were at the other end of the ravine, on the slope of the mountain. I jumped up and stared with all my might. When one is young there is nothing so delightful as to see a hare chased by a pack of dogs. I saw them a long, long way off: the hare, light as smoke, was far

ahead. From time to time she would squat on her haunches, listening, and then would be off again; and at last I saw her run down toward the dry bed of the stream. The hounds, in full cry, came tearing after her. When they overran the scent, they quickly tried back and found it again. Where the hare had stopped to listen, they snuffed around and yelped the louder. The pack was spread all across the slope. In front were the large black-and-tan hounds, their ears a span long, who easily overleapt bushes and openings in the ground. Then came the smaller and heavier dogs, slower but surer. Then, away behind the rest, the beagles with their short, sharp cry — good beasts for taking the hare in her form, but slow-going, because their little twisted legs are no good for jumping, and they have to go round even the bunches of wild thyme.

I held my breath, for the hare was almost on us and was going to pass right in front of me. But just as I picked up a stone — sbisto! she saw me! She doubled like a flash, with one spring she was over the Nesque, and with another she was up the mountain-side and safe in the woods — so good-bye to my hare! The dogs came on quickly, overrunning the scent at the point where she had doubled, but picking it up again in no time. And then the whole pack in full cry swept on down the hillside until they were lost in the forest far off among the ravines, and only their cry came ringing back to us faintly from the distance.

My father had not noticed any part of all this. Without even lifting his head he had kept on gathering the acorns with his stiff fingers. As I still stood there, open-mouthed, all of a sudden on the slope of the mountain behind me I heard a noise of rolling stones. I turned and saw Monsieur Robert, the Cavalier du Roy, running down toward us, holding in one hand his dog-whip and in the other his gun. He rushed down on us like a wounded wild boar — it is the only thing I can think of as savage as he was then! My poor father at once dropped down on his knees to him, as was the peasant habit of those times; but the brute, without a word, gave him such a blow across the face with his dog-whip that he knocked him to the ground. Seeing this, I ran to the side of the ravine and, kicking off my sabots, began to climb up the rocks, clinging with my hands and with my feet too. I heard every blow that lashed my poor father, and I heard the brute calling out to him: "Dirty beast of a peasant! I'll teach you to spoil my hunting!" and then more blows.

In the meantime the gamekeeper had come up — a huge man who could only speak very bad French. Folks said he was a German. He had a name no one could say — a Dutch name fit to drive you out of the house; and, as he had to be called something, we called him Surto. This beast also began to hammer my poor father, who was writhing on the ground like a half-crushed worm.

I had stopped on a high rock from which I could see the two monsters at their cruel work. I picked up a stone as big as my head and threw it. The stone whistled through the air, just brushing against the gamekeeper's ear, and fell hard and heavy on Monsieur Robert's toes.

"Aïe!" he yelled, and turning saw me. Off went both barrels of his gun. The shot whizzed round me; but I plunged into the wood, and then it was, Catch me who can!

I was only a child, but I understood my danger. I hid myself in the depths of the woods and did not dare go back home. Shivering, almost dead with the cold, I ate my bit of bread crouching in a thicket and a little sheltered behind a rock. The bread was so hard that I had to break it with a stone. I softened it with my tears; for while eating it I was thinking of my father as I had seen him with his face all covered with blood, and dreading that he had been killed. And my mother, what would she think when I did not come back to the hut? And when she saw her poor man, her Pascal, crushed and bleeding? "Ah!" sighed I, looking at the stone I held, "ah, how happy this stone is. How I would like to be this stone, for then I would not suffer any more!" and my heart hurt me as if it was cut with a knife.

Twilight was coming on. In winter it does not last long: the night comes all at once. The wind blew sharper and sharper. Far off on the edge of the sky a long red line streaked the gray clouds and showed that the sun was setting. Then the sky and plains and mountains, which all day long had been dull gray, turned to a violet; while the trees and the naked bushes and the rocks took a reddish tone. The wind dropped a moment, paying honor to the setting sun; a fox barked on the opposite slope, and then suddenly all was dark.

I ventured out of my lair and climbed the bushy side of the ravine. Just as I reached the top, br-r-rou! a covey of partridges flew off from right under my feet with a sound like a load of cobblestones tumbling out of a cart. The start they

gave me was soon over; and then, shivering and blue with the cold, I went down into the plain.

At almost every step I halted and looked around. The smallest rock, a tuft of thyme, a live-oak bush, seemed a crouching man on the outlook — perhaps Surto with his gun! I was more afraid of that man than of all the wolves on the mountains put together. Although the wind still roared and howled, the stones rattling under my feet seemed to me to make a tremendous noise. The night was very dark — not a star to be seen; the dull-gray sky still spread over everything. Yet I could see pretty well around me. We, the poor, the very poor, can see in the dark. The flocks were all in their folds, it was so cold. But as I went along the slope above the Nesque, not far above the Château, it seemed to me that I could hear the pigs grunting; and I certainly could see the light carried by the swine-herd — so it must have been about pig-feeding time.

I had but a few steps more to take in order to reach the high rock from which I had thrown the stone at Monsieur Robert. I was burning to get there, that I might know whether or not my father was lying dead at the bottom of the ravine, beaten to death by those two beasts. I walked softly along, but the little stones still made too much noise under my feet, and I got down and crawled silently on all-fours. I reached the overhang of the rock and craned over into the ravine. I stared and stared until I could see no more, but all that I could make out was a long black line and a long white line coasting the foot of the mountain. The giant oaks which bordered the Nesque made the black line, and the white line was the dry bed of the watercourse with its smooth white stones.

When I was quite certain that my father was not lying there, to be food for the wolves, I drew softly back on hands and knees. Still filled with dread, I went down into the ravine through the holly and thorny scrub-oak bushes, pushing through the thickets, for I did not want to follow any beaten path to the Nesque. I was afraid of the great monster of a gamekeeper who somewhere, I was sure, was watching for me as if I had been a fox; and I thought that the whistling of the wind and the rattling of the whirling leaves would keep any one from hearing the noise of the holly and the thorny oak bushes which caught hold of me, and of the stones which rattled down under my feet.

When I reached the border of the Nesque I looked out between two tufts of bushes to right and to left, but neither saw nor heard anything out of the way. And, what gave me still more comfort, lying there where I had kicked them off, so that I might run the faster, were my sabots! Then — believe me or no as best pleases you — in order to give myself courage, I made the sign of the cross upon my breast and said the only prayer my mother had taught me: —

"Great Saint John of the golden mouth,
Watch over the sleeping child.
From harm protect him should he go
To play around the pond.
In forests, too, take care of him
Against the tooth of wolf.
For ever and ever be it so,
Fair Saint John, who hast all my heart;"

— and then I felt that I would be cared for, and was safe!

With one spring I reached and put on my sabots, and then flew like lightning through the stubble and brush and climbed steep slopes like a lizard. I slipped through the olive-orchards, carefully keeping away from the paths, and as far as I could from the Château, the gleaming windows of which I could see on the heights above. Suddenly all the dogs at the Château began to bark together, and as I feared that they had heard or scented me, I went off still farther over the hills of the Engarrouïnes, so that I might be quite safe from the gamekeeper outside the lines of the estate.

But our hut still was far away, and I knew that if I went there I should be caught; if not that night, certainly the next day. Still I longed to see my father, to comfort my mother. It seemed as if I could hear her calling me, — "Pascalet! Pascalet!"

In spite of the dark night my eyes could make out far off on the hill of La Garde something black between the woods and the olive-orchards; something that looked like a heap of stones. It was our forlorn hut — laid up of stones without mortar and roofed with stone slabs. In my heart I seemed to see inside of it our one room, our oat-straw beds, the pot hanging by its pot-hooks and chain from the beam, the big block behind the door on which my father chopped the bread and which also was our table. I longed for our little hut and all

in it; but fear, my great fear of the gamekeeper, for a long while held me still.

At last I was able to screw up my courage and go on. Keeping out of the path, and taking a big stone in each hand, I went forward slowly and step by step. Now and then I stopped and listened. Feeling my way, dodging from one stone wall to another, I got at last behind the hut. Softly I crept up to the hole stuffed with grass that served us for a window, and pushing in the grass and leaning my head forward I called, "Mother! mother!"

No one answered — there was no one there!

Then my blood grew cold within me. I thought that both my father and my mother had been killed. I ran round to the door of the hut. It was wide open. The gamekeeper was nothing to me then! I called out at the top of my voice: "Mother! Father! Where are you? It is your Pascalet!" and my sorrow so hurt me that I rolled on the ground in such a passion of crying as I never before had known.

For more than an hour I lay there while I sobbed and groaned. At last, tired out, desperate, raging because I was too weak to revenge myself against those who had caused my bitter pain, I got on my feet again, while a dark thought came into my mind. The pond, the big pond that watered all the fields of the Château, was before me among the olive-trees. Only a month before I had seen the body of pretty Agatha of Malemort drawn out of its waters — a girl, not twenty years old, who had drowned herself there because of some trouble I could not understand. I ran off as if crazy, my arms spread wide open as though to embrace some one; and when, through the trees, I saw the pond glittering I thought I saw Paradise. As I came within a few steps of the edge I closed my eyes, took three jumps, one after the other and — pataflou! I was in the middle of the pond!

Pascal stopped, yawned, and stretched himself. "Well, it's getting late — and I haven't yet watered the mule. I'll tell you the rest to-morrow. Right about face! March!" — and he was off.

As I walked home beside my grandfather, holding his hand, I asked him: "But Pascal didn't really drown himself, did he?"

"Have patience, little one," my grandfather answered. "To-morrow we shall know."

MAXWELL GRAY.

Maxwell Gray, pseudonym of Mary G. Tuttiett, a clever English novelist, born at Newport, Isle of Wight, 18—, and resides there. She is the daughter of a physician. She has written: "The Broken Tryst" (1879); "The Silence of Dean Maitland," her best-known work (1886); "The Reproach of Annesley" (1889); "In the Heart of the Storm" (1891); "The Last Sentence" (1894); "A Costly Freak" (1894); "Ribstone Pippins" (1898).

Paul's Disappearance.

(From "The Reproach of Annesley.")

Alice passed slowly along beneath the vast vibrating roof, awed and refreshed by the deep calm, her heart awake to the lightest beating of the mighty pulses of Nature.

The rest of the party had gone to spend the day at the Saut du Doubs in the mountain height above, passing along through the wood and by the cliff-walled river. Alice, still tired from her last mountain climb, had remained in the village to bear Mrs. Annesley company, and had now left her, quiet with her desk and books, to meet the others on their homeward way.

She had set out full early, and therefore loitered, not wishing to walk too far. It was the last time, she reflected with pleasure, that she should meet Paul. He had, on arriving at Bourget the night before, announced that he had but one more day to spend in Switzerland, because affairs required his return home. It pained her that he had shown so little consideration and good taste as to remain with them after what had passed in the boat, when she gave him that distinct and final refusal, and he, in his passion, charged her with loving his cousin, a charge met by an indignant silence which confirmed his suspicions. His conduct in thus taking her by surprise, and almost obliging her to go in the boat alone with him, had distressed her beyond measure; she could never again feel the old, warm friendship

for him; he had fallen too deeply. She saw that his passion overpowered him, and swept on beyond his control over everything, bearing him helpless as a child on its flood. That was his great fault; it neutralized all his virtues, and earned her contemptuous pity. She was glad that he had at least come to his senses to the extent of seeing that he ought now to leave her; she was glad that his mother did not know what had passed, and she lavished unusual tenderness upon her that day, to make up for the closer affection she could never give her a right to claim, a tenderness which misled Mrs. Annesley, who did not think that Paul's quiet and matter-of-fact announcement of his intended return to England could result from a disappointment, but conjectured it to mean rather success, and to mark a considerate wish to spare Alice the public announcement of their engagement.

Strong in her own perfect self-mastery, Alice, who was young and had not learned to bear pitifully with human weakness, felt little tenderness for Paul's. Self-control, she mused, as she strolled in the majestic peace of the forest stillness, is one of the most essential qualities in character; no virtue is of any avail without it; the world belongs, as Gervase so frequently observed and illustrated by his example, to the man who knows how to keep still when the house is on fire.

Gervase had resigned her like a gentleman, in spite of those masterful words of his on Arden down, words which still rang in the ears of her memory from time to time; why could not Paul? He had much, he might surely do without the love of one poor girl. Many a woman would be proud to accept him; many a woman loved these passion-swayed natures, and found a way to control them; he might let her go in peace.

The excursion to the source of the river had not been a great success; the three men were more or less preoccupied, Sibyl was unusually grave, and devoted herself chiefly to beguiling Paul of his melancholy, while Gervase tried, with some success, to throw her and Edward together; only Eleanor apparently appeared quite at ease.

When they had emptied the provision baskets at the picturesque cascade which foams down the live rock, the cradle of the frontier river, Paul left the group to go and buy fruit at a châlet hard by, and Edward followed him.

Paul was glad when he saw him coming; he had been wishing all the morning for the explanation he had at first

avoided; he faced about at sight of him, but could not meet him pleasantly.

"Well!" he said abruptly, the memory of all the unintentional wrong Edward had ever done him rushing over him as he spoke; the school-boy rivalries, the precedence Edward had always taken of him in the liking of strangers, his invariable better fortune till the last few months, and above all his sudden intrusion in the Arden dovecot, and his immediate success where he himself had sued vainly for years. Even his cousin's sweeter, calmer temper and his manly self-control were a cause of dislike; the very forbearance that Edward had shown in leaving the field clear to him for three months imbittered his heart against him; he could not help hating him for being the better man, and so justifying Alice's preference. He had brooded so long over his jealous dislike that all the finer elements of his nature were suppressed, the affection natural to him was quenched, the old habit of brotherhood broken; what formerly strengthened his friendship now fed his dislike. He was the true descendant of that man who had lain awake at night for six mortal weeks, putting a keen edge to the cutting phrases of one wounding letter. "Well!" he said, with a slight defiant movement of the head.

"Am I to congratulate you?" asked Edward.

"No. And you know it," he replied with biting emphasis. "But for your sudden appearance here I should have won her in time."

Light leaped into Edward's eyes; his color deepened; it seemed to the imbittered fancy of the other that he wore a look of subdued but insolent triumph. "My coming can have made no difference. If you did not win her in four months you would not in five," he replied.

"Look here, Paul," Edward added after some moments of uncomfortable silence, "you may not believe it, but I am awfully sorry."

"It is possible that I may not believe it, my good fellow," Paul said, with bitter sarcasm. "Allow *me* to congratulate *you*," he added.

"I quite thought you were engaged; everybody here believes it, and upon my honor — I was — not exactly glad — but pleased that you were the winner, since I had to be out of the running."

"I admire your magnanimity, my dear cousin," thought

Paul; "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to help you out of a world for which you are too virtuous."

He did not say precisely this, but when he spoke, the sound of his voice carried him beyond himself, and the pent-up torrent of jealousy and rage burst madly forth. Edward was so surprised by this exhibition, which was a revelation to him, that he listened in silent disgust, distinguishing and remembering nothing clearly beyond some wild hint of killing whoever should marry Alice, at which he smiled forbearingly; the most irritating thing he could do.

After some vain attempts, as well-meaning as they were fruitless, to bring Paul to a more rational condition, Edward gave up.

"I only irritate him in this mood, whatever I can say," he reflected, turning to leave him, stung into a contemptuous dislike for Paul, which was clearly expressed in his face.

"Stop!" cried Paul, with a sudden change of manner; but Edward refused to stop. He saw that Paul was too sore to be reasonable, and knew that nothing but a quarrel would result from further parleying; silently swallowing his wrath, he therefore retraced his steps and went back to the waterfall, near which the others were grouped, listening to the music of the rushing water, as it leaped foaming down the rocks in a double fall.

Paul strode some paces after him and then stopped, execrating the lack of self-control which had led him to use wild and foolish words and make himself generally ridiculous. The fact that his fury had betrayed him into the threat of killing his successful rival put a keener edge on his hate. No one is so detestable as the man who has seen us in an undignified position. And Paul Annesley was as proud a man as ever breathed; it was wounded pride which most fiercely barbed the arrow of his rejected love. Therefore the fury of his hate and love and jealousy grew in that solitary place till it bid fair to stifle him, and it was some time before he could sufficiently compose himself outwardly to go back to the halting-place.

Soon after he had joined them, the walking-party began to move away from the spring, when Eleanor, who had twisted her ankle before they sat down to their meal, found that she could not stand on the injured foot, and it was decided that she must be carried down to the village, which was some miles distant. Her brother, therefore, set off at once in search of

some means of conveying her back to the village, and he had not long started before Paul followed him, saying nothing of his reason for leaving the rest of the party.

Sibyl and Gervase never forgot the impression his departing figure made upon them, as he disappeared gradually down the steep path, till his face was finally lost to view. He walked with bent head and moody face, like one impelled by some inward force, wholly absorbed in troubled thought, and dead to all external things.

"Paul is so desperately glum to-day that it is a real relief to get rid of him for a time," Sibyl observed. "Or is that the professional air, the gravity of the leech, Gervase, do you suppose?"

"If Paul is glum, Edward is grimness incarnate," added Eleanor, pettishly; "they do nothing but scowl at each other. It is no pleasure to be with such a pair. Have they quarreled?"

Gervase recommended Sibyl not to talk, but take a book and let Eleanor, who was lying in the shade upon a shawl, get a chance of going to sleep, and himself smoked thoughtfully and silently for some twenty minutes. Then he told Sibyl that he would walk back to the village and see if he could help Edward in his search for some means of carrying his sister. "If all fails, we three can carry Nellie comfortably in an arm-chair," he said. "I suppose Paul will be back in a minute; if not the châlet is close at hand, Sibyl, remember."

Alice in the mean time had ascended as far as she cared to go, and was waiting beneath a cluster of firs, where she found a seat on some fagots by a tree. She sat wrapped in a dreamy peace, with a book unread on her knee, listening to the faint under-tones which murmured beneath the afternoon stillness — the hum of a bee, the fitful music in the pines, the cracking of a dead branch — until the warmth, stillness, and solitude imperceptibly soothed away her senses and weighed her eyelids down over her charmed eyes, and thoughts and images blended fantastically in her brain on the dim borders of dreamland. Then a voice stole upon her dream, the familiar voice of Gervase, saying she knew not what, but using incisive and resolute tones; another replied more earnestly still, a voice that stirred the deepest currents of her being, and she awoke, slowly opening her sleep-hazed eyes until the tree-trunks in front of her shaped themselves clearly upon her vision, and the blank spaces

between them were filled and then vacated by the two passing figures.

"Yes," said the voice of Gervase, before the figures came into view, "I will keep that part of the business dark, I promise you that faithfully; one is not bound to reveal the whole. It would only cause needless suffering."

"Especially to *her*," returned Edward's voice; "they will naturally suppose I was not present — oh, above all, *she* must never know."

"No; Alice must never know. You may rely upon me" — He stopped short, dismayed, for by this time they had come full into Alice's field of vision, passing outside the fir-trees. She was facing the opposite direction to that whence they came, and was screened from their view by the tree-trunk behind her until they had almost passed her, when Gervase's ever-watchful eyes caught the gleam of her light dress upon the needle-strewn ground.

"Why, Alice," he added, quickly recovering his self-possession; "are you alone?"

"Yes; I have been waiting," she replied. "Where are the others? What is the matter? Oh! Mr. Annesley, are you ill?"

Edward's face was of an ashen hue, his lips quivered, his eyes shone with unnatural light; he looked at Alice with a sort of horror, as if she had been a specter. Then he and Gervase regarded each other inquiringly for some moments, saying nothing.

This silence, so full of meaning, prepared Alice for evil tidings, although she was conscious of no thought while it lasted beyond a weak, childish wonder that Edward should be wearing Paul's hat, a triviality that she communicated to no one at the time, though it recurred to her afterward. She knew the hat by a piece of *edelweiss* in the band, which alone distinguished it from that worn in the morning by the other cousin.

"There is much the matter, Alice," replied Gervase at last, in grave, measured tones. "There has been an accident."

Alice began to tremble; she had risen from her seat upon their approach, and now stayed herself against the trunk of a tree.

"Be calm, dear," said Gervase, laying his hand with soothing and magnetic effect upon her arm. "You must try to control yourself for the sake of his mother."

"It is Paul," Alice replied, faintly; "is he much hurt?"

"He is dead — dead!" cried Edward, with an agitation he could not control.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Alice, "not dead, it is not true. Paul cannot be dead; it is not true."

A deep, hard sob escaped from Edward.

"It is too true," continued Gervase, in quiet, even tones which calmed her; "he slipped on the cliff's edge, poor fellow, up beyond there where the path is narrow. He fell into the river, and his body was quickly swept away by the current."

His body! Alice turned sick and tried to grasp the fact that the man she had seen that morning all aglow with passion and life in the fullness of his youth, was lying quiet in the rushing waters below, hushed and silent forever; all the storm and stress of his blighted hopes and vain love swallowed up and stilled in the green waters flowing so tranquilly by in the sweet sunshine.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" she sobbed in sudden, remorseful agony. "Oh! if I had but known!"

"Hush!" said Gervase, in the tones that had such magnetic power over her. "It is no use to give way. Some one must break it to Mrs. Annesley."

Alice scarcely distinguished the sense of his words, though his voice calmed her. That strange avenger, Death, had so stirred the depths of pity and regret within her into the semblance of the remorse which he never failed to call up for the torture of the survivors, that she could only yearn vainly for the lost opportunity of saying one kind word to the man who had loved her so strongly and truly, though so wildly and selfishly, and remember that her last words to him had been words of reproach. The friendship of years awoke within her, and called up a thousand gentle, happy memories of the friend whose life she had unwittingly marred, it obliterated all the harsher features of his character and accused her of needless severity to the dead. Why had she refused him? She might have grown to him and loved him, if she had tried, she thought, in the first overpowering rush of pity and sorrow.

"*I* will tell Mrs. Annesley," she said at last, choking back the passion which surged up within her. "And you, Mr. Annesley," she added, turning to Edward, who had been looking on in speechless anguish, apparently unobserved by her, "you are her nearest kinsman — you will take her son's place — will you not come with me?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Edward; "I am the last person she will wish to see."

Gervase perceived that each took the other's words in a sense different from that intended by the speaker, and smiled a subtle smile as he replied, "Annesley is right. I will tell her all myself later. Go and break what you know gently to her, Alice. I, in the mean time, must communicate with the authorities. You, Annesley, must return to your sister and Sibyl, who are left alone all this time. You and Paul's servant might contrive a litter for her between you, in default of anything better."

His clear, incisive words told on his listeners, as they never failed to do, bringing them to themselves and giving them the distinct motives their agitation prevented them from seizing by themselves, and straightway they carried out his suggestion as best they could.

Alice passed an hour with the bereaved mother, on whom the shock produced a stupefying effect which merged in an utter prostration. She was roused from this seeming stupor some hours later by the announcement that Gervase Rickman was ready to give her what details he could of her son's death. After a long interview with her she was asked if she would like to see her nephew, and she replied in the affirmative.

Edward, therefore, entered her presence, calm and composed outwardly, but quivering with inward emotion. He tried to speak, but his lips refused utterance when he looked upon the suddenly-aged and worn face before him. Mrs. Annesley was dry-eyed and apparently calm; she rose from her seat upon his entrance, and gazed steadily and sternly, with glittering eyes, upon him; then she spoke in the deep and tragic tones she could command upon occasion.

"Where is my son, Edward Annesley?" she asked. "What have you done with my only son?"

The Wedding-dress.

The time was drawing near to Alice Lingard's wedding-day; every little detail of her future life was arranged; Rickman's letters, in spite of the busy life he was leading and the important political events in which he was concerned, were growing more frequent, more tender, and more difficult to answer.

One autumn evening a box arrived at the Manor. Alice's heart sank when she saw it, for it contained her wedding-dress.

Sibyl was slightly pained to see how little Alice seemed interested in the dress; she had some difficulty in persuading her to try it on, but at last succeeded, after much coaxing on her part, and much persuasion from the dressmaker busy at work in the house.

"If only Gervase was here!" exclaimed Sibyl, when the weighty business was achieved and Alice stood before a cheval-glass, tall and statue-like in the long, satin folds, her hair crowned by the white wreath, and the veil floating mist-like about her in the pale twilight. "Wait, and I will fetch papa. Don't stir one inch for your life."

"You are cold, miss," said the dressmaker, for Alice was shivering; "we must hope for a sunny morning for the wedding. To be sure, it is chilly to-night."

"Very chilly," replied Alice, listening to the fitful moan of the wind and the patter of rain on the glass. "How pleased Sibyl is!" she was thinking. For Sibyl had not been pleased, but rather shocked, when the engagement first took place, and only the spectacle of her brother's happiness had reconciled her to it by degrees.

It took some minutes to find Mr. Rickman, minutes during which Alice stood motionless before the spectral reflection of her tall, white self, forbearing to move, partly because of the pins, which marked some alterations, partly in obedience to Sibyl.

When Mr. Rickman finally arrived, the dusk had grown so deep that he asked for candles, the delay in lighting which kept Alice still longer in her constrained position, so that at last, when she was properly illuminated, and the old gentleman was scrutinizing her through his glasses, with murmurs of profound satisfaction, she suddenly fell fainting full-length on the carpet, rumpling the satin folds, and crushing wreath and veil indiscriminately together.

"Standing long in one position often produces that effect," Mr. Rickman observed afterward; "to move but one limb relaxes the tension of every muscle."

"It's the most dreadful luck," whispered the dressmaker to the maids who had assembled to look on, "and the veil all crushed, and the dress spotted with the water they threw over her face!"

The next day Sibyl and her father drove into Medington to make some of the innumerable purchases connected with the wedding, but Alice excused herself from accompanying them.

"It is odd," Sibyl said, when starting, "that so much merchandise seems necessary to unite two loving hearts. When I marry I shall run away; then there can be no fuss, and money will be saved."

"Zure enough," Raysh Squire said, when he saw her drive through the village, smiling all over her bright face, "anybody med think she was a gwine to be married, instead of t'other. I never zeen such a maid."

Alice set off for a walk when the carriage had started; she passed through the fields above the church-yard, and saw Raysh at work, putting the final touch to three little fresh-turfed graves.

"Prettier made graves than they you never zeen, Miss Alice," he observed with pride. "A power o' thought goes into the digging o' they little uns, and Shepherd he would hae 'em all put in separate, say what you would. I hreckon he made no count o' the laäbor he giv me."

The little graves went to Alice's heart; she knew what a bitter blank they made in her friend's home, populous as that little home still was, and she went on her way, wondering at the mystery and sadness of life, and the silent heroism that bears so many burdens.

Hubert bounded on before or trotted at her side, unvexed by mysteries, and keenly conscious of the pleasure of a ramble over the downs. Some children were picking blackberries along the field-hedges, their faces happy and stained with purple juice; they, too, were unvexed by moral problems.

It was a chill, gusty, autumn day, with wan sun-gleams and flying scuds; storm-driven gulls flashed their bright plumage against the black curtain of rain-cloud; belated swallows skimmed the ground, fluttering against the wind; Nature was not in one of her sweetest moods, yet she was fascinating rather than sad.

"If only one had not to live," thought Alice, "if one might mingle with Nature and be still."

After some apparently aimless wandering, she caught sight of what she was seeking, the figure of Daniel Pink, moving heavily against the wind, which shook his beard and lifted the cape of the old military greatcoat he wore over his smockfrock.

He was driving some sheep into a wattled fold, and she waited till he had finished and finally secured his flock by binding a hurdle to its staple. Then he went under the lee of a hedge, and, taking off his coat, set to work to point some ash-spars with his billhook. Alice then approached him with her usual friendly greeting, and the lines on his rugged face softened. He folded his coat and placed it on the bank as a seat for her.

"'Tis fine and loo here," he said, "and you med set down and hrest."

So Alice sat down and watched the white chips fly, with Hubert crouched at her feet, while Rough, the shepherd's dog, now partly superannuated and assisted by a young and inexperienced dog, whose vagaries were a source of much trouble to him, looked at the deerhound with a mistrustful glance.

"Raysh has just finished turfing the little graves, Shepherd," she said; "they look very peaceful."

He made no reply, but looked away toward the churchyard, which he could not see, and went on chopping.

"You said once," continued Alice, "that you gave up fretting for them all at once — that you could bear anything now."

"Ay," he replied, stopping in his work to look inquiringly at her.

"There is so much trouble in the world," Alice continued, "sometimes it seems so difficult to bear." The tears sprang to her eyes, and her words died away in a sigh.

The shepherd sat down silently on a pile of ash poles, and thought for a few seconds.

"Ay," he replied at last. "When they dree was took, I couldn't zim to bear it nohow. The pretty ways of 'em, and the little maid that knowing! The biggest wasn't only dree year old. They knowd avore I'd a turned the carner in the lane, they two, and they'd hrun to meet me when I come home. 'Vather, vather!' they'd cry out, and dance that pretty; and the littlest, he'd get his mother or his sister to hold en up. Vust time I come home and they dree lying still and cold indoors, I pretty nigh went dead. After that I couldn't abide to come home no more till all was abed. One night, lambing-time, a month after I'd a buried them, I was out alone atop of the down. Then I took on thinking, thinking of they dree and their pretty ways I could never see no more, and how they was took off avore we could look hround and all, and I took on that dreadful I zimmed to be tore asunder inside, and I couldn't zim to hold up

noways. I thought how I was never one for drink, and always done my best. There was others done wrong, and their children was spared; there, it did zim that hard! Then, when I was like to rive asunder with that went on inside of me, I zes to meself, 'Stand up, Dan'l Pink, and be a man! You've a had many mercies, and what be you to cry out agen One above when trouble is zent?' Then I zaid over the Belief, and it zimmed comforting, and I got up and done zommat for the ship."

Daniel Pink did not say all this straight off, but with many breaks and pauses, and much apparent casting about for words, symbols which are hard to come at when one is not accustomed to handle them and turn them over and about at will; sometimes he stopped in the middle of a sentence with a catch in his breath, sometimes he looked at Alice for sympathy, sometimes away over the windy landscape. But at this point his manner altered; he turned his face from Alice and seemed to forget her presence and his own identity and spoke in a deeper key; more fluently and with less country accent.

"I sat on the steps o' the hut there," he said, pointing to a wheeled and movable house; "I was afeared to goo in and lay down and leave the yowes, and I fell athinking o' they dree agen, and the littlest that pretty! Then it came over me agen as though I should rive asunder, and I shet my teeth and bended my head down and groaned, and held my arms tight over my chest to keep it from bursting. 'Twas the full o' the moon, and the grass white with hrime. I seen all as plain as daylight, the ship feeding, and the new-dropped lambs moving about, and the stars above, when I looked up. Then out of the shade cast by the hill I seen a *man* coming tow'rds me."

The shepherd paused; his face changed, a solemn, rapt expression came over it — he was evidently forgetful of all around him. Alice held her breath and left watching his face as she had been doing, covering her own with her hand and bending a little forward, her arm stayed upon her knee. "A man," he continued, "tall, vurry tall, and fine-made, and dressed like St. John in Arden church window, with long, curled hair, and light shining round his head. I came over that still and hushed, like when the wind falls at zunzet, and the sea's like glass, and the barley stands without a shake. I couldn't so much as stand up, I was that holden. I looked and looked, as though I could never leave off looking. The ship took no notice, and *he* passed through them, slow and solemn, with never a sound. I seen the

red marks on the hands and feet; but when he was quite nigh, I could only look at the faäce. 'Twas the look in the eyes that went through me. I caint say what that look was like, it made me that happy and quiet. The figure passed that close, the blue dress, the color of the sky, nigh touched me. I couldn't turn when he passed beyond; I was holden. But 'twas no drame — the ship was moving about, and feeding, and the lambs bleating as plain as day. When I could turn, there was the moon shining bright as day, and the frost on the grass, and the stars above, and nothing more. Then I zimmed that happy, and light, and peaceful — I knowed there was nothing I couldn't bear after that!"

The shepherd ceased speaking, but continued his rapt gaze straight ahead thinking thoughts that Alice dared not interrupt by words.

At last he rose, took up his bill-hook and went on pointing his spars.

"And nothing seems hard to bear now, Shepherd?" she asked presently.

"No, Miss, nothing zims hard now. I med hae a power o' trouble yet, plase God I lives long enough, but I 'lows I shaint never fret no more," he replied.

The wind had sobbed itself to rest now, and the sunset was blazing through great bars of rending cloud in marvelous splendor. Alice's feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she sped homeward, deeply touched and lifted up in heart, thinking thoughts that no words could express.

Daniel Pink could not even read, he had scarcely half a language with which to clothe his simple thoughts; the mighty Past was to him a blank, the garnered treasure of the thoughts of ages and the beautiful songs of great poets, the glory of art, and the refinements and adornments of human life, were all denied to him. Yet Alice's heart bowed in reverence before him, he had that which great prophets and mighty kings had desired in vain. Could she not emulate his simple resignation? she wondered. She had now reached the church-yard, and leant on the low wall to look at the three little graves.

Daily she had prayed to be a loving wife to Gervase Rickman, and daily the thought of the marriage, now the most obvious of duties, had grown more terrible, until the simple incident of trying on the wedding-dress had overpowered her. If she could but tear Edward out of her heart and her heart with him, she

would willingly have done it. But since the unfortunate day in the summer, when the news of her engagement burst upon him, her peace had vanished; she could not forget his face, his silence, and his one swift glance into her eyes. Yet here, on this very spot, he had offered himself to Sibyl.

It was too late to hesitate — she was as much bound as if actually married; and her heart was incapable of treachery, especially to Gervase, and to the old man who hung upon her with such trustful dependence. To marry this man, whom she liked but could not love, was plainly her duty, to swerve from it was cowardice; marriage was in her eyes a sacrament, love would doubtless be given with it. Peace had come to Daniel Pink, would it be denied her in due time? She would wait patiently and shrink from no duty, however hard.

Alice little thought that at that very hour, a friar, in the narrow solitude of his cell, was driving her from his mind with literal scourging of the flesh, as if an image so wholesome and so suggestive of good, could in any wise harm. Truly peace and self-conquest come in various guises, yet only by one way, the way of Faith and Duty.

No vision shone upon Alice, nor did she use bodily pain to conquer what seemed invincible; but at last she walked home through the darkening fields with perfect peace in her heart, confident that however her soul might now shrink, she would have strength to be true at the difficult moment and to the end. When she saw Sibyl's sweet face on reaching home, she returned her smile frankly without inward self-reproach, listened with due interest to the account she gave of the afternoon's business, and commended her purchases with sufficient animation. Yet she was glad that Sibyl left her for a few hours' study; and when she was gone, she sank into an armchair by the drawing-room fire, thankful to enjoy the luxury of solitude.

Mr. Rickman was busy in his study; the servants were in another part of the house, which was very still, so still that the hall-clock's ticking was audible, and every little movement in the rose-tree, trained by the window, asserted itself. Through all this stillness, she presently heard a carriage drive up and the door-bell ring, and started into a listening attitude. "Gervase!" she murmured, remembering that he had said he might run down any day for a night or two.

It was not Gervase; for he did not open the door and walk in, but waited while a servant came from some remote attic,

whence Alice heard her descend in the silence and pass from corridor to corridor, her footsteps echoing in Alice's strained ears, and finally open the door just as the visitor had raised his hand to ring again.

Why should Alice's heart beat so fast? She could not hear more than a faint murmur of a man's voice when the door opened; she did not know what she expected. But when the maid tripped in and said, "Captain Annesley wishes to see Miss Lingard," she thought that she had known who was there from the first, and, with a presentiment that some crisis was approaching, bade the maid show him up.

She heard his step on every stair, and was glad of the growing dusk to hide her face; the day when he first came six years ago and saw her in that very room in the spring sunshine, returned to her mind with all its overwhelming associations. She could not remain still, but rose from her seat; it seemed as if she would have herself in better control standing than sitting.

So he came in and found her standing on the rug with the firelight upon her, and something in her face not easy to describe, though she received him calmly, saying that she was surprised to see him, having supposed him to be on the Continent.

"I wished to see you alone," he said, with an air that impressed her and inspired her with dim foreboding. "I have something to tell you that will surprise you."

"No bad news, I hope?" she asked, faintly.

"You once asked me to tell you all that I knew of my cousin's disappearance," he continued. "I could not do so then. I can now. I believed that you loved him, Alice, and that is how I interpreted your reason for refusing me. What happened on that afternoon, you said, made it impossible for you ever to marry."

"But I am going to be married," she urged in a faint voice.

"You are *engaged* to be married," he corrected, "and perhaps you do not care to know what happened on that afternoon. But you must know. It is Paul's wish. He is still living. He sends you a message, and a letter."

"Paul? Paul? not dead? Oh, no!" she cried, passing her hand before her eyes as if to clear away the mist rising before them. "What does this mean?"

"He is not dead. I have found him," continued Edward; "he has told me all—*all* that passed between you."

Alice trembled and looked at him appealingly. Why did he come thus to trouble her peace, and why did he speak in that hard voice? It seemed as if he was there to judge her.

"Stay," she replied, "I know more than you think. I heard you talking. I was under the trees when you passed. You made Gervase promise not to tell what had occurred, especially not to tell me."

"Do you know why I wished you not to know?" he asked, almost fiercely. "I wished to spare you. I thought you loved that poor fellow. *I was told so.*"

"What I felt then is now of no consequence," returned Alice coldly. "But since I asked you to tell me what you knew of that unfortunate affair, I must certainly listen."

"Thank you. In the meantime I will deliver Paul's letter to you. Perhaps when you have read it you will think that my story is unnecessary."

Alice took the letter with a shaking hand, and though it was now too dark to read it, she made out the superscription in the once-familiar hand by the firelight, and trembled very violently. "It is terrible," she faltered, "to read a letter from one you have so long thought dead."

"It will be better to read it, nevertheless," he replied remorselessly. Then, seeing a taper on the writing-table he lighted it, placed it near the trembling, agitated woman, and withdrew to the other side of the room, looking out of the window into the gathering night — the window in which he had first seen her.

Alice was a long time reading that letter, though it was not very lengthy, and was written and worded clearly enough. The garden and the down beyond it sank into deeper and deeper shadow while she read; the trees lapsed into solid, black masses; a stray, wan star, peeped here and there through rents in the flying clouds, and then a watery moon rose, and transfused the black shapes with changing glory.

The silence deepened, the hall clock ticked steadily through it. Edward continued motionless at the window, Alice motionless in her chair at the table, some coals fell together in the grate, a bright flame leapt up and cast its fitful radiance over the room, and over the two silent figures; Sibyl's cat stirred comfortably in her slumber by the fire, and gave herself a cozy hug. Alice wished almost that she had never been born.

At last she spoke, and there was some leaven of contrition, some air of a convicted offender in her manner.

"Captain Annesley," she said, in a clear and even voice, "I once did you a great injustice, an injustice I can never repair. It was not wholly my fault. I was — misled."

Her voice changed and deepened with this last word. Edward turned, and saw her face clearly illumined by the taper burning before her, and the trouble in it divided his heart like a sharp sword. But there was more than trouble in her face, there was something he had never pictured upon those gentle features, a mingling of horror and indignation.

"Oh, Alice!" he cried advancing toward her, "Alice!"

"Hush!" she replied, waving him back. "Do you know what this means? He was to have been my husband in a few days. He was my dearest friend."

He stopped, thunder-struck, not immediately perceiving that she was speaking of Gervase; but smitten through with the keen anguish in her voice.

"What have I done?" he asked. "Oh, Alice! you did not love *him*," he added, thinking that his coming had only plunged her into deeper, perhaps irreparable sorrow.

"You should have spoken that day in the garden," she continued, in a low, half-suppressed tone; "I had a right to know then. You *should* have spoken."

"How could I speak?" he returned in surprise. "He was dead. What passed was our secret. Paul has spoken now — but even" — he stopped, he could not say that he had come that night only to save her from the misery of marrying a man so false as Gervase Rickman.

Alice had risen in her trouble and stood in the full blaze of the firelight. "This is the only home I have ever known!" she said, looking round the familiar room, and wringing her hands together in her desperate pain. "And though I did not love him, I trusted him. Oh! how I trusted that false man," she added.

She had not heard the door-bell ring, swift steps passing through the hall and up the echoing stair, and now as she faced the door, she was startled to see it open and disclose the smiling and confident face of Gervase Rickman.

Face to Face.

Bright visions passed before Gervase Rickman's mental gaze as he drove from the station in the chilly dusk, dreams in which love played a great part, but ambition a greater.

In winning Alice he had won the desire of his heart, a desire that would never have grown to such mighty proportions but for the difficulties which hedged it round. The wedding-day was so near now, that something of the coolness of certainty pervaded his thoughts of it; he had even got so far as to pity himself with a pity tinctured by self-commendation for the sacrifices his approaching marriage involved. He knew that he ought to look higher than Alice Lingard now; personally she was all that even his wife should be, but, although her family was superior to his, she brought him no aristocratic connections, such as he needed. The marriage might even hinder him from strengthening such connections as he had already formed, while, as for her little fortune, which had once been so desirable an object to him, it would scarcely make any difference to a man whose successful financial operations were daily assuming grander, though more perilous proportions. His marriage was indeed a most virtuous act. Alice was not so young as she had been; life had taken the freshness from her beauty, such as it was, and stamped her features with an indelible record. Yet he well knew that beauty had never been her greatest charm, but rather an inward something, which, when it touched men's hearts, bound them to her with irresistible force; a certain air about her, a way of moving, smiling, speaking, or being silent, which filled the surrounding atmosphere with grace, and forged adamantine chains about the souls of her lovers. Virtue, in Rickman's case as in others, would bring its own reward. For a deep, seldom-heard whisper from the very depths of his heart told him that, while he clave to Alice, he had not quite done with his better nature; if he let her go, he would part with the last restraints of conscience, a thing, it must be confessed, which is a terrible inconvenience in a career of political ambition.

That ambition, insatiable as it was, nevertheless, was in a fair way of being gratified. Scarcely a year had passed since he was returned from Medington, yet he had effected much, especially during the recent battle over the Conservative Reform Bill. In and out of the House he had done yeoman's service, recognized as such by the leaders of the Opposition. He had been ubiquitous; attending and speaking at meetings here and meetings there, adding fuel to the fire of political agitation, which at that time blazed fiercely enough, and he had been particularly useful at a by-election in which his party won a seat. Mrs. Walter Annesley had renewed many of her former aristo-

cratic acquaintances in late years, and had given him excellent introductions, of which he had made the best use. He was well adapted for climbing the social ladder; he had good manners, tact and observation, fluent speech and ready wit, and was absolutely impervious to the impertinence of social superiors, when it suited his purpose, otherwise a person whom it was on the whole wise to respect. He was a brilliant speaker, his voice daily improved, and no amount of labor exhausted him.

Thus, with a long vista of political success opening brightly before him, and the prospect of domestic happiness filling the near distance, Gervase drove up to the door of his father's house that autumn evening, and, knowing the family habits by heart, went lightly up the stairs to the drawing-room, where he thought to find Alice alone.

When he opened the door and saw her standing with that strange look and despairing gesture in the mingled lights of the fire and the solitary taper, though something in her aspect gave him a shock, he supposed her to be alone; it was only when she spoke that he made out the dark figure of Edward Annesley confronting her in the dimmer light of the further part of the room.

"Gervase," Alice said, gazing full upon him without any salutation or preliminary whatever, "when I told you on the down that day that I had refused Edward Annesley solely because of what you witnessed on the banks of the Doubs six years ago, why did you tell me that I was *quite right?*"

These two syllables, which had so often echoed painfully through his conscience, were uttered with so keen an incisiveness that they cut into him like knives. Even his ready resource and iron nerve failed him for the moment, and he stood speechless, looking involuntarily from her to Annesley, as if for a solution of the enigma. The latter returned his gaze with a stern, unbending contempt that failed to sting him in the anæsthesia which paradoxically results from such excessive pain as Alice's look gave him.

"Why," continued Alice, with a passionate scorn which told all the more from its contrast with her usual demeanor, "did you tell me that afternoon on the scene of Paul's death, that it would be to Edward Annesley's discredit to reveal what actually occurred?"

"Discredit," he returned, recovering his self-command, and taking refuge in a quibble, "was not the word, if I remember

rightly. We are not alone, my dear Alice; you seem to be a little upset."

She looked at him with increasing contempt. "Why," she continued, "did you assure me that Edward Annesley loved your sister and had never more than a passing fancy for me?"

"My dear child, do consider times and places a little. If I told you that, it was doubtless because I believed it. I was not alone in taking that view of the situation."

"Why," she went on, "did you persuade Edward Annesley that I loved his cousin?"

"I was not alone in that opinion, either," he replied with a forced smile. "Captain Annesley," he added, "perhaps you will do me the favor of going into another room. Miss Lingard, as you perceive, is not in a condition to receive visitors."

"Quite so," Edward replied, taking his hat, "I will choose another time to finish my interview with Miss Lingard. My presence," he added, with unwonted sarcasm, "must be excessively embarrassing."

"No, Captain Annesley," said Alice, in the same incisive tones, "you will not leave this room. While you are here that man, false as he is, dares not deny the truth of what I say."

Gervase turned very pale, and all the sweetness seemed to vanish out of his life forever. It was difficult to vanquish this resolute spirit, but he had the gift of knowing when he was beaten. He recognized the hard fact that nothing, not even his strong, imperious will, could now win Alice back. He heard the knell of all his better aspirations in her words.

"Stay, Captain Annesley," he said quietly, "since Miss Lingard wishes it; though lovers' quarrels are not usually conducted in public. Perhaps, Alice, I may be permitted to ask why these reproaches are suddenly hurled at me in the presence of a third person?"

"Because that person has suffered the most from the web of falsehood and intrigue you have been weaving all these years," she replied.

"And he has come to complain to you," returned Gervase. "Don't you think, Annesley, it would have been more manly, to say the least of it, to tax me openly with whatever you have against me?"

"I have taxed you with nothing," he replied. "I came here with the intention of replying to a question Miss Lingard asked me some years ago, but have not found it necessary to do

so. I have simply handed her a letter which explained all she wished to know."

"You were in the confidence of both cousins," continued Alice, "and you abused the confidence of both. You were in my confidence, and you abused that."

"By loving you and purposing to make you my wife."

"Which you will never do," she replied, drawing a ring from her finger and giving it to him.

Edward, who, since Gervase's request to him to leave the room, had been divided between the feeling that the request was reasonable and a desire to protect Alice, whose wish that he should stay showed a certain fear of being alone with a man so treacherous, now decided that the only becoming course for him was to go. He had already reached the door, when Sibyl, who had just been informed of her brother's arrival, opened it and came in.

"Captain Annesley!" she exclaimed, expecting to see Gervase only. "Oh! Gervase — Why, what is the matter, Alice?" she added.

"Dear Sibyl!" replied Alice, suddenly calming to more than her wonted gentleness, "we have just had a severe shock. Paul Annesley is not dead."

"Not dead!" replied Gervase. "Why, I saw him die. Alice, you do not know what you are saying."

"It is quite true," added Edward; "he was swept out of sight and washed ashore alive. I have seen him. He will probably be in England before long. He has become a Roman Catholic, and entered a religious order, and a great deal has to be done before he can obtain permission to visit his mother, as he wishes to do."

Sibyl listened with eager interest, as if her life depended on Edward's words, and then on a sudden she burst into tears. "Oh! Edward," she sobbed, "the truth must come out now, and your name will be cleared forever. I always knew that this hour would come."

"You always believed in me, Sibyl," Edward replied with a slight quiver in his voice, while taking the hand she frankly offered; "I think I never had a truer friend. I only care really for what my friends think of me."

Sibyl only smiled her gentle smile in reply, though she did not quickly recover her calm, and Alice looked at them with a strange expression not devoid of reproach.

"This is nonsense," said Gervase; "if Paul Annesley didn't die, why in the world should he disappear?"

"He was tired of his life," Edward replied.

"He thought," Alice was explaining, "to make atonement to the friend he had injured" —

"Alice," interrupted Edward, "that is our secret, remember, between us two and Mr. Gervase Rickman."

"It will soon be no secret," she replied; "that is why Paul is coming to England; as he tells me in his letter."

"The whole story is incredible," said Gervase impatiently. "Do you mean to say that Paul Annesley is a monk? He will have some difficulty in proving his identity here. No one who knew him would believe anything so preposterous. Paul, of all men in the world, to turn monk, indeed! Some monk is humbugging you, Annesley, for the sake of getting the property. Besides," he added, "no religious order would receive a man without a pension."

"He was not without money," Edward explained. "The diamonds we saw at Neufchâtel were in his possession. Altogether he had about a thousand pounds, as well as professional knowledge, which would be useful to a friar."

Yet Rickman believed the story. A letter from Paul alone and nothing that Edward could have told her, accounted for Alice's strange behavior to himself. The superscription of the letter was shown him, and he admitted that it was a good imitation of Paul Annesley's handwriting.

He then left the room ostensibly to tell the news to his father, who was happily absorbed in his favorite studies and ignorant of all that was passing.

Edward had yet to break the intelligence to Mrs. Walter Annesley, for she had refused to admit him when he called that afternoon. He hoped to get an interview in the evening, and was hurrying off for the purpose of making another trial.

"I broke my news too roughly," he said in wishing Alice good-night, for his hard manner to her vanished after her stormy reception of Gervase. "It was not a pleasant duty, and that spoils the temper," he explained.

Alice looked down, then she looked up with her eyes clouded with tears. "I owe it to you," she faltered, "to tell you all — how I came to misjudge you. But not now."

"Some day," he replied with increasing gentleness, "you shall tell me. When you feel inclined."

"Alice," Sibyl asked when he was gone, "what led you to misjudge him? There is some mystery behind this."

Alice took Sibyl's bright face in her hands and kissed it with a tenderness that almost surprised her.

"Never ask, Sibyl," she replied; "let me as well as others have the benefit of your loyal trust. You are the best friend *I* ever had or ever shall have."

A few minutes later Alice was in the hall, pacing restlessly to and fro, and trying to collect the fragments of her shattered world, when Gervase issued from his father's study, closing the door behind him, and approaching her.

"I shall return to town at once," he said, thus relieving her from a great embarrassment; "I have told my father that I found a telegram awaiting me here."

"It is plain that we cannot be under the same roof again," she replied.

"You will never forgive me," he added gloomily. "Jacob was never forgiven for stealing *his* blessing, though he got the blessing nevertheless. You asked me why I deceived you, Alice," he added, his voice deepening and touching her in spite of the loathing with which his perfidy inspired her. "It was because I loved you with such a love as men seldom feel. I cannot tell when it began — years before either of the Annesleys thought of you; it never faltered — never. You never had and you never will have a more constant and devoted lover" —

"Oh, hush, Gervase!" she sobbed, "do you think I am made of stone? Were you not my only brother and best friend? Are you not your mother's son? Can you not think what a bitter thing it is to have to think ill of you, to know of your cruel falseness?"

"No," he interrupted quickly, "I cannot; you are stone in comparison with me. You can never even picture such a passion as mine to yourself, cold, hard, immaculate woman that you are!"

"Gervase!"

"Listen, Alice," he said, collecting himself and curbing the fierce passion in his voice. "You have three lovers, and, woman-like, will probably choose the worst. Of these three, one attempted murder for the love of you; one lied for your sake, though not for your sake alone, for Sibyl's happiness was at stake; and one" — here he smiled a sarcastic smile — "he who saw and loved you the latest did not think it worth while

so much as to clear himself from a dreadful imputation for your sake. Which of these three, think you, loved you the best?"

"He who loved honor and loyalty more," replied Alice proudly, and without hesitation.

"And he proved it when he offered himself to another woman who had the good sense to reject the cold-blooded"—

"Hush, Gervase! things are bitter enough already," Alice broke in; "do not imbitter them more by idle words. Let us part in peace."

"Peace!" echoed Gervase with a scornful laugh. And he looked at the hearth fire in silence a while.

When he spoke again his mood was altered.

"Alice," he said gently, "do not let Sibyl despise me."

"I will tell her nothing that I can avoid, to your discredit, Gervase," she replied.

"I have said nothing of breaking off our engagement yet. Put it as you please, but do not break with them, if you can help it. I hope you will not leave them; my father ages visibly. We might part with a mutual conviction that we were unsuited to each other," he added with a sardonic smile.

So they agreed, and then Rickman's carriage drove up, and Mr. Rickman and Sibyl came into the hall to see him off.

"Good-by, Alice," he said in his usual quiet manner, when he had parted with his father and sister.

"Good-by," she replied in a faint, far-off voice.

She stood on the steps and watched the carriage till its lights diminished to points, and were finally swallowed up in the dense, dark night; while Gervase looked back at the graceful figure standing in the fan-shaped light streaming from the open hall, till the bend of the road swept it from him, and his heart ached with a heavy despair.

Ambition, wealth, success, power—all was now nothing without Alice.

THOMAS GRAY.

Gray, Thomas, an eminent English poet; born in London, December 26, 1716; died July 30, 1771. Gray was educated at Eton, where his maternal uncle was master. From Eton he went to Cambridge. He formed a close intimacy with Horace Walpole, son of the Prime-Minister, who induced him to accompany him on a tour in France and Italy (1739–41). Gray returned to Cambridge, and took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, though he never entered upon practice, but continued to reside at the University until 1759, and afterward for two or three years in London. In 1758 he received the appointment of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He died of an attack of gout in the stomach, and was buried in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogis, the scene of his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." Gray was one of the most accomplished men of his time. His knowledge of the classics was wide and accurate. He was versed in every department of history; was a good botanist, zoölogist, and entomologist; he was an expert antiquarian and heraldist. He had excellent taste in music, painting, and architecture. His fame rests upon a few poems, none of them of any considerable length. The "Ode to Adversity," "The Bard," and "Progress of Poesy," contain many noble passages. The "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," written at the age of twenty-six, is, upon the whole, superior to either of these. The "Elegy," however, is Gray's masterpiece. It was finished in 1749, although commenced seven years earlier.

Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

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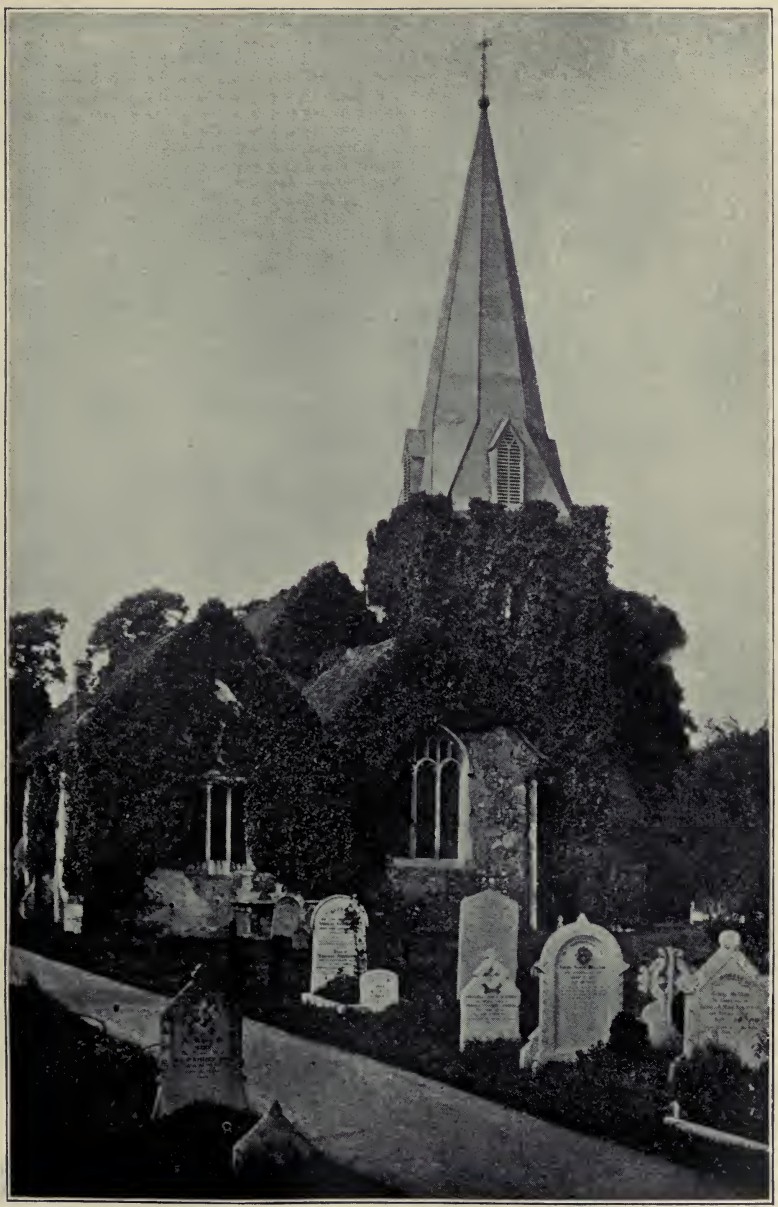

STOKE POGES CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF
"GRAY'S ELEGY"

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes, —

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to Innocence their safety owe,
Than Power or Genius e'er conspired to bless.]

[Hark, how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say: —
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne: —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

["There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."]

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, — a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,) —
The Bosom of his Father and his God.

[The stanzas included in brackets were omitted by Gray in the first edition of the "Elegy," and as sanctioned by him or by later editors are (except as to the third one) of infrequent appearance in the poem.]

Ode on the Spring.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark! how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!

The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
We frolic while 't is May.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seemed to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, — for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace, —
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate

And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah! tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or Pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen, —
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

The Bard.

A PINDARIC ODE.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears, —
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
No more I weep: they do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace,
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl!
The rich repast prepare!
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Decending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air;
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many colored-wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth, severe, by fairy fiction drest.

In buskined measures move,
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, thinkest thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign;
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph and to die are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

(From "Hymn to Adversity.")

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue — his darling child — designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave no leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe.
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

HORACE GREELEY.

Greeley, Horace, an American journalist and historian; born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811; died at Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y., November 29, 1872. He was the son of a farmer. When fourteen years of age he was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the "Northern Spectator," Poultney, Vt. In 1831 he made his way to New York, worked for ten years as a journeyman printer, became a contributor to the papers on which he was a compositor, the "Spirit of the Times" and "The Constitutionalist." In 1834 he assisted in establishing the "New Yorker." He also wrote for the "Jeffersonian" and "The Log-Cabin," campaign papers. In 1841 he established "The Tribune," in which the "New Yorker" and "The Log-Cabin" were soon merged. To this paper he gave the best efforts of his life. In 1848 he was elected to Congress. In 1871 he was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The excitement of the political campaign and a long illness induced inflammation of the brain, of which he died in November, 1872. Besides a great number of editorials and other articles he published "Hints Toward Reforms" (1850); "Glances at Europe" (1851); "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension" (1856); "Overland Journey to San Francisco" (1860); "The American Conflict" (1864–66); "Recollections of a Busy Life" (1868); "Essays on Political Economy" (1870); and "What I Know of Farming" (1871).

The Press.

Long slumbered the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall;
To the sceptre and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall;
When a voice, like the earthquake's, revealed the dishonor —
A flash, like the lightning's, unsealed every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gathered to conquer or die!

'T was the voice of the Press, on the startled ear breaking,
In giant-born prowess, like Pallas of old;

'T was the flash of intelligence, gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;
And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat from its powerful control,
And the chains which bound nations in ages benighted,
Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the mole.

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of Freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of truth;
We pledge to her cause (and she has but to need them)
The strength of our manhood, the fire of our youth;
Should despots e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
We pledge that the earth shall close o'er our deploring,
Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

But no! — to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds;
And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs — her martyr who bleeds;
And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong emotion,
And the earth echoes deep with "Long Life to the Press!"

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

GREEN, JOHN RICHARD, an English historian; born at Oxford, December 12 (?), 1837; died at Mentone, France, March 9, 1883. He studied mainly under private tutors until the age of eighteen, when he obtained a scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford. While an undergraduate, he contributed to the "Oxford Chronicle" a series of papers upon "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century." Mr. Green took Holy Orders in 1860, and was appointed curate of St. Barnabas's, a populous but poor parish in London. In 1866 he was presented to the vicarage of Stepney, a position which he held until 1869, when he resigned, and was appointed Librarian at Lambeth, where he had ample opportunity for prosecuting historical labors. His first work was a "Short History of the English People" (1874), which was expanded into the "History of the English People" (1877–80.) This work, completed before the author had passed his forty-second year, is in many respects the best complete history which has been produced of England, from the earliest times to the battle of Waterloo. He then began the composition of historical works involving more minute details. These are "The Making of England," being the history of the period of the Saxon Heptarchy (1881), and "The Conquest of England" by the Normans (1883), the last pages of which were written while he was in daily expectation of death, which occurred before the work was published. Besides the important historical works already enumerated, Mr. Green put forth "Readings from English History" (1876); "Stray Studies from England and Italy" (1876); and edited a series of "History and Literature Primers," written by several eminent English scholars.

THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH.

(From "The History of the English People.")

"I HAVE desired," Elizabeth said proudly to her Parliament, "to have the obedience of my subjects by love, and not by compulsion." It was a love fairly won by justice and good government. Buried as she seemed in foreign negotiations and

intrigues, Elizabeth was above all an English sovereign. She devoted herself ably and energetically to the task of civil administration. She had hardly mounted the throne, indeed, when she faced the problem of social discontent. Time, and the natural development of new branches of industry, were working quietly for the relief of the glutted labor-market; but, as we have seen under the Protectorate, a vast mass of disorder still existed in England, which found a constant ground of resentment in the enclosures and evictions which accompanied the progress of agricultural change. It was on this host of "broken men" that every rebellion could count for support; their mere existence indeed was an encouragement to civil war, while in peace their presence was felt in the insecurity of life and property, in gangs of marauders which held whole counties in terror, and in "sturdy beggars" who stripped travellers on the road. Under Elizabeth, as under her predecessors, the terrible measures of repression, whose uselessness More had in vain pointed out, went pitilessly on: we find the magistrates of Somersetshire capturing a gang of a hundred at a stroke, hanging fifty at once on the gallows, and complaining bitterly to the Council of the necessity for waiting till the assizes before they could enjoy the spectacle of the fifty others hanging beside them. But the issue of a royal commission to inquire into the whole matter enabled the Government to deal with the difficulty in a wiser and more effectual way. The old powers to enforce labor on the idle, and settlement on the vagrant class, were continued; but a distinction was for the first time drawn between these and the impotent and destitute persons who had been confounded with them; and each town and parish was held responsible for the relief of its indigent and disabled poor, as it had long been responsible for the employment of able-bodied mendicants. When voluntary contributions proved insufficient for this purpose, the justices in sessions were enabled by statute to assess all persons in town or parish who refused to contribute in proportion to their ability. The principles embodied in these measures, the principle of local responsibility for local distress, and that of a distinction between the pauper and the vagabond, were more clearly defined in a statute which marked the middle period of Elizabeth's reign. By this act houses of correction were ordered to be established for the punishment and amendment of the vagabond class by means of compulsory labor; while the power to levy and assess a general rate in each parish for the relief of the poor was trans-

ferred from the justices to its church-wardens. The well-known act which matured and finally established this system, the 43d of Elizabeth, remained the base of our system of pauper-administration until a time within the recollection of living men. Whatever flaws a later experience has found in these measures, their wise and humane character formed a striking contrast to the legislation which had degraded our statute-book from the date of the Statute of Laborers; and their efficacy at the time was proved by the entire cessation of the great social danger against which they were intended to provide.

Its cessation, however, was owing not merely to law but to the natural growth of wealth and industry throughout the country. The change in the mode of cultivation, whatever social embarrassment it might bring about, undoubtedly favored production. Not only was a larger capital brought to bear upon the land, but the mere change in the system brought about a taste for new and better modes of agriculture; the breed of horses and of cattle was improved, and a far greater use made of manure and dressings. One acre under the new system produced, it was said, as much as two under the old. As a more careful and constant cultivation was introduced, a greater number of hands were required on every farm; and much of the surplus labor which had been flung off the land in the commencement of the new system was thus recalled to it. But a far more efficient agency in absorbing the unemployed was found in the development of manufactures. The linen trade was as yet of small value, and that of silk-weaving was only just introduced. But the woollen manufacture had become an important element in the national wealth. England no longer sent her fleeces to be woven in Flanders and to be dyed at Florence. The spinning of yarn, the weaving, fulling, and dyeing of cloth, were spreading rapidly from the towns over the country-side. The worsted trade, of which Norwich was the centre, extended over the whole of the Eastern counties. The farmers' wives began everywhere to spin their wool from their own sheeps' backs into a coarse "homespun." The South and the West still remained the great seats of industry and of wealth, the great homes of mining and manufacturing activity. The iron manufacturers were limited to Kent and Sussex, though their prosperity in this quarter was already threatened by the growing scarcity of the wood which fed their furnaces, and by the exhaustion of the forests of the weald. Cornwall was then, as now, the sole ex-

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QUEEN ELIZABETH

(*From a rare old Print of her time*)

porter of tin; and the exportation of its copper was just beginning. The broadcloths of the West claimed the palm among the woollen stuffs of England. The Cinque Ports held almost a monopoly of the commerce of the Channel. Every little harbor, from the Foreland to the Land's End, sent out its fleet of fishing-boats, manned with the bold seamen who furnished crews for Drake and the buccaneers. But in the reign of Elizabeth the poverty and inaction to which the North had been doomed since the fall of the Roman rule begin at last to be broken. We see the first signs of the coming revolution which has transferred English manufactures and English wealth to the north of the Mersey and the Humber, in the mention which now meets us of the friezes of Manchester, the coverlets of York, and the dependence of Halifax on its cloth trade.

The growth, however, of English commerce far outstripped that of its manufactures. We must not judge of it, indeed, by any modern standard; for the whole population of the country can hardly have exceeded five or six millions, and the burden of all the vessels engaged in ordinary commerce was estimated at little more than fifty thousand tons. The size of the vessels employed in it would nowadays seem insignificant; a modern collier brig is probably as large as the biggest merchant vessel which then sailed from the port of London. But it was under Elizabeth that English commerce began the rapid career of development which has made us the carriers of the world. By far the most important branch of it was with Flanders; Antwerp and Bruges were in fact the general marts of the world in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the annual export of English wool and drapery to their markets was estimated at a sum of more than two millions in value. It was with the ruin of Antwerp, at the time of its siege and capture by the Duke of Parma, that the commercial supremacy of our own capital may be said to have been first established. A third of the merchants and manufacturers of the ruined city are said to have found a refuge on the banks of the Thames. The export trade to Flanders died away as London developed into the general mart of Europe, where the gold and sugar of the New World were found side by side with the cotton of India, the silks of the East, and the woollen stuffs of England itself. The foundation of the Royal Exchange by Sir Thomas Gresham was a mark of the commercial progress of the time. Not only was the old trade of the world transferred in great part to the

English Channel, but the sudden burst of national vigor found new outlets for its activity. The Venetian carrying fleet still touched at Southampton; but as far back as the reign of Henry the Seventh a commercial treaty had been concluded with Florence, and the trade with the Mediterranean which had begun under Richard the Third constantly took a wider development. The intercourse between England and the Baltic ports had hitherto been kept up by the Hanseatic merchants; but the extinction of their London Dépôt, the Steel Yard, at this time, was a sign that this trade too had now passed into English hands. The growth of Boston and Hull marked an increase of commercial intercourse with the North. The prosperity of Bristol, which depended in great measure on the trade with Ireland, was stimulated by the conquest and colonization of that island at the close of the Queen's reign and the beginning of her successor's. The dream of a northern passage to India opened up a trade with a land as yet unknown. Of the three ships which sailed under Richard Willoughby to realize this dream, two were found afterward frozen with their crews and their hapless commander on the coast of Lapland; but the third, under Richard Chancellor, made its way safely to the White Sea, and by its discovery of Archangel created the trade with Russia. A more lucrative traffic had already begun with the coast of Guinea, to whose gold-dust and ivory the merchants of Southampton owed their wealth; but the guilt of the slave-trade which sprang out of it rests with John Hawkins, whose arms (a demi-moor, proper, bound with a cord) commemorated his priority in the transport of negroes from Africa to the labor fields of the New World. The fisheries of the Channel and the German Ocean gave occupation to the numerous ports which lined the coast from Yarmouth to Plymouth Haven; Bristol and Chester were rivals in the fisheries of Ulster; and the voyage of Sebastian Cabot from the former port to the mainland of North America had called its vessels to the stormy ocean of the North. From the time of Henry the Eighth the number of English boats engaged on the cod-banks of Newfoundland steadily increased, and at the close of Elizabeth's reign the seamen of Biscay found English rivals in the whale-fishery of the Polar seas.

What Elizabeth really contributed to this commercial development was the peace and social order from which it sprang, and the thrift which spared the purses of her subjects by enabling

her to content herself with the ordinary resources of the Crown. She lent, too, a ready patronage to the new commerce, she shared in its speculations, she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and she sanctioned the formation of the great merchant companies which could then alone secure the trader against wrong or injustice in distant countries. The Merchant Adventurers of London, a body which had existed long before, and had received a charter of incorporation under Henry the Seventh, furnished a model for the Russian Company, and the company which absorbed the new commerce to the Indies. But it was not wholly with satisfaction that either Elizabeth or her ministers watched the social change which wealth was producing around them. They feared the increased expenditure and comfort which necessarily followed it, as likely to impoverish the land and to eat out the hardihood of the people. "England spendeth more on wines in one year," complained Cecil, "than it did in ancient times in four years." The disuse of salt-fish and the greater consumption of meat marked the improvement which was taking place among the agricultural classes. Their rough and wattled farm-houses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the earlier yeomanry; there were yeomen who could boast of a fair show of silver plate. It is from this period, indeed, that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one, the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney-corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had before been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only "for women in childbed," were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring of rushes. The lofty houses of the wealthier merchants, their parapeted fronts, their costly wainscoting, the cumbrous but elaborate beds, the carved staircases, the quaintly figured gables, not only broke the mean appearance which had till then characterized English towns, but marked the rise of a new middle and commercial class which was to play its part in later history. A transformation of an even more striking kind proclaimed the extinction of the feudal character of the noblesse. Gloomy walls and serried battlements disappeared from the dwellings of the gentry. The strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall. Knowle,

Longleat, Burleigh and Hatfield, Hardwick and Audley End, are familiar instances of the social as well as architectural change which covered England with buildings where the thought of defence was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gate-ways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South. It was the Italian refinement of life which remodelled the interior of such houses, raised the principal apartments to an upper floor — a change to which we owe the grand staircases of the time — surrounded the quiet courts by long "galleries of the presence," crowned the rude hearth with huge chimney-pieces adorned with fauns and cupids, with quaintly interlaced monograms and fantastic arabesques, hung tapestries on the walls, and crowded each chamber with quaintly carved chairs and costly cabinets. The life of the Middle Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the baron looked from his upper daïs on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of the household withdrew with his family into his "parlor" or "withdrawing room," and left the hall to his dependents. He no longer rode at the head of his servants, but sat apart in the newly-introduced "coach." The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be overestimated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. "You shall have sometimes," Lord Bacon grumbled, "your houses so full of glass, that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold." But the prodigal enjoyment of light and sunshine was a mark of the temper of the age. The lavishness of a new wealth united with the lavishness of life, a love of beauty, of color, of display, to revolutionize English dress. The Queen's three thousand robes were rivalled in their bravery by the slashed velvets, the ruffs, the jewelled purpoints of the courtiers around her. Men "wore a manor on their backs." The old sober notions of thrift melted before the strange revolutions of fortune wrought by the

New World. Gallants gambled away a fortune at a sitting, and sailed off to make a fresh one in the Indies. Visions of galleons loaded to the brim with pearls and diamonds and ingots of silver, dreams of El-Dorados where all was of gold, threw a haze of prodigality and profusion over the imagination of the meanest seaman. The wonders, too, of the New World kindled a burst of extravagant fancy in the Old. The strange medley of past and present which distinguishes its masques and feastings only reflected the medley of men's thoughts. Pedantry, novelty, the allegory of Italy, the chivalry of the Middle Ages, the mythology of Rome, the English bear-fight, pastorals, superstition, farce, all took their turn in the entertainment which Lord Leicester provided for the Queen at Kenilworth. A "wild man" from the Indies chanted her praises, and Echo answered him. Elizabeth turned from the greetings of sibyls and giants to deliver the enchanted lady from her tyrant "Sans-Pitie." Shepherdesses welcomed her with carols of the spring, while Ceres and Bacchus poured their corn and grapes at her feet.

It was to this turmoil of men's minds, this wayward luxuriance and prodigality of fancy, that we owe the revival of English letters under Elizabeth. Here, as elsewhere, the Renascence found vernacular literature all but dead, poetry reduced to the doggrel of Skelton, history to the annals of Fabyan or Hall; and the overpowering influence of the new models, both of thought and style, which it gave to the world in the writers of Greece and Rome, was at first felt only as a fresh check to the dreams of any revival of English poetry or prose. Though England, indeed, shared more than any European country in the political and ecclesiastical results of the New Learning, in mere literary results it stood far behind the rest of Europe — Italy, or Germany, or France. More alone ranks among the great classical scholars of the sixteenth century. Classical learning, indeed, all but perished at the universities in the storm of the Reformation, nor did it revive there till the close of Elizabeth's reign. Insensibly, however, the influences of the Renascence were fertilizing the intellectual soil of England for the rich harvest that was to come. The growth of the grammar schools was realizing the dream of Sir Thomas More, and bringing the middle classes, from the squire to the petty tradesman, into contact with the masters of Greece and Rome. The love of travel, which became so remarkable a characteristic of Elizabeth's day, quickened the intelligence of the wealthier nobles. "Home-keeping youths," says Shakspere in words that mark the time, "have

ever homely wits," and a tour over the Continent was just becoming part of the education of a gentleman. Fairfax's version of Tasso, Harrington's version of Ariosto, were signs of the influence which the literature of Italy, the land to which travel led most frequently, exerted on English minds. The writers of Greece and Rome began at last to tell upon England when they were popularized by a crowd of translations. Chapman's noble version of Homer stands high above its fellows, but all the greater poets and historians of the classical world were turned into English before the close of the sixteenth century. It is characteristic, perhaps, of England that historical literature was the first to rise from its long death, though the form in which it rose marked forcibly the difference between the world in which it had perished and that in which it reappeared. During the Middle Ages the world had been without a past, save the shadowy and unknown past of early Rome; and annalist and chronicler told the story of the years which went before, as a preface to his tale of the present, but without a sense of any difference between them. But the great religious, social, and political change which had passed over England under the new monarchy had broken the continuity of its life; and the depth of the rift between the two ages is seen by the way in which history passes on its revival under Elizabeth from the mediæval form of pure narrative to its modern form of an investigation and reconstruction of the past. The new interest which attached to the bygone world led to the collection of its annals, their reprinting, and embodiment in an English shape. It was his desire to give the Elizabethan Church a basis in the past, as much as any pure zeal for letters, which induced Archbishop Parker to lead the way in the first of these labors. The collection of historical manuscripts which, following in the track of Leland, he rescued from the wreck of the monastic libraries, created a school of antiquarian imitators, whose research and industry have preserved for us almost every work of permanent historical value which existed before the dissolution of the monasteries. To his publication of some of our earlier chronicles we owe the series of similar publications which bear the name of Camden, Twysden, and Gale, and which are now receiving their completion in the works issued by the Master of the Rolls. But as a branch of literature, English history in the new shape which we have noted began in the work of the poet Daniel. The chronicles of Stowe and Speed, who preceded him, are simple records of the past, often copied almost literally from the annals they used, and utterly

without style or arrangement; while Daniel, inaccurate and superficial as he is, gave his story a literary form, and embodied it in a pure and graceful pose. Two larger works at the close of Elizabeth's reign, the "History of the Turks" by Knolles, and Raleigh's vast but unfinished plan of the "History of the World," showed the widening of historic interest beyond the merely national bounds to which it had hitherto been confined.

A far higher development of our literature sprang from the growing influence which Italy, as we have seen, was exerting partly through travel and partly through its poetry and romances, on the manners and taste of the time. Men made more account of a story of Boccaccio's, it was said, than a story from the Bible. The dress, the speech, the manners of Italy became objects of almost passionate imitation, and of an imitation not always of the wisest or noblest kind. To Ascham it seemed like "the enchantment of Circe brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England." "An Italianate Englishman," ran the harder proverb of Italy itself, "is an incarnate devil." The literary form which this imitation took seemed at any rate absolutely absurd. John Lyly, distinguished both as a dramatist and a poet, laid aside the very tradition of English style for a style modelled on the decadence of Italian prose. Euphuism, as the new fashion has been styled from the prose romance of Euphues in which Lyly originated it, is best known to modern readers by the pitiless caricature with which Shakspere quizzed its pedantry, its affectation, the meaningless monotony of its far-fetched phrase, the absurdity of its extravagant conceits. Its representative, Armado, in "Love's Labor's Lost," is "a man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight," "that hath a mint of phrases in his brain; one whom the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony." But its very extravagance sprang from the general burst of delight in the new resources of thought and language which literature felt to be at its disposal; and the new sense of literary beauty which its affectation, its love of a "mint of phrases" and the "music of its own vain tongue" disclose — the new sense of pleasure in delicacy or grandeur of phrase, in the structure and arrangement of sentences, in what has been termed the atmosphere of words — was a sense out of which style was itself to spring. For a time, euphuism had it all its own way. Elizabeth was the most affected and detestable of euphuists; and "that beauty in court which could not parley euphuism," a courtier of Charles the

First's time tells us, "was as little regarded as she that now there speaks not French." The fashion, however, passed away, but the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney shows the wonderful advance which prose had made. Sidney, the nephew of Lord Leicester, was the idol of his time, and perhaps no figure reflects the age more fully and more beautifully. Fair as he was brave, quick of wit as of affection, noble and generous in temper, dear to Elizabeth as to Spenser, the darling of the Court and of the camp, his learning and his genius made him the centre of the literary world which was springing into birth on English soil. He had travelled in France and Italy, he was master alike of the older learning and of the new discoveries of astronomy. Bruno dedicated to him as to a friend his metaphysical speculations; he was familiar with the drama of Spain, the poems of Ronsard, the sonnets of Italy. He combined the wisdom of a grave councillor with the romantic chivalry of a knight-errant. "I never heard the old story of Percy and Douglas," he says, "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." He flung away his life to save the English army in Flanders, and as he lay dying they brought a cup of water to his fevered lips. Sidney bade them give it to a soldier who was stretched on the ground beside him. "Thy necessity," he said, "is greater than mine." The whole of Sidney's nature, his chivalry and his learning, his thirst for adventures, his tendency to extravagance, his freshness of tone, his tenderness and childlike simplicity of heart, his affectation and false sentiment, his keen sense of pleasure and delight, pours itself out in the pastoral medley, forced, tedious, and yet strangely beautiful, of his "Arcadia." In his "Defence of Poetry" the youthful exuberance of the romancer has passed into the earnest vigor and grandiose stateliness of the rhetorician. But whether in the one work or the other, the flexibility, the music, the luminous clearness of Sidney's style, remain the same. But the quickness and vivacity of English prose were first developed in the school of Italian imitators who appeared in Elizabeth's later years. The origin of English fiction is to be found in the tales and romances with which Greene and Nash crowded the market, models for which they found in the Italian novels. The brief forms of these novelettes soon led to the appearance of the "pamphlet;" and a new world of readers was seen in the rapidity with which the stories or scurrilous libels which passed under this name were issued, and the greediness with which

they were devoured. It was the boast of Greene that in the eight years before his death he had produced forty pamphlets. "In a night or a day would he have yarked up a pamphlet, as well as in seven years, and glad was that printer that might be blest to pay him dear for the very dregs of his wit." Modern eyes see less of the wit than of the dregs in the works of Greene and his compeers; but the attacks which Nash directed against the Puritans and his rivals were the first English works which shook utterly off the pedantry and extravagance of euphuism. In his lightness, his facility, his vivacity, his directness of speech, we have the beginning of popular literature. It had descended from the closet to the street, and the very change implied that the street was ready to receive it. The abundance, indeed, of printers and of printed books at the close of the Queen's reign shows that the world of readers and writers had widened far beyond the small circle of scholars and courtiers with which it began.

We shall have to review at a later time the great poetic burst for which this intellectual advance was paving the way, and the moral and religious change which was passing over the country through the progress of Puritanism. But both the intellectual and the religious impulse of the age united with the influence of its growing wealth to revive a spirit of independence in the nation at large, a spirit which it was impossible for Elizabeth to understand, but the strength of which her wonderful tact enabled her to feel. Long before any open conflict arose between the people and the Crown, we see her instinctive perception of the change around her in the modifications, conscious or unconscious, which she introduced into the system of the new monarchy. Of its usurpations on English liberty she abandoned none, but she curtailed and softened down almost all. She tampered, as her predecessors had tampered, with personal freedom; there were the same straining of statutes and coercion of juries in political trials as before, and an arbitrary power of imprisonment was still exercised by the Council. The duties she imposed on cloth and sweet wines were an assertion of her right of arbitrary taxation. Royal proclamations constantly assumed the force of law. In one part of her policy indeed Elizabeth seemed to fall resolutely back from the constitutional attitude assumed by the Tudor sovereigns. Ever since Cromwell's time the Parliament had been convened almost year by year as a great engine of justice and legis-

lation, but Elizabeth recurred to the older jealousy of the two houses which had been entertained by Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and Wolsey. Her parliaments were summoned at intervals of never less than three, and sometimes of nine, years, and never save on urgent necessity. Practically, however, the royal power was wielded with a caution and moderation that showed the sense of a gathering difficulty in the full exercise of it. The ordinary course of justice was left undisturbed. The jurisdiction of the Council was asserted almost exclusively over the Catholics; and defended, in their case, as a precaution against pressing dangers. The proclamations issued were temporary in character and of small importance. The two duties imposed were so slight as to pass almost unnoticed in the general satisfaction at Elizabeth's abstinence from internal taxation. The benevolences and forced loans which brought home the sense of tyranny to the subjects of her predecessors were absolutely abandoned. She treated the privy seals, which on emergencies she issued for advances to her exchequer, simply as anticipations of her revenue (like our own exchequer bills), and punctually repaid them. The monopolies with which she had fettered trade proved a more serious grievance; but during her earlier reign they were looked on as a part of the system of merchant associations, which were at that time regarded as necessary for the regulation and protection of the growing commerce. Her thrift enabled her to defray the current expenses of the Crown from its ordinary revenues. But the thrift was dictated not so much by economy as by the desire to avoid any summoning of Parliament. The Queen saw that the "management" of the two Houses, so easy to Cromwell, was becoming more difficult every day. The rise of a new nobility, enriched by the spoils of the Church and trained to political life among the perils of the religious changes, had given a fresh vigor to the Lords. A curious proof of the increased wealth of the country gentry, as well as of their increased desire to obtain a seat in the Commons, was shown by the cessation at this time of the old practice of payment of members by their constituencies. A change too in the borough representation, which had long been in progress, but was now for the first time legally recognized, tended greatly to increase the vigor and independence of the Lower House. The members for boroughs had been required by the terms of the older writs to be chosen among their burgesses; and an act of Henry the Fifth gave this custom the force of law. But the passing of the act shows that it was already

widely infringed; and by the time of Elizabeth most borough seats were filled by strangers, often nominees of the great landowners round, but for the most part men of wealth and blood, whose aim in entering Parliament was a purely political one. So changed, indeed, was the tone of the Commons, even as early as the close of Henry's reign, that Edward and Mary both fell back on the prerogative of the Crown to create boroughs, and summoned members from fresh constituencies, which were often mere villages, and wholly in the hands of the Crown. But this "packing of the House" had still to be continued by their successor. The large number of such members whom Elizabeth had called into the Commons, sixty-two in all, was a proof of the increasing difficulty which was now experienced by the Government in securing a working majority.

Had Elizabeth lived in quiet times her thrift would have saved her from the need of summoning Parliament at all. But the perils of her reign drove her at rare intervals to the demand of a subsidy, and each demand of a subsidy forced her to assemble the Houses. Constitutionally the policy of Cromwell had had this special advantage, that at the very crisis of our liberties it had acknowledged and confirmed by repeated instances, for its own purposes of arbitrary rule, the traditional right of Parliament to grant subsidies, to enact laws, and to consider and petition for the redress of grievances. These rights remained, while the power which had turned them into a mere engine of despotism was growing weaker year by year. Not only did the Parliament of Elizabeth put its powers in force as fully as the Parliament of Cromwell, but the historical tendency which we have noticed, the tendency of the age to fall back on former times for precedents, soon led to a reclaiming of privileges which had died away under the new monarchy. During the reign of Elizabeth the House of Commons gradually succeeded in protecting its members from all arrest during its sessions, save by permission of the House itself, and won the rights of punishing and expelling members for crimes committed within the House, and of determining all matters relating to their election. The more important claim of freedom of speech brought on a series of petty conflicts which showed Elizabeth's instincts of despotism, as well as her sense of the new power which despotism had to face. In the great crisis of the Darnley marriage Mr. Dutton defied a royal prohibition to mention the subject of the succession by a hot denunciation of the Scottish claim. Elizabeth at once ordered him

into arrest, but the Commons prayed for leave "to confer upon their liberties," and the Queen ordered his release. In the same spirit she commanded Mr. Strickland, the mover of a bill for the reform of the Common Prayer, to appear no more in Parliament; but as soon as she perceived that the temper of the Commons was bent upon his restoration the command was withdrawn. On the other hand, the Commons still shrank from any violent defiance of Elizabeth's assumption of control over freedom of speech. The bold protest of a Puritan member, Peter Wentworth, against it was met by the House itself with a committal to the Tower; and the yet bolder questions which he addressed to a later Parliament, "whether this Council is not a place for every member of the same freely and without control, by bill or speech, to utter any of the griefs of the commonwealth?" brought on him a fresh imprisonment at the hands of the Council, which lasted till the dissolution of the Parliament, and with which the Commons declined to interfere. But while vacillating in its assertion of the rights of individual speakers, the House steadily claimed for itself the right to consider three cardinal subjects, the treatment of which had been regarded by every Tudor sovereign as lying exclusively within the competence of the Crown. "Matters of state," as the higher political questions of the time were called, were jealously reserved for the royal cognizance alone; but the question of the succession became too vital to English freedom and English religion to remain confined within Elizabeth's council-chamber. At the opening of her reign the Commons humbly petitioned for the declaration of a successor and for the Queen's marriage; and in spite of her rebuke and evasive answers, both Houses on their meeting four years after joined in the same demand. Her consciousness of the real dangers of such a request united with her arbitrary temper to move Elizabeth to a burst of passionate anger. The marriage indeed she promised, but she peremptorily forbade the subject of the succession to be approached. Wentworth at once rose in the Commons to know whether such a prohibition was not "against the liberties of Parliament?" and the question was followed by a hot debate. A fresh message from the Queen commanded "that there should be no further argument," but the message was met by a request for freedom of deliberation. Elizabeth's prudence taught her that retreat was necessary; she protested that "she did not mean to prejudice any part of the liberties heretofore granted to them;" she softened the order of silence into a

request; and the Commons, won by the graceful concession to a loyal assent, received her message "most joyfully, and with most hearty prayers and thanks for the same." But the victory was none the less a real one. No such struggle had taken place between the Commons and the Crown since the beginning of the new monarchy, and the struggle had ended in the virtual defeat of the Crown. It was the prelude to a claim yet more galling to Elizabeth. Like the rest of the Tudor sovereigns, she held her ecclesiastical supremacy to be a purely personal power, with her administration of which neither Parliament nor even her Council had any right to interfere. But the exclusion of the Catholic gentry through the Test acts, and the growth of Puritanism among the land-owners as a class, gave more and more a Protestant tone to the Commons; and it was easy to remember that the supremacy which was thus jealously guarded from Parliamentary interference had been conferred on the Crown by a Parliamentary statute. Here, however, the Queen, as the religious representative of the two parties who made up her subjects, stood on firmer ground than the Commons, who represented but one of them. And she used her advantage boldly. The bills proposed by the Puritans for the reform of the Common Prayer were at her command delivered up into her hands and suppressed. Wentworth, the most outspoken of his party, was, as we have seen, imprisoned in the Tower; and in a later Parliament the Speaker was expressly forbidden to receive bills "for reforming the Church, and transforming the commonwealth." In spite of these obstacles, however, the effort for reform continued, and though crushed by the Crown or set aside by the Lords, ecclesiastical bills were presented in every Parliament. A better fortune awaited the Commons in their attack on the royal prerogative in matters of trade. Complaints made of the licenses and monopolies, by which internal and external commerce were fettered, were at first repressed by a royal reprimand as matters neither pertaining to the Commons nor within the compass of their understanding. When the subject was again stirred, nearly twenty years afterward, Sir Edward Hoby was sharply rebuked by "a great personage" for his complaint of the illegal exactions made by the exchequer. But the Bill which he promoted was sent up to the Lords in spite of this, and at the close of Elizabeth's reign the storm of popular indignation which had been roused by the growing grievance nerved the Commons to a decisive struggle. It was in vain that the minis-

ters opposed the bill for the abolition of monopolies, and after four days of vehement debate the tact of Elizabeth taught her to give way. She acted with her usual ability, declared her previous ignorance of the existence of the evil, thanked the House for its interference, and quashed at a single blow every monopoly that she had granted.

The Elizabethan Poets.

(From "The History of the English People.")

We have already watched the shy revival of English letters during the earlier half of Elizabeth's reign. The general awakening of national life, the increase of wealth, of refinement and leisure, which marked that period, had been accompanied, as we have seen, by a quickening of English intelligence, which found vent in an upgrowth of grammar schools, in the new impulse given to classical learning at the universities, in a passion for translations, which familiarized all England with the masterpieces of Italy and Greece, and above all in the crude but vigorous efforts of Sackville and Lyly after a nobler poetry and prose. But to these local and peculiar influences was to be added a more general influence, that of the restlessness and curiosity which characterized the age. The sphere of human interest was widened as it had never been widened before or since by the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth. It was only in the later years of the sixteenth century that the discoveries of Copernicus were brought home to the general intelligence of the world by Kepler and Galileo, or that the daring of the buccaneers broke through the veil which the greed of Spain had drawn across the New World of Columbus. Hardly inferior to these revelations as a source of poetic impulse was the sudden and picturesque way in which the various races of the world were brought face to face with one another through the universal passion for foreign travel. While the red tribes of the West were described by Amerigo Vespucci, and the strange civilization of Mexico and Peru disclosed by Cortez and Pizarro, the voyages of the Portuguese threw open the older splendors of the East, and the story of India and China was told for the first time to Christendom by Maffei and Mendoza. England took her full part in this work of discovery. Jenkinson, an English traveller, made his way to Bokhara. Willoughby brought back Muscovy to the knowledge of Western Europe. English mariners penetrated among the Esquimaux,

or settled in Virginia. Drake circumnavigated the globe. The "Collection of Voyages," which was published by Hakluyt, not only disclosed the vastness of the world itself, but the infinite number of the races of mankind, the variety of their laws, their customs, their religions, their very instincts. We see the influence of this new and wider knowledge of the world, not only in the life and richness which it gave to the imagination of the time, but in the immense interest which from this moment attached itself to man. Shakspere's conception of Caliban, as well as the questionings of Montaigne, mark the beginning of a new and a truer, because a more inductive, philosophy of human nature and human history. The fascination exercised by the study of human character showed itself in the essays of Bacon, and yet more in the wonderful popularity of the drama. And to these larger and world-wide sources of poetic powers was added in England, at the moment which we have reached in its story, the impulse which sprang from national triumph. The victory over the Armada, the deliverance from Spain, the rolling away of the Catholic terror which had hung like a cloud over the hopes of the new people, was like a passing from death into life. The whole aspect of England suddenly changed. As yet the interest of Elizabeth's reign had been political and material; the stage had been crowded with statesmen and warriors — with Cecils, and Walsinghams, and Drakes. Literature had hardly found a place in the glories of the time. But from the moment when the Armada drifted back broken to Ferrol the figures of warriors and statesmen were dwarfed by the grander figures of poets and philosophers. Amid the throng in Elizabeth's antechamber the noblest form is that of the singer who lays the "Faerie Queen" at her feet, or of the young lawyer who muses amid the splendors of the presence over the problems of the "Novum Organon." The triumph of Cadiz, the conquest of Ireland, pass unheeded as we watch Hooker building up his "Ecclesiastical Polity" among the sheepfolds, or the genius of Shakspere rising year by year into supremer grandeur in a rude theatre beside the Thames.

The full glory of the new literature broke on England with Edmund Spenser. We know little of his life; he was born in East London of poor parents, but connected with the Spensers of Althorpe, even then, as he proudly says, "a house of ancient fame." He studied as a sizar at Cambridge, and quitted the university, while still a boy, to live as tutor in the North; but after some years of obscure poverty the scorn of a fair "Rosa-

lind" drove him again southward. A college friendship with Gabriel Harvey served to introduce him to Lord Leicester, who sent him as his envoy into France, and in whose service he first became acquainted with Leicester's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney. From Sidney's house at Penshurst came his earliest work, "The Shepherd's Calendar;" in form like Sidney's own "Arcadia," a pastoral, where love and loyalty and Puritanism jostled oddly with the fancied shepherd life. The peculiar melody and profuse imagination which the pastoral disclosed at once placed its author in the forefront of living poets, but a far greater work was already in hand; and from some words of Gabriel Harvey's we see Spenser bent on rivalling Ariosto, and even hoping "to overgo" the "Orlando Furioso," in his "Elvish Queen." The ill-will or indifference of Burleigh, however, blasted the expectations he had drawn from the patronage of Sidney or the Earl of Leicester, and the favor with which he had been welcomed by the Queen. Sidney, himself in disgrace with Elizabeth, withdrew to Wilton to write the "Arcadia," by his sister's side; and "discontent of my long fruitless stay in princes' courts," the poet tells us, "and expectation vain of idle hopes," drove Spenser at last into exile. He followed Lord Grey as his secretary into Ireland, and remained there on the deputy's recall in the enjoyment of an office and a grant of land from the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond. Spenser had thus enrolled himself among the colonists to whom England was looking at the time for the regeneration of Southern Ireland, and the practical interest he took in the "barren soil where cold and want and poverty do grow" was shown by the later publication of a prose tractate on the condition and government of the island. It was at Dublin or in his castle of Kilcolman, two miles from Doneraile, "under the fall of Mole, that mountain hoar," that he spent the memorable years in which Mary fell on the scaffold and the Armada came and went; and it was in the latter home that Walter Raleigh found him sitting "alwaies idle," as it seemed to his restless friend, "among the cooly shades of the green alders by the Mulla's shore," in a visit made memorable by the poem of "Colin Clout's come Home again." But in the "idlesse" and solitude of the poet's exile the great work begun in the two pleasant years of his stay at Penshurst had at last taken form, and it was to publish the first three books of the "Faerie Queen" that Spenser returned in Raleigh's company to London.

The appearance of the "Faerie Queen" is the one critical event in the annals of English poetry; it settled, in fact, the question whether there was to be such a thing as English poetry or not. The older national verse which had blossomed and died in Caedmon sprang suddenly into a grander life in Chaucer, but it closed again in a yet more complete death. Across the border, indeed, the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century preserved something of their master's vivacity and color, and in England itself the Italian poetry of the Renascence had of late found echoes in Surrey and Sidney. The new English drama, too, as we shall presently see, was beginning to display its wonderful powers, and the work of Marlowe had already prepared the way for the work of Shakspere. But bright as was the promise of coming song, no great imaginative poem had broken the silence of English literature for nearly two hundred years when Spenser landed at Bristol with the "Faerie Queen." From that moment the stream of English poetry has flowed on without a break. There have been times, as in the years which immediately followed, when England has "become a nest of singing birds;" there have been times when song was scant and poor; but there never has been a time when England was wholly without a singer. The new English verse has been true to the source from which it sprang, and Spenser has always been "the poet's poet." But in his own day he was the poet of England at large. The "Faerie Queen" was received with a burst of general welcome. It became "the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier." The poem expressed, indeed, the very life of the time. It was with a true poetic instinct that Spenser fell back for the frame-work of his story on the fairy world of Celtic romance, whose wonder and mystery had in fact become the truest picture of the wonder and mystery of the world around him. In the age of Cortez and of Raleigh dream-land had ceased to be dream-land, and no marvel or adventure that befell lady or knight was stranger than the tales which weather-beaten mariners from the Southern seas were telling every day to grave merchants upon 'Change. The very incongruities of the story of Arthur and his knighthood, strangely as it had been built up out of the rival efforts of bard and jongleur and priest, made it the fittest vehicle for the expression of the world of incongruous feeling which we call the Renascence. To modern eyes perhaps there is something grotesque in the strange medley of figures which crowd the

canvas of the "Faerie Queen," in its fauns dancing on the sward where knights have hurtled together, in its alternation of the salvage-men from the New World with the satyrs of classic mythology, in the giants, dwarfs, and monsters of popular fancy, who jostle with the nymphs of Greek legend and the damosels of mediæval romance. But, strange as the medley is, it reflects truly enough the stranger medley of warring ideals and irreconcilable impulses which made up the life of Spenser's contemporaries. It was not in the "Faerie Queen" only, but in the world which it portrayed, that the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages stood face to face with the intellectual freedom of the Revival of Letters, that asceticism and self-denial cast their spell on imaginations growing with the sense of varied and inexhaustible existence, that the dreamy and poetic refinement of feeling which expressed itself in the fanciful unrealities of chivalry coexisted with the rough practical energy that sprang from an awakening sense of human power, or the lawless extravagance of an idealized friendship and love with the moral sternness and elevation which England was drawing from the Reformation and the Bible. But strangely contrasted as are the elements of the poem, they are harmonized by the calmness and serenity which is the note of the "Faerie Queen." The world of the Renascence is around us, but it is ordered, refined, and calmed by the poet's touch. The warmest scenes which he borrows from the Italian verse of his day are idealized into purity; the very struggle of the men around him is lifted out of its pettier accidents, and raised into a spiritual oneness with the struggle in the soul itself. There are allusions in plenty to contemporary events, but the contest between Elizabeth and Mary takes ideal form in that of Una and the false Duessa, and the clash of arms between Spain and the Huguenots comes to us faint and hushed through the serener air. The verse, like the story, rolls on as by its own natural power, without haste or effort or delay. The gorgeous coloring, the profuse and often complex imagery which Spenser's imagination lavishes, leave no sense of confusion in the reader's mind. Every figure, strange as it may be, is seen clearly and distinctly as it passes by. It is in this calmness, this serenity, this spiritual elevation of the "Faerie Queen," that we feel the new life of the coming age moulding into ordered and harmonious form the life of the Renascence. Both in its conception, and in the way in which this conception is realized

in the portion of his work which Spenser completed, his poem strikes the note of the coming Puritanism. In his earlier pastoral, "The Shepherd's Calendar," the poet had boldly taken his part with the more advanced Reformers against the Church policy of the Court. He had chosen Archbishop Grindal, who was then in disgrace for his Puritan sympathies, as his model of a Christian pastor; and attacked with sharp invective the pomp of the higher clergy. His "Faerie Queen," in its religious theory, is Puritan to the core. The worst foe of its "Red-cross Knight" is the false and scarlet-clad Duessa of Rome, who parts him for a while from Truth and leads him to the house of Ignorance. Spenser presses strongly and pitilessly for the execution of Mary Stuart. No bitter word ever breaks the calm of his verse save when it touches on the perils with which Catholicism was environing England, perils before which his knight must fall "were not that Heavenly Grace doth him uphold and steadfast Truth acquite him out of all." But it is yet more in the temper and aim of his work that we catch the nobler and deeper tones of English Puritanism. In his earlier musings at Penshurst the poet had purposed to surpass Ariosto, but the gayety of Ariosto's song is utterly absent from his own. Not a ripple of laughter breaks the calm surface of Spenser's verse. He is habitually serious, and the seriousness of his poetic tone reflects the seriousness of his poetic purpose. His aim, he tells us, was to represent the moral virtues, to assign to each its knightly patron, so that its excellence might be expressed and its contrary vice trodden underfoot by deeds of arms and chivalry. In knight after knight of the twelve he purposed to paint, he wished to embody some single virtue of the virtuous man in its struggle with the faults and errors which specially beset it; till in Arthur, the sum of the whole company, man might have been seen perfected, in his longing and progress toward the "Faerie Queen," the Divine Glory which is the true end of human effort. The largeness of his culture indeed, his exquisite sense of beauty, and above all the very intensity of his moral enthusiasm, saved Spenser from the narrowness and exaggeration which often distorted goodness into unloveliness in the Puritan. Christian as he is to the core, his Christianity is enriched and fertilized by the larger temper of the Renascence, as well as by a poet's love of the natural world in which the older mythologies struck their roots. Diana and the gods of heathendom take a

sacred tinge from the purer sanctities of the new faith; and in one of the greatest songs of the "Faerie Queen," the conception of love widens, as it widened in the mind of a Greek, into the mighty thought of the productive energy of nature. Spenser borrows in fact the delicate and refined forms of the Platonist philosophy to express his own moral enthusiasm. Not only does he love, as others have loved, all that is noble and pure and of good report, but he is fired as none before or after him have been fired with a passionate sense of moral beauty. Justice, Temperance, Truth, are no mere names to him, but real existences to which his whole nature clings with a rapturous affection. Outer beauty he believed to spring, and loved because it sprang, from the beauty of the soul within. There was much in such a moral protest as this to rouse dislike in any age, but it is the glory of the age of Elizabeth that, "mad world" as in many ways it was, all that was noble welcomed the "Faerie Queen." Elizabeth herself, says Spenser, "to mine open pipe inclined her ear," and bestowed a pension on the poet. He soon returned to Ireland, to commemorate his marriage in sonnets and the most beautiful of bridal songs, and to complete three more books of his poem among love and poverty and troubles from his Irish neighbors. Trouble was, indeed, soon to take a graver form. Spenser was still at work on the "Faerie Queen" when the Irish discontent broke into revolt, and the poet escaped from his burning house to fly to England, and to die broken-hearted, it may be — as Jonson says — "for want of bread," in an inn at Westminster.

If the "Faerie Queen" expressed the higher elements of the Elizabethan age, the whole of that age, its lower elements and its higher alike, was expressed in the English drama. We have already pointed out the circumstances which everywhere throughout Europe were giving a poetic impulse to the newly-aroused intelligence of men, and it is remarkable that this impulse everywhere took a dramatic shape. The artificial French tragedy which began about this time with Garnier was not, indeed, destined to exert any influence over English poetry till a later age; but the influence of the Italian comedy, which had begun half a century earlier with Machiavelli and Ariosto, was felt directly through the *novelle*, or stories, which served as plots for the dramatists. It left its stamp indeed on some of the worst characteristics of the English stage. The features of our drama that startled the moral temper of the time and

won the deadly hatred of the Puritan, its grossness and profanity, its tendency to scenes of horror and crime, its profuse employment of cruelty and lust as grounds of dramatic action, its daring use of the horrible and the unnatural whenever they enable it to display the more terrible and revolting sides of human passion, were derived from the Italian stage. It is doubtful how much the English playwrights may have owed to the Spanish drama, that under Lope and Cervantes sprang suddenly into a grandeur which almost rivalled their own. In the intermixture of tragedy and comedy, in the abandonment of the solemn uniformity of poetic diction for the colloquial language of real life, the use of unexpected incidents, the complications of their plots and intrigues, the dramas of England and Spain are remarkably alike; but the likeness seems rather to have sprung from a similarity in the circumstances to which both owed their rise, than from any direct connection of the one with the other. The real origin of the English drama, in fact, lay not in any influence from without, but in the influence of England itself. The temper of the nation was dramatic. Ever since the Reformation, the Palace, the Inns of Court, and the University had been vying with one another in the production of plays; and so early was their popularity that even under Henry the Eighth it was found necessary to create a "master of the revels" to supervise them. Every progress of Elizabeth from shire to shire was a succession of shows and interludes. Dian with her nymphs met the Queen as she returned from hunting; Love presented her with his golden arrow as she passed through the gates of Norwich. From the earlier years of her reign, the new spirit of the Renascence had been pouring itself into the rough mould of the mystery plays, whose allegorical virtues and vices, or Scriptural heroes and heroines, had handed on the spirit of the drama through the Middle Ages. Adaptations from classical pieces soon began to alternate with the purely religious "moralities;" and an attempt at a livelier style of expression and invention appeared in the popular comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle;" while Sackville, Lord Dorset, in his tragedy of "Gorbeduc" made a bold effort at sublimity of diction, and introduced the use of blank verse as the vehicle of dramatic dialogue. But it was not to these tentative efforts of scholars and nobles that the English stage was really indebted for the amazing outburst of genius which dates from the moment when "the Earl of Leicester's

servants" erected the first public theatre in Blackfriars. It was the people itself that created its stage. The theatre, indeed, was commonly only the courtyard of an inn, or a mere booth such as is still seen at a country fair; the bulk of the audience sat beneath the open sky in the "pit" or yard; a few covered seats in the galleries which ran round it formed the boxes of the wealthier spectators, while patrons and nobles found seats upon the actual boards. All the appliances were of the roughest sort: a few flowers served to indicate a garden, crowds and armies were represented by a dozen scene-shifters with swords and bucklers, heroes rode in and out on hobby-horses, and a scroll on a post told whether the scene was at Athens or London. There were no female actors, and the grossness which startles us in words which fell from women's lips took a different color when every woman's part was acted by a boy. But difficulties such as these were more than compensated by the popular character of the drama itself. Rude as the theatre might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below. The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the life-like medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterized the English stage. The new drama represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The people itself brought its nobleness and its vileness to the boards. No stage was ever so human, no poetic life so intense. Wild, reckless, defiant of all past tradition, of all conventional laws, the English dramatists owned no teacher, no source of poetic inspiration, but the people itself.

Few events in our literary history are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theatre, as we have seen, was erected only in the middle of the Queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theatres existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets, many of the first order, appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theatres by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period,

and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people. Almost all of the new playwrights were fairly educated, and many were university men. But, instead of courtly singers of the Sidney and Spenser sort, we see the advent of the "poor scholar." The earlier dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene, and Marlowe, were for the most part poor, and reckless in their poverty; wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, "atheists" in general repute, "holding Moses for a juggler," haunting the brothel and the ale-house, and dying starved or in tavern brawls. But with their appearance began the Elizabethan drama. The few plays which have reached us of an earlier date are either cold imitations of the classical and Italian comedy, or rude farces like "Ralph Roister Doister," or tragedies such as "Gorboduc," where, poetic as occasional passages may be, there is little promise of dramatic development. But in the year which preceded the coming of the Armada the whole aspect of the stage suddenly changes, and the new dramatists range themselves around two men of very different genius, Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe. Of Greene, as the creator of our lighter English prose, we have already spoken. But his work as a poet was of yet greater importance. No figure better paints the group of young playwrights. He left Cambridge to travel through Italy and Spain, and to bring back the debauchery of the one and the scepticism of the other. In the words of remorse he wrote before his death he paints himself as a drunkard and a roisterer, winning money only by ceaseless pamphlets and plays to waste it on wine and women, and drinking the cup of life to the dregs. Hell and the afterworld were the butts of his ceaseless mockery. If he had not feared the judges of the Queen's courts more than he feared God, he said, in bitter jest, he should often have turned cutpurse. He married, and loved his wife, but she was soon deserted; and the wretched profligate found himself again plunged into excesses which he loathed, though he could not live without them. But wild as was the life of Greene, his pen was pure. He is steadily on virtue's side in the love pamphlets and novelettes he poured out in endless succession, and whose plots were dramatized by the school which gathered round him. His keen perception of character and the relations

of social life, the playfulness of his fancy, and the liveliness of his style exerted an influence on his contemporaries hardly inferior to that of Marlowe. The life of Marlowe was as riotous, his scepticism even more daring, than the life and scepticism of Greene. His early death alone saved him, in all probability, from a prosecution for atheism. He was charged with calling Moses a juggler, and with boasting that, if he undertook to write a new religion, it should be a better religion than the Christianity he saw around him. But in a far higher degree than Greene he is the creator of the English drama. Born at the opening of Elizabeth's reign, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, but educated at Cambridge, Marlowe burst on the world, in the year which preceded the triumph over the Armada, with a play which at once wrought a revolution in the English stage. Bombastic and extravagant as it was, and extravagance reached its height in the scene where captive kings, the "pampered jades of Asia," drew their conqueror's car across the stage, "Tamburlaine" not only indicated the revolt of the new drama against the timid inanities of euphuism, but gave an earnest of that imaginative daring, the secret of which Marlow was to bequeath to the playwrights who followed him. He perished at thirty in a shameful brawl, but in his brief career he had struck the grander notes of the coming drama. His "Jew of Malta" was the herald of Shylock. He opened in "Edward the Second" the series of historical plays which gave us "Cæsar" and "Richard the Third." Riotous, grotesque, and full of a mad thirst for pleasure as it is, his "Faustus" was the first dramatic attempt to touch the great problem of the relations of man to the unseen world, to paint the power of doubt in a temper leavened with superstition, the daring of human defiance in a heart abandoned to despair. Rash, unequal, stooping even to the ridiculous in his cumbrous and vulgar buffoonery, there is a force in Marlowe, a conscious grandeur of tone, a range of passion, which set him above all his contemporaries save one. In the higher qualities of imagination, as in the majesty and sweetness of his "mighty line," he is inferior to Shakspere alone.

A few daring jests, a brawl and a fatal stab, make up the life of Marlowe; but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakspere. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly

false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote, remains to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing perhaps to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its trace on the memory of his contemporaries; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the Sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.

He was born in the sixth year of Elizabeth's reign, twelve years after the birth of Spenser, three years later than the birth of Bacon. Marlowe was of the same age with Shakspere; Greene probably a few years older. His father, a glover and small farmer of Stratford-on-Avon, was forced by poverty to lay down his office of alderman, as his son reached boyhood; and the stress of poverty may have been the cause which drove William Shakspere, who was already married at eighteen to a wife older than himself, to London and the stage. His life in the capital is said (but the statement is mere guesswork) to have begun in his twenty-third year, the memorable year which followed Sidney's death, which preceded the coming of the Armada, and which witnessed the production of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." If we take the language of the Sonnets as a record of his personal feeling, his new profession as an actor stirred in him only the bitterness of self-contempt. He chides with Fortune, "that did not better for my life provide than public means that public manners breed;" he writhes at the thought that he has "made himself a motley to the view" of the gaping apprentices in the pit of Blackfriars. "Thence comes it," he adds, "that my name receives a brand, and almost thence my nature is subdued to that it works in." But the application of the words is a more than doubtful one. In

spite of petty squabbles with some of his dramatic rivals at the outset of his career, the genial nature of the new-comer seems to have won him a general love among his fellow-actors. In his early years, while still a mere fitter of old plays for the stage, a fellow-playwright, Chettle, answered Greene's attack on him in words of honest affection: "Myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which augurs his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." His partner Burbage spoke of him after death as a "worthy friend and fellow;" and Jonson handed down the general tradition of his time when he described him as "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

His profession as an actor was at any rate of essential service to him in the poetic career which he soon undertook. Not only did it give him the sense of theatrical necessities which makes his plays so effective on the boards, but it enabled him to bring his pieces as he wrote them to the test of the stage. If there is any truth in Jonson's statement that Shakspere never blotted a line, there is no justice in the censure which it implies on his carelessness or incorrectness. The conditions of poetic publication were in fact wholly different from those of our own day. A drama remained for years in manuscript as an acting piece, subject to continual revision and amendment; and every rehearsal and representation afforded hints for change, which we know the young poet was far from neglecting. The chance which has preserved an earlier edition of his "Hamlet" shows in what an unsparing way Shakspere could recast even the finest products of his genius. Five years after the supposed date of his arrival in London, he was already famous as a dramatist. Greene speaks bitterly of him, under the name of "Shakescene," as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a sneer which points to a time when the young author was preparing himself for loftier flights by fitting older pieces of his predecessors for the stage. He was soon partner in the theatre, actor, and playwright; and another nickname, that of "Johannes Factotum," or Jack of all Trades, shows his readiness to take all honest work which came to hand. "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus" are probably instances of almost worthless but popular plays touched up with a few additions from Shakspere's pen; and of the Second and Third Parts

SHAKESPEARE AT THE COURT OF ELIZABETH

From a painting by Ed. Ender

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of "Henry the Sixth" only about a third can be traced to him. The death scene of Cardinal Beaufort, though chosen by Reynolds in his famous picture as specially Shaksperian, is taken bodily from some older dramatist, Marlowe perhaps, or Peele, whom Shakspere was adapting for the stage.

With the poem of "Venus and Adonis," "the first heir of my invention," as he calls it, the period of independent creation fairly began. The date of its publication was a very memorable one. The "Faerie Queen" had appeared only three years before, and had placed Spenser, without a rival, at the head of English poetry. On the other hand, the two leading dramatists of the time passed at this moment suddenly away. Greene died in poverty and self-reproach in the house of a poor shoemaker. "Doll," he wrote to the wife he had abandoned, "I charge thee, by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succored me, I had died in the streets." "Oh, that a year were granted me to live!" cried the young poet from his bed of death — "but I must die, of every man abhorred! Time, loosely spent, will not again be won! My time is loosely spent — and I undone!" A year later, the death of Marlowe in a street brawl removed the only rival whose powers might have equalled Shakspere's own. He was now about thirty; and the twenty-three years which elapsed between the appearance of the "Adonis" and his death were filled with a series of masterpieces. Nothing is more characteristic of his genius than its incessant activity. Throughout the whole of this period he produced on an average two dramas a year, and this in addition to the changes and transformations he effected in those already brought on the stage. When we attempt, however, to trace the growth and progress of the poet's mind in the order of his plays we are met, at least in the case of many of them, by an absence of any real information as to the dates of their appearance, which is hardly compensated by the guesses of later inquirers. The facts on which conjecture has to build are indeed extremely few. "Venus and Adonis," with the "Lucrece," must have been written before their publication in 1593–94; the Sonnets, though not published till 1609, were known in some form among his private friends as early as 1598. His earlier plays are defined by a list given in the "Wit's Treasury" of Francis Meres in 1598, though the omission of a play from a casual catalogue of this kind would

hardly warrant us in assuming its necessary non-existence at the time. The works ascribed to him at his death are fixed, in the same approximate fashion, through the edition published by his fellow-actors. Beyond these meagre facts, and our knowledge of the publication of a few of his dramas in his lifetime, all is uncertain; and the conclusions which have been drawn from these, and from the dramas themselves, as well as from assumed resemblances with, or references to, other plays of the period can only be accepted as rough approximations to the truth. His lighter comedies and historical dramas can be assigned with fair probability to the period between 1593, when he was known as nothing more than an adapter, and 1598, when they are mentioned in the list of Meres. They bear on them indeed the stamp of youth. In "Love's Labor's Lost" the young playwright quizzes the verbal wit and high-flown extravagance of thought and phrase which Euphues had made fashionable in the court world of the time; his fun breaks almost riotously out in the practical jokes of the "Taming of the Shrew" and the endless blunderings of the "Comedy of Errors." His work is as yet marked by little poetic elevation, or by passion; but the easy grace of the dialogue, the dexterous management of a complicated story, the genial gayety of his tone, and the music of his verse, placed Shakspere at once at the head of his fellows as a master of social comedy. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which followed, perhaps, these earlier efforts, his painting of manners is suffused by a tenderness and ideal beauty, which formed an effective protest against the hard though vigorous character-painting which the first success of Ben Johnson in "Every Man in his Humor" brought at the time into fashion. Quick on these lighter comedies followed two, in which his genius started fully into life. His poetic power, held in reserve till now, showed itself with a splendid profusion in the brilliant fancies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and passion swept like a tide of resistless delight through "Romeo and Juliet." Side by side, however, with these delicate imaginings and piquant sketches of manners, had been appearing during this short interval of intense activity his historical dramas. No plays seem to have been more popular, from the earliest hours of the new stage, than dramatic representations of our history. Marlowe had shown in his "Edward the Second" what tragic grandeur could be reached in this favorite field; and, as we have seen, Shakspere had been led naturally toward it by his earlier occupation as an

adapter of stock pieces like "Henry the Sixth" for the new requirements of the stage. He still to some extent followed in plan the older plays on the subjects he selected, but in his treatment of their themes he shook boldly off the yoke of the past. A larger and deeper conception of human character than any of the old dramatists had reached displayed itself in Richard the Third, in Falstaff, or in Hotspur; while in Constance and Richard the Second the pathos of human suffering was painted as even Marlowe had never dared to paint it. No dramas have done more for his enduring popularity with the mass of Englishmen than these historical plays of Shakspere; echoing sometimes, as they do, much of our national prejudice and unfairness of temper (as in his miserable caricature of Joan of Arc), but instinct throughout with English humor, with an English love of hard fighting, an English faith in the doom that waits upon triumphant evil, and English pity for the fallen.

Whether as a tragedian or as a writer of social comedy, Shakspere had now passed far beyond his fellows. "The Muses," said Meres, "would speak with Shakspere's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English." His personal popularity was at its height. His pleasant temper, and the vivacity of his wit, had drawn him early into contact with the young Earl of Southampton, to whom his "Adonis" and "Lucrece" are dedicated; and the different tone of the two dedications shows how rapidly acquaintance ripened into an ardent friendship. It is probably to Southampton that the earlier sonnets were addressed during this period, while others may have been written in the character of his friend during the quickly changing phases of the Earl's adventurous life. His wealth, too, was growing fast. A year after the appearance of his two poems the dramatic company at Blackfriars, in which he was a partner as well as actor, built their new theatre of the Globe on the Bankside, and four years later he was rich enough to aid his father, and buy the house at Stratford which afterward became his home. The tradition that Elizabeth was so pleased with Falstaff in "Henry the Fourth" that she ordered the poet to show her Falstaff in love — an order which produced the "Merry Wives of Windsor" — whether true or false, shows his repute as a playwright. As the group of earlier poets passed away, they found successors in Marston, Dekker, Middleton, Heywood, and Chapman, and above all in Ben Jonson. But none of these could dispute the supremacy of Shakspere. The verdict of Meres in 1598, that "Shak-

spere among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage," represented the general feeling of his contemporaries. He was fully master at last of the resources of his art. "The Merchant of Venice" marks the perfection of his development as a dramatist in the completeness of its stage effect, the ingenuity of its incidents, the ease of its movement, the poetic beauty of its higher passages, the reserve and self-control with which its poetry is used, the conception and development of character, and above all the mastery with which character and event are grouped round the figure of Shylock. But the poet's temper is still young; the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is a burst of gay laughter; and laughter more tempered, yet full of a sweeter fascination, rings round us in "As You Like It." But in the melancholy and meditative Jacques of the last drama we feel the touch of a new and graver mood. Youth, so full and buoyant in the poet till now, seems to have passed almost suddenly away. Shakspere had nearly reached forty; and in one of his Sonnets, which cannot have been written at a much later time than this, there are indications that he already felt the advance of premature age. The outer world suddenly darkened around him; the brilliant circle of young nobles whose friendship he had shared was broken up by the political storm which burst in the mad struggle of the Earl of Essex for power. Essex himself fell on the scaffold; his friend and Shakspere's idol, Southampton, passed a prisoner into the Tower; Herbert, Lord Pembroke, the poet's younger patron, was banished from Court. Hard as it is to read the riddle of the Essex rising, we know that to some of the younger and more chivalrous minds of the age it seemed a noble effort to rescue England from intriguers who were gathering round the Queen; and in this effort Shakspere seems to have taken part. The production of his play of "Richard the Second" at the theatre was one of the means adopted by the conspirators to prepare the nation for the revolution they had contemplated; and the suspension of the players, on the suppression of the revolt, marks the Government's opinion as to the way their sympathies had gone. While friends were thus falling and hopes fading without, the poet's own mind seems to have been going through a phase of bitter suffering and unrest. In spite of the ingenuity of commentators, it is difficult and even impossible to derive any knowledge of Shakspere's inner history from the Sonnets; "the strange imagery of passion which

passes over the magic mirror," it has been finely said, "has no tangible evidence before or behind it;" but its mere passing is itself an evidence of the restlessness and agony within. The change in the character of his dramas gives a surer indication of his change of mood. "There seems to have been a period in Shakspere's life," says Mr. Hallam, "when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature which intercourse with unworthy associates by choice or circumstances peculiarly teaches, these as they sank down into the depth of his great mind seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear or Timon, but that of one primary character —the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, gazing with an undiminished serenity and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke in 'Measure for Measure.' In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amid feigned gayety and extravagance. In Lear it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon it is obscured by the exaggeration of misanthropy."

The "obstinate questionings of invisible things" which had given their philosophical cast to the wonderful group of dramas which had at last raised Shakspere to his post among the greatest of the world's poets, still hung round him in the years of quiet retirement which preceded his death. The wealth he had amassed as actor, stage proprietor, and author enabled him to purchase a handsome property at Stratford, the home of his youth, which, if we may trust tradition, he had never failed to visit once a year since he left it to seek his fortune on the London boards. His last dramas, "Othello," "The Tempest," "Cæsar," "Antony," "Coriolanus," were written in the midst of ease and competence, in the home where he lived as a country gentleman with his wife and daughters. His classical plays were the last assertion of an age which was passing away. The spirit of the Renascence was fading before the spirit of the

Reformation. Puritanism was hardening and narrowing, while it was invigorating and ennobling, life by its stern morality, its seriousness, its conviction of the omnipotence of God and of the weakness of man. The old daring which had turned England into a people of "adventurers," the sense of inexhaustible resources in the very nature of man, the buoyant freshness of youth, the intoxicating sense of beauty and joy, which had created Drake and Sidney and Marlowe, were dying with Shakspere himself. The Bible was superseding Plutarch. The pedantry of euphuism was giving way to the pedantry of Scriptural phrases. The "obstinate questionings of invisible things" which haunted the finer minds of the Renascence, were being stereotyped into the theological formulas of the Predestinarian. A new political world, healthier, more really national, but less picturesque, less wrapped in the mystery and splendor which poets love, was rising with the new moral world. Rifts which were still little were widening hour by hour, and threatening ruin to the great fabric of Church and State which Elizabeth had built up, and to which the men of the Renascence clung passionately. From all this new world of feeling and action Shakspere stood utterly aloof. Of the popular tendencies of Puritanism — and great as were its faults, Puritanism may fairly claim to be the first political system which recognized the grandeur of the people as a whole — Shakspere knew nothing. In his earlier dramas he had reflected the common faith of his age in the grandeur of kingship as the one national centre; in his later plays he represents the aristocratic view of social life which was shared by all the nobler spirits of the Elizabethan time. Coriolanus is the embodiment of a great noble; and the reiterated taunts which he hurls in play after play at the rabble only echo the general temper of the Renascence. Nor were the spiritual sympathies of the poet those of the coming time. While the world was turning more and more to the speculations of theology, man and man's nature remained to the last the one inexhaustible subject of interest with Shakspere, as it had been with his favorite, Montaigne. Caliban was his latest creation. It is impossible to discover whether his faith, if faith there were, was Catholic or Protestant. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether he had any religious belief or not. The religious phrases which are thinly scattered over his works are little more than expressions of a distant and imaginative reverence. And on the deeper grounds of religious faith his silence is sig-

nificant. He is silent, and the doubt of Hamlet deepens his silence, about the after-world. "To die," it may be, was to him as to Claudio, "to go we know not where." Often, at any rate, as his "questionings" turn to the riddle of life and death, he leaves it a riddle to the last, without heeding the common theological solutions around him. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

The contrast between the spirit of the Elizabethan drama and the new temper of the nation became yet stronger when the death of Shakspere left the sovereignty of the English stage to Ben Jonson. Jonson retained it almost to the moment when the drama itself perished in the storm of the Civil War. Webster and Ford, indeed, surpassed him in tragic grandeur, Massinger in facility and grace, Beaumont and Fletcher in poetry and inventiveness; but in the breadth of his dramatic quality, his range over every kind of poetic excellence, Jonson was excelled by Shakspere alone. His life retained to the last the riotous, defiant color of the earlier dramatic world in which he had made his way to fame. The step-son of a bricklayer, then a poor Cambridge scholar, he enlisted as a volunteer in the wars of the Low Countries, killed his man in single combat in sight of both armies, and returned at nineteen to London to throw himself on the stage for bread. At forty-five he was still so vigorous that he made his way to Scotland on foot. Even in old age his "mountain belley," his scarred face, and massive frame became famous among the men of a younger time, as they gathered at the "Mermaid" to listen to his wit, his poetry, his outbursts of spleen and generosity, of delicate fancy, of pedantry, of riotous excess. His entry on the stage was marked by a proud resolve to reform it. Already a fine scholar in early manhood, and disdainful of writers who, like Shakspere, knew "small Latin and less Greek," Jonson aimed at a return to classic severity, to a severer criticism and taste. He blamed the extravagance which marked the poetry around him, he studied his plots, he gave symmetry and regularity to his sentences and conciseness to his phrase. But creativeness disappears: in his social comedies we are among qualities and types rather than men, among abstractions and not characters. His comedy is no genial reflection of life as it is, but a moral, satirical effort to reform manners. It is only his wonderful grace and real poetic feeling that lighten all this pedantry. He shares the vigor and buoyancy of life which distinguished the school from which he sprang. His stage is thronged with figures. In spite

of his talk about correctness, his own extravagance is only saved from becoming ridiculous by his amazing force. If he could not create characters, his wealth of striking details gave life to the types which he substituted for them. His poetry, too, is of the highest order; his lyrics of the purest, lightest fancy; his masques rich with gorgeous pictures; his pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd," fragment as it is, breathes a delicate tenderness. But, in spite of the beauty and strength which lingered on, the life of our drama was fast ebbing away. The interest of the people was in reality being drawn to newer and graver themes, as the struggle of the Great Rebellion threw its shadow before it, and the efforts of the playwrights to arrest this tendency of the time by fresh excitement only brought about the ruin of the stage. The grossness of the later comedy is incredible. Almost as incredible is the taste of the later tragedians for horrors of incest and blood. The hatred of the Puritans to the stage was not a mere longing to avenge the taunts and insults which the stage had levelled at Puritanism; it was in the main the honest hatred of God-fearing men against the foulest depravity presented in a poetic and attractive form.

The Independence of the United States.

Whatever might be the importance of American Independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for awhile the supremacy of the English Nation, it founded the supremacy of the English Race. From the hour of American Independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little sign of lessening, the younger has risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. . . . What the issues of such a world-wide change may be, not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream. But one issue is inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us, the primacy of the world will lie with the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

Greene, Albert Gorton, an American lawyer and poet; born at Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802; died at Cleveland, O., January 4, 1868. He was educated at Brown College, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1823. In 1832 he was elected Clerk of the Municipal Council of Providence, which office he filled for twenty-five years, and from 1858 to 1867 was Judge of the City Court. He was engaged in several literary undertakings; began a voluminous collection of "American Poetry," now known as the Harris Collection in Brown University, and published several short poems, mostly of a humorous character. He is best known as the author of "Old Grimes" and "The Baron's Last Banquet." Duyckinck characterizes Judge Greene as "a poet of cultivation; an ardent prosecutor of the literature of Rhode Island; a curious collector of American poetry, of which he had a large library."

Old Grimes.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more: —
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true: —
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned: —
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design: —
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind;
In friendship he was true: —
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er: —
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown: —
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert: —
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay: —
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view: —
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran: —
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

THE GRIMM BROTHERS.

Grimm, Jakob Ludwig, and Wilhelm Karl, German philologists and juvenile writers; born at Hanau, the former January 4, 1785, the latter February 24, 1786; both died in Berlin, Jakob on September 20, 1863, and Wilhelm December 16, 1859. Jakob studied law at the University of Marburg, and in 1814–15 was Secretary of Legation at the Congress of Vienna. From 1816 to 1830 he was Librarian at Cassel. In 1830 he became Professor at Göttingen; in 1837 he was removed from his professorship; in 1841 he was called to Berlin as member of the Academy of Sciences and Professor. He wrote several works, the most important being: "Ueber den Altdeutschen Meistersänger" (1811); "Deutsche Grammatik" (4 vols., 1819–37); "Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer" (1828); "Deutsche Mythologie" (1835); "Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache" (1848); and "Weisthümer," a collection of German proverbs (4 vols., 1840–53).

Wilhelm was first associated with Jakob at Cassel and at Göttingen, where he was made a Professor; and was also removed in 1837. He accompanied his brother to Berlin, where he devoted himself especially to early German poetry, editing, with valuable introductions and disquisitions, many of the old poets. Among his separate works are: "Ueber die Deutschen Runen" (1821); "Athis und Prophilias" (1846); "Exhortatio ad Plebem Christianam" (1848); and "Altdeutsche Gesprache" (1851).

The two most important works put forth by the brothers in conjunction are the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" (1812, often republished, and translated into other languages), and the "Deutsches Wörterbuch," a dictionary of the German language upon a most elaborate and extensive scale. The publication of the "Wörterbuch" was begun in 1852, but both the brothers died before the eighth letter of the alphabet had been reached. The work was taken up and carried on by others. "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" of the Brothers Grimm, stands at the head of all works of its class in any language.

Lucky Hans.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year he said: —

"Master, my time is up. I want to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages."

"You have served me truly and faithfully," said the master; "as the service is, so must the wages be;" and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, and tied up the lump of gold in it; hoisted it on his shoulder, and set off on his way home. As he was trudging along, there came in sight a man riding on a spirited horse, and looking very gay and lively. "Oh!" cries Hans aloud, "how splendid riding must be! sitting as much at one's ease as in an armchair, stumbling over no stones, saving one's shoes, and getting on one hardly knows how!"

The horseman heard Hans say this, and called out to him:

"Well, Hans, what are you doing on foot?"

"I can't help myself," said Hans; "I have this great lump to carry. To be sure, it is gold, but then I can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we will change; I will give you my horse, and you give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I warn you, you will find it heavy."

And the horseman got down, took the gold, and, helping Hans up, he gave the reins into his hand. "When you want to go fast," said he, "you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up!'"

And Hans, as he sat upon his horse, was glad at heart, and rode off with a merry cheer. After awhile he thought he should like to go quicker; so he began to click his tongue, and to cry "Gee-up!" And the horse began to trot, and Hans was thrown before he knew what was going to happen; and there he lay in the ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got away but that he was caught by a peasant, who was passing that way and driving a cow before him. And Hans pulled himself together and got upon his feet, feeling very vexed.

"Poor work, riding," said he, "especially on a jade like this, who starts off and throws you before you know where you are, going near to break your neck; never shall I try that game again! Now your cow is something worth having; one can jog on comfortably after her, and have her milk, butter, and

cheese every day into the bargain. What would I not give to have such a cow!"

"Well, now," said the peasant, "since it will be doing you such a favor, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully; and the peasant, swinging himself into the saddle, was soon out of sight. Hans went along, driving his cow quietly before him, and thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"With only a piece of bread," he said to himself, "I shall have everything I can possibly want; for I shall always be able to have butter and cheese to it, and if I am thirsty I have nothing to do but to milk my cow; and what more is there for heart to wish?"

And when he came to an inn he made a halt, and in the joy of his heart ate up all the food he had brought with him — dinner and supper and all — and bought half a glass of beer with his last two farthings. Then he went on again, driving his cow, until he should come to the village where his mother lived. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter, and Hans found himself on a heath which it would be an hour's journey to cross. And he began to feel very hot, and so thirsty that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Never mind," said Hans, "I can find a remedy. I will milk my cow at once."

And tying her to a dry tree, and taking off his leather cap to serve for a pail, he began to milk, but not a drop came. And as he set to work rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind foot that he fell to the ground, and for some time could not think where he was; when luckily there came by a butcher who was wheeling along a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"Here's a fine piece of work!" cried he, helping poor Hans on his legs again. Then Hans related to him all that had happened; and the butcher handed him his pocket-flask, saying:

"Here, take a drink and be a man again. Of course the cow could give no milk; she is old, and only fit to draw burdens or to be slaughtered."

"Well, to be sure," said Hans, scratching his head, "who would have thought it? Of course it is a very handy way of getting meat when a man has a beast of his own to kill; but for my part I do not care so much for cow-beef, it is rather

tasteless. Now if I had but a young pig, that is much better meat; and then the sausages!"

"Look here, Hans," said the butcher, "just for love of you I will exchange, and will give you my pig instead of your cow."

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans; and handing over the cow, he received in exchange the pig, who was turned out of the wheelbarrow, and was to be led by a string.

So on went Hans, thinking how everything turned out according to his wishes; and how, if trouble overtook him, all was sure to be set right directly. After awhile he fell in with a peasant who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They bid each other good-day, and Hans began to tell all about his luck, and how he had made so many good exchanges; and the peasant told how he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just see how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by the wings; "it has been fattening for the last eight weeks, and when it is roasted won't the fat run down!"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand, "very fine, to be sure, but my pig is not to be despised." Upon which the peasant glanced cautiously on all sides, and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have just left, one had actually been stolen from the bailiff's yard. I fear, I fear, you have it in your hand. They have sent after the thief, and it would be a bad look-out for you if it was found upon you; the least that could happen would be to be thrown into a dark hole."

Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape. I am a stranger in these parts: take my pig, and give me your goose."

"It will be running some risk," answered the man; "but I will do it sooner than that you should come to grief."

And so, taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig quickly along by a by-path; and Lucky Hans went on his way home, with the goose under his arm.

"The more I think of it," said he to himself, "the better the bargain seems. First, I get the roast-goose; then the fat — that will last a whole year for bread and drippings; and lastly the beautiful white feathers which I can stuff my pillow with. How comfortable I shall sleep upon it, and how pleased my mother will be!"

When he reached the last village, he saw a knife-grinder with his barrow; and his wheel went whirring round, and he sang:

"My scissors I grind, and my wheel I turn;
And all good fellows my trade should learn,
For all that I meet with just serves my turn."

Hans stood and looked at him; and at last he spoke to him and said, "You seem very well off, and merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the knife-grinder; "my handiwork pays very well. I call a man a good grinder who every time he puts his hand in his pocket finds money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I swapped it for my pig," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"That I swapped for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"That I swapped for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"For the horse I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service."

"You seem to have fended for yourself very well," said the knife-grinder. "Now if you could but manage to have money in your pocket every time you put your hand in, you would be made."

"How shall I manage that?" asked Hans.

"You must be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "All you want is a grindstone; the rest comes of itself. I have one here: to be sure it is a little damaged, and I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose. What say you?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world; for if I find money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, there is nothing more left to want."

And so he handed over the goose to the other, and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the knife-grinder, taking up a heavy common stone that lay near by, "here is another proper kind of stone that will stand a good deal of wear, and that you can hammer out your old nails upon. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

Hans lifted up the stone, and carried it off with a contented mind. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled for joy. "I have only to wish for a thing, and it is mine!"

After awhile he began to feel rather tired, as he had been on his legs since daybreak. He also began to feel rather hun-

gry, as in the fulness of his joy at getting the cow he had eaten up all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all, and had to make a halt every moment; for the stones weighed him down unmercifully, and he could not help wishing that he did not feel obliged to drag them along. And on he went at a snail's pace until he came to a well; there he thought he would rest, and take a drink of the fresh water. He placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well; then he sat down, and as he stooped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a splash. And then Hans, having watched them disappear, jumped for joy, and thanked his stars that he had, without any effort of his own, been so lucky as to get rid of the stones that had weighed upon him so long.

"I really think," cried he, "that I am the luckiest man under the sun."

So he went on, void of care, until he reached his mother's house.

The Cat and Mouse in Partnership.

A Cat, having made acquaintance with a Mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her that the Mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

"We must make provision for the winter," said the Cat, "or we shall suffer hunger; and you, little Mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So they took counsel together, and bought a pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety; but after long consideration the Cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal it there; and they would put it under the altar, and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety. But before long the Cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

"Listen to me, little Mouse," said he; "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world. He is white with brown spots; and they want to have the christening to-day. So let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, yes, certainly," answered the Mouse; "pray go by all means. And when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine!"

But there was not a word of truth in all this. The Cat had

no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather. He went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the fat; and then, when it was evening, he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the Mouse; "I expect you had a merry time!"

"Oh, pretty well," answered the Cat.

"And what name did you give the child?" asked the Mouse.

"'Top-off,'" answered the Cat, dryly..

"'Top-off!'" cried the Mouse; "that is a singular and wonderful name! Is it common in your family?"

"What does it matter?" said the Cat. "It's not any worse than 'Crumb-picker,' like your godchild."

After this the Cat was again seized with a longing.

"Again I must ask you," said he, one day, "to do me a favor, and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather; and as the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse."

So the kind little Mouse consented; and the Cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church, and going straight to the little pot of fat, devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to himself," said he, feeling quite content with his day's work.

When he reached home the Mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"'Half-gone,'" answered the Cat.

"'Half-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "I never heard such a name in my life; I'll bet it is not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the Cat's mouth began to water again for the fat.

"Good things always come in threes," said he to the Mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather. The little one is quite black, with white feet, and not any white hair on its body. Such a thing does not happen every day; so you will let me go, won't you?"

"'Top-off,' 'Half-gone,'" murmured the Mouse; "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That's because you are always sitting at home," said the Cat, "in your little gray frock, and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things."

So the little Mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order. Meanwhile the greedy Cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

"Now all is finished, one's mind will be easy," said he, and came home in the evening, quite sleek and comfortable.

The Mouse asked at once what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the Cat. "It is called 'All-gone.'"

"'All-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "What an unheard-of name! I never heard of anything like it. What can it mean?" And, shaking her head, she curled herself round and went to sleep.

After that the Cat was not again asked to stand godfather. When the winter had come, and there was nothing more to be had out of doors, the Mouse began to think of their store.

"Come, Cat," said she, "we will fetch our pot of fat. How good it will taste, to be sure!"

"Of course it will," said the Cat; "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out of the window."

So they set out, and when they reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

"Oh, now I know what it all meant!" cried the Mouse; "now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather, you have devoured it all up; first 'Top-off,' then 'Half-gone,' then —"

"Will you hold your tongue?" screamed the Cat. "Another word and I'll devour you too!"

And the poor little Mouse having "All-gone" on her tongue, out it came; and the Cat leaped on her, and made an end of her.

And that is the way of the world.

Why Beans have a Black Seam.

There lived in a certain village a poor old woman who had collected a mess of beans, and was going to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and in order to make it burn better she put in a handful of straw. When the beans began to bubble in the pot, one of them fell out and lay, never, noticed near a Straw which was already there; soon a red-hot Coal jumped out of the fire and joined the pair.

The Straw began first, and said:—

"Dear friends, how do you come here?"

The Coal answered, "I jumped out of the fire, by great good luck, or I should certainly have met my death; I should have been burned to ashes."

The Bean said, "I too have come out with a whole skin; but if the old woman had kept me in the pot, I should have been cooked into a soft mess, like my comrades."

"Nor should I have met with a better fate," said the Straw. "The old woman has turned my brothers into fire and smoke; sixty of them she took up at once and deprived of life. Very luckily I managed to slip through her fingers."

"What had we better do now?" said the Coal.

"I think," answered the Bean, "that as we have been so lucky as to escape with our lives, we will join in goodfellowship together; and lest any more bad fortune should happen to us here, we will go abroad into foreign lands."

The proposal pleased the two others, and forthwith they started on their travels. Soon they came to a little brook, and as there was no stepping-stone, and no bridge, they could not tell how they were to get across. The Straw was struck with a good idea, and said: —

"I will lay myself across, so that you can go over me as if I were a bridge."

So the Straw stretched himself from one bank to the other, and the Coal, who was of an ardent nature, quickly trotted up to go over the new-made bridge. When, however, she reached the middle, and heard the water rushing past beneath her, she was struck with terror and stopped, and could get no further. So the Straw began to get burned, broke into two pieces, and fell into the brook; and the Coal slipped down, hissing as she touched the water, and gave up the ghost.

The Bean, who had prudently remained behind on the bank, could not help laughing at the sight; and not being able to contain herself, went on laughing so excessively that she burst. And now she would certainly have been undone forever, if a tailor on his travels had not by good luck stopped to rest himself by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart, he took out needle and thread, and stitched her together again.

The Bean thanked him in the most elegant manner; but as he had sewn her up with black thread, all beans since then have a black seam down their bellies.

Little Briar-Rose.

Long ago there was a king and a queen. They said every day, "Oh, if we only had a child!" and still they never got one. Then it happened, when once the queen was bathing, that a frog crept ashore out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year passes you shall bring a daughter into the world."

What the frog said, happened, and the queen had a little girl that was so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and made a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and kind to the child. Now, there were thirteen of them in his kingdom; but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home. The feast was splendidly celebrated, and when it was over the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another wealth, and so with everything that people want in the world. But when eleven had spoken, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself, because she had not been asked; and without greeting or looking at any one, she cried out, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound herself on a spindle, and fall down dead." And without saying another word, she turned around and left the hall. All were frightened. When the twelfth came up, who had her wish still to give, since she could not remove the sentence but only soften it, she said: "Yet it shall not be a real death, but only a hundred years' deep sleep, into which the king's daughter shall fall."

The king, who wanted to save his dear child from harm, sent out an order that all the spindles in the kingdom should be burned. But in the girl the gifts of the wise women were all fulfilled; for she was so beautiful, good, kind, and sensible, that nobody who saw her could help loving her. It happened that just on the day when she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and the little girl was left quite alone in the castle. Then she went wherever she pleased, looked in the rooms and chambers, and at last she got to an old tower. She went up the narrow winding stairs, and came to a little door. In the keyhole was a rusty key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a

spindle, and spun busily her flax. "Good-day, Aunty," said the king's daughter; "what are you doing there?" "I am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded. "What sort of a thing is that that jumps about so gayly?" said the girl. She took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But she had hardly touched the spindle before the spell was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

At the instant she felt the prick she fell down on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep spread over all the castle. The king and queen, who had just come home and entered the hall, began to go to sleep, and all the courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in the stalls, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, the fire that was flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep. And the roast meat stopped sputtering, and the cook, who was going to take the cook-boy by the hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and slept. And the wind was still, and no leaf stirred in the trees by the castle.

But all around the castle a hedge of briars grew, that got higher every year and at last surrounded the whole castle and grew up over it, so that nothing more could be seen of it, not even the flag on the roof. But the story went about in the country of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the king's daughter was called); so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge into the castle. But they could not; for the briars, as though they had hands, clung fast together, and the young men, stuck fast in them, could not get out again, and died a wretched death. After long, long years, there came again a king's son to that country, and heard how an old man told about the briar hedge; that there was a castle behind it, in which a wonderfully beautiful king's daughter called Briar-Rose had been sleeping for a hundred years, and that the king and the queen and all the court were sleeping with her. He knew too from his grandfather that many kings' sons had already come and tried to get through the briar hedge, but had all been caught in it and died a sad death. Then the young man said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-Rose." The good old man might warn him as much as he pleased; he did not listen to his words.

But now the hundred years were just passed, and the day was come when Briar-Rose was to wake again. So when the king's son went up to the briars, they were just great beautiful flowers that opened of their own accord and let him through unhurt;

and behind him they closed together as a hedge again. In the yard he saw the horses and the mottled hounds lying and sleeping; on the roof perched the doves, their heads stuck under their wings; and when he came into the house the flies were sleeping on the wall, in the kitchen the cook still held up his hand as though to grab the boy, and the maid was sitting before the black hen that was to be plucked. Then he went further, and in the hall he saw all the courtiers lying and sleeping, and upon their throne lay the king and the queen. Then he went further, and all was so still that you could hear yourself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar-Rose was sleeping. There she lay, and she was so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; and he bent down and gave her a kiss. But just as he touched her with the kiss, Briar-Rose opened her eyes, awoke, and looked at him very kindly. Then they went downstairs together; and the king awoke, and the queen, and all the courtiers, and made great eyes at one another. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang about and wagged their tails, the doves on the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked around and flew into the field, the flies on the wall went on crawling, the fire in the kitchen started up and blazed and cooked the dinner, the roast began to sputter again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid finished plucking the hen. Then the wedding of the king's son with Briar-Rose was splendidly celebrated, and they lived happy till their lives' end.

Note by the Grimms.—From Hesse. The maid who sleeps in the castle, surrounded by a hedge until the right prince releases her, before whom the flowers part, is the sleeping Brunhild, according to the old Norse saga, whom a wall of flame surrounds which Sigurd alone can penetrate to wake her. The spindle on which she pricks herself, and from which she falls asleep, is the slumber thorn with which Odin pricks Brunhild. In the Pentameron it is a flax-root. In Perrault, 'La Belle au Bois Dormant.' Similar is the sleep of "Schneewitchen." The Italian and French stories both have the conclusion that is wanting in the German, but it occurs in our fragment 'Of the Wicked Stepmother.' It is noteworthy that in the important deviations of Perrault from Basile (who alone preserves the pretty trait that the nursling sucks the bit of flax from the finger of the sleeping mother), both agree so far as to the names of the children that the twins in the Pentameron are called Sun and Moon; in Perrault, Day and Dawn. These names recall the compounds of Day, Sun, and Moon, in the genealogy of the 'Edda.'

The Three Spinners.

There was a lazy girl who would not spin; and her mother might say what she would, she could not make her do it. At last anger and impatience overcame the mother so that she struck the girl, and at that she began to cry aloud. Now, the queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she had the carriage stop, went into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter so that one could hear the crying out on the street. Then the woman was ashamed to confess the laziness of her daughter, and said, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She wants to spin all the time, and I am poor and can't get the flax." Then the queen answered, "There is nothing I like to hear so much as spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels hum. Let me take your daughter to the castle. I have flax enough. There she shall spin as much as she will."

The mother was well pleased at it, and the queen took the girl with her. When they came to the castle she took her up to three rooms, which lay from top to bottom full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she; "and if you finish it you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Though you are poor, I don't mind that; your cheerful diligence is dowry enough." The girl was secretly frightened; for she could not have spun the flax if she had lived three hundred years, and had sat at it every day from morning till evening. When she was alone she began to cry, and sat so three days without lifting a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was spun yet she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. The queen was satisfied with that, but she said as she went away, "To-morrow you must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again she did not know what to think or to do; and in her trouble she went up to the window, and there she saw three women coming along. The first had a broad paddle-foot, the second had such a big under-lip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She told them her trouble. Then they offered her their help and said, "If you will invite us to your

wedding, not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and seat us at your table too, then we will spin your flax up, and that quickly." "Gladly," said she; "come in and set to work immediately." So she let the three queer women in, and cleared a little space in the first room, where they could sit down and begin their spinning. One of them drew the thread and trod the wheel, the second wet the thread, the third twisted it and struck with her finger on the table; and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor, and it was of the finest. She hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her as often as she came the pile of spun yarn, so that the queen could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty, they began on the second, and then on the third, and that was soon cleared up too. Now the three women took their leave, and said to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us. It will be your good fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great heap of yarn, she prepared for the wedding; and the bridegroom was delighted to get such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her very much. "I have three cousins," said the girl; "and since they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my happiness. Permit me to invite them to the wedding and to have them sit with me at the table." The queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should not we permit it?" Now when the feast began, the three women came in queer dress, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear cousins." "Oh!" said the bridegroom; "how did you get such ill-favored friends?" Then he went to the one with the broad paddle-foot and asked, "Where *did* you get such a broad foot?" "From the treadle," she answered, "from the treadle." Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, "Where *did* you get that hanging lip?" "From wetting yarn," she answered, "from wetting yarn." Then he asked the third, "Where *did* you get the broad thumb?" "From twisting thread," she answered, "from twisting thread." Then the king's son was frightened and said, "Then my fair bride shall never, never touch a spinning-wheel again." And so she was rid of the horrid spinning.

Note by the Grimms. — From a tale from the duchy of Corvei; but that there are three women, each with a peculiar fault due to spinning, is taken from a Hessian story. In the former they are two very old women, who have grown so broad by sitting that they can hardly get into the room; from wetting the thread they had

thick lips; and from pulling and drawing it, ugly fingers and broad thumbs. The Hessian story begins differently, too; namely, that a king liked nothing better than spinning, and so, at his farewell before a journey, left his daughters a great chest of flax that was to be spun on his return. To relieve them, the queen invited the three deformed women and put them before the king's eyes on his return. Prätorius in his "Glückstopf" (pp. 404–406) tells the story thus: A mother cannot make her daughter spin, and so often beats her. A man who happens to see it asks what it means. The mother answers, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She spins more flax than I can buy." The man answers, "Then give her to me for wife. I shall be satisfied with her cheerful diligence, though she brings no dowry." The mother is delighted, and the bridegroom brings the bride immediately a great provision of flax. She is secretly frightened, but accepts it, puts it in her room, and considers what she shall do. Then three women come to the window, one so broad from sitting that she cannot get in at the door, the second with an immense nose, the third with a broad thumb. They offer their services and promise to spin the task, if the bride on her wedding day will not be ashamed of them, will proclaim them her cousins and set them at her table. She consents; they spin up the flax, and the lover praises his betrothed. When now the wedding day comes, the three horrid women present themselves. The bride does them honor, and calls them cousins. The bridegroom is surprised, and asks how she comes by such ill-favored friends. "Oh!" said the bride, "it's by spinning that they have become so deformed. One has such a broad back from sitting, the second has licked her mouth quite off, — therefore her nose stands out so, — and the third has twisted thread so much with her thumb." Then the bridegroom was troubled, and said to the bride she should never spin another thread as long as she lived, that she might not become such a monstrosity.

A third tale from the "Oberlansitz," by Th. Pescheck, is in Büsching's "Weekly News." It agrees in general with Prätorius. One of the three old women has sore eyes because the impurities of the flax have got into them, the second has a mouth from ear to ear on account of wetting thread, the third is fat and clumsy by much sitting at the spinning-wheel. A part of the story is in Norwegian in Asbjörnsen, and in Swedish in Cavallius. Mademoiselle L'Hérétier's "Ricdin-Ricdon" agrees in the introduction, and the *sette colenelle* of the Pentameron is also connected with this tale.

GEORGE GROTE.

GROTE, GEORGE, a distinguished English historian; born at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, Kent, November 17, 1794; died in London, June 18, 1871. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, London, and at the age of fifteen entered the banking house of which his father was the senior partner. He, however, devoted much of his time to literature and politics. In 1832 he was returned to Parliament for the City of London. In 1841 he resigned his seat in Parliament in order to devote himself to his "History of Greece," for which he had begun to gather materials as early as 1823. This history comprises twelve volumes, of which Vols. I. and II. appeared in 1846; III. and IV. in 1847; V. and VI. in 1849; VII. and VIII. in 1850; IX. and X. in 1852; XI. in 1853; XII. in 1855. He proposed to supplement the "History" by an exhaustive work upon "Greek Philosophy," of which "Plato and the other Companions of Socrates" appeared in 1865; this was to be followed by "Aristotle," which, however, was never completed. In 1868 he succeeded Lord Brougham as President of the Council of the University of London.

EARLY LEGENDARY HISTORY OF GREECE.

(From "History of Greece.")

To set forth the history of a people by whom the first spark was set to the dormant intellectual capacities of our nature — Hellenic phenomena as illustrative of Hellenic mind and character — is the task which I propose to myself in the present work, not without a painful consciousness how much the deed falls short of the will, and a yet more painful conviction that full success is rendered impossible by an obstacle which no human ability can now remedy: the insufficiency of original evidence. For in spite of the valuable expositions of so many able commentators, our stock of information respecting the ancient world still remains lamentably inadequate to the demands of an enlightened curiosity. We possess only what has drifted ashore from the wreck of a stranded vessel; and though this includes some of the most precious articles among its once abundant

cargo, yet if any man will cast his eyes over the citations in Diogenes, Laertius, Athenæus, or Plutarch, or the list of names in Vossius's "De Historicis Græcis," he will see with grief and surprise how much larger is the proportion which — through the enslavement of the Greeks themselves, the decline of the Roman empire, the change of religion, and the irruption of the barbarian conquerors — has been irrecoverably submerged. We are thus reduced to judge of the whole Hellenic world, eminently multiform as it was, from a few compositions; excellent, indeed, in themselves, but bearing too exclusively the stamp of Athens. Of Thucydides and Aristotle, indeed, both as inquirers into matter of fact and as free from local feeling, it is impossible to speak too highly; but unfortunately that work of the latter which would have given us the most copious information regarding Grecian political life — his collection and comparison of one hundred and fifty distinct town-constitutions — has not been preserved; while the brevity of Thucydides often gives us but a single word where a sentence would not have been too much, and sentences which we should be glad to see expanded into paragraphs.

Such insufficiency of original and trustworthy materials, as compared with those resources which are thought hardly sufficient for the historian of any modern kingdom, is neither to be concealed nor extenuated, however much we may lament it. I advert to the point here on more grounds than one. For it not only limits the amount of information which an historian of Greece can give to his readers — compelling him to leave much of his picture an absolute blank — but it also greatly spoils the execution of the remainder. The question of credibility is perpetually obtruding itself, and requiring a decision, which, whether favorable or unfavorable, always introduces more or less of controversy; and gives to those outlines which the interest of the picture requires to be straight and vigorous a faint and faltering character. Expressions of qualified and hesitating affirmation are repeated until the reader is sickened; while the writer himself, to whom this restraint is more painful still, is frequently tempted to break loose from the unseen spell by which a conscientious criticism binds him down; to screw up the possible and probable into certainty, to suppress counterbalancing considerations, and to substitute a pleasing romance in place of half-known and perplexing realities. Desiring in the present work to set forth all which can be ascertained, together with

such conjectures and inferences as can be reasonably deduced from it, but nothing more — I notice at the outset that faulty state of the original evidence which renders discussion of credibility, and hesitation in the language of the judge, unavoidable. Such discussions — though the reader may be assured that they will become less frequent as we advance into times better known — are tiresome enough even with the comparatively late period which I adopt as the historical beginning; much more intolerable would they have proved had I thought it my duty to start from the primitive terminus of Deukalion or Inachus, or from the unburied Pelasgi and Leleges, and to subject the heroic ages to a similar scrutiny. I really know nothing so disheartening or unrequited as the elaborate balancing of what is called evidence — the comparison of infinitesimal probabilities and conjectures, all uncertified — in regard to these shadowy times and personages.

The law respecting sufficiency of evidence ought to be the same for ancient times as for modern; and the reader will find in this history an application to the former of certain criteria analogous to those which have long been recognized in the latter. Approaching, though with a certain measure of indulgence, to this standard, I begin the real history of Greece with the first recorded Olympiad, 776 B. C. To such as are accustomed to the habits once universal, and still not uncommon, in investigating the ancient world, I may appear to be striking off one thousand years from the scroll of history; but to those whose canon of evidence is derived from Mr. Hallam, M. Sismondi, or any other eminent historian of modern events, I am well assured that I shall appear lax and credulous rather than exigent or sceptical. For the truth is that historical records, properly so called, do not begin until long after this date; nor will any man, who candidly considers the extreme paucity of attested facts for two centuries after 776 B. C., be astonished to learn that the State of Greece in 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400 B.C., etc. — or any earlier century which it may please chronologists to include in their computed genealogies — cannot be described to him upon anything like decent evidence. I shall hope, when I come to the lives of Socrates, and Plato, to illustrate one of the most valuable of their principles, — that conscious and confessed ignorance is a better state of mind than the fancy, without the reality, of knowledge. Meanwhile I begin by making that confession in reference to the real

world of Greece anterior to the Olympiads: meaning the disclaimer to apply to anything like a general history — not to exclude rigorously every individual event.

The times which I thus set apart from the region of history are discernible only through a different atmosphere, — that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, essentially unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends — without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this — if he ask me why I do not undraw the curtain and disclose the picture — I reply, in the words of the painter Xeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art: "The curtain *is* the picture." What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time. The curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any ingenuity be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands — not to efface, still less to repaint it.

Homer and the Homeric Poems.

(From "History of Greece.")

Who or what was Homer? What date is to be assigned to him? What were his compositions?

A person putting these questions to Greeks of different towns and ages would have obtained answers widely discrepant and contradictory. Since the invaluable labors of Aristarchus and the other Alexandrine critics on the text of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" it has indeed been customary to regard these two (putting aside the "Hymns" and a few other minor poems) as being the only genuine Homeric compositions; and the literary men called "Chorizontes," or the "Separators," at the head of whom were Xenon and Hellanikos, endeavored still further to reduce the number by disconnecting the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and pointing out that both could not be the work of the same author. Throughout the whole course of Grecian antiquity the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" and the "Hymns" have been received as Homeric. But if we go back

to the time of Herodotus, or still earlier, we find that several other epics also were ascribed to Homer, and there were not wanting critics earlier than the Alexandrine age who regarded the whole epic cycle, together with the satirical poem called "Margites," the "Batrachomyomachia," and other smaller pieces, as Homeric works. The cyclic "Thebais" and the "Epigoni" (whether they be two separate poems or the latter a second part of the former) were in early days currently ascribed to Homer. The same was the case with the "Cyprian Verses." Some even ascribed to him several other poems, — the "Capture of Œchalia," the "Lesser Iliad," the "Phokais," and the "Amazonia." The title of the poem called "Thebais" to be styled Homeric depends upon evidence more ancient than any which can be produced to authenticate the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," for Kallius, the ancient elegiac poet (B. C. 640) mentioned Homer as the author of it; and his opinion was shared by many competent judges. From the remarkable description given by Herodotus of the expulsion of the Rhapsodes from Sikyon, by the despot Kleisthenes, in the time of Solon (about B. C. 580), we may form a probable judgment that the "Thebais" and the "Epigoni" were then rhapsodized at Sikyon as Homeric productions. And it is clear from the language of Herodotus that in his time the general opinion ascribed to Homer both the "Cyprian Verses" and the "Epigoni," though he himself dissents. In spite of such dissent, however, that historian must have conceived the names of Homer and Hesiod to be nearly co-extensive with the whole of the ancient epic, otherwise he would hardly have delivered his memorable judgment that they two were the framers of Grecian theogony.

That many different cities laid claim to the birth of Homer (seven is rather below the truth, and Smyrna and Chios are the most prominent among them) is well known; and most of them had legends to tell respecting his romantic parentage, his alleged blindness, and his life of an itinerant bard, acquainted with poverty and sorrow. The discrepancies of statement respecting the date of his reputed existence are no less worthy of remark; for out of the eight different epochs assigned to him, the oldest differs from the most recent by a period of four hundred and sixty years.

Thus conflicting would have been the answers returned in different portions of the Grecian world to any questions respect-

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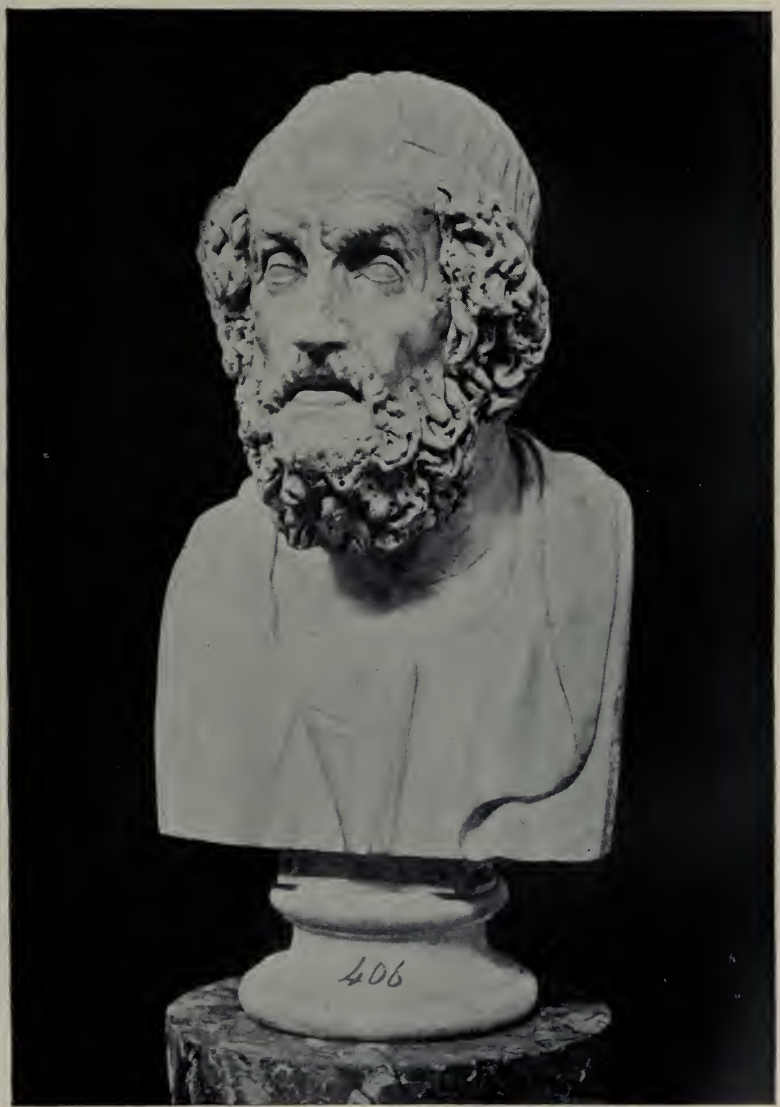

HOMER

ing the person of Homer. But there was a poetical *gens* (fraternity or guild) in the Ionic isle of Chios, who, if the question had been put to them, would have answered in another manner. To them Homer was not a mere antecedent man, of kindred nature with themselves, but a divine or semi-divine eponymus and progenitor, whom they worshipped in their gentile sacrifices, and in whose ascendant name and glory the individuality of every member of the gens was merged. The composition of each separate Homerid, or the combined efforts of many of them in conjunction, were the works of Homer. The name of the individual bard perishes, and his authorship is forgotten; but the common gentile father lives and grows in renown, from generation to generation, by the genius of his self-renewing sons.

Such was the conception entertained of Homer by the poetical gens called Homeridæ or Homerids; and in the general obscurity of the whole case I lean toward it as the most plausible conception. Homer is not only the reputed author of the various compositions emanating from the gentile members, but also the recipient of the many different legends and of the divine genealogy which it pleases their imagination to confer upon him. Such manufacture of fictitious personality, and such perfect incorporation of the entities of religion and fancy with the real world, is a process familiar and even habitual in the retrospective vision of the Greeks.

It is to be remarked that the poetical gens here brought to view — the Homerids — are of indisputable authenticity. Their existence and their consideration were maintained down to the historical times in the island of Chios. If the Homerids were still conspicuous even in the days of Akusilaus, Pindar, Hellanikos, and Plato, when their positive production had ceased, and when they had become only guardians and distributers, in common with others, of the treasures bequeathed by their predecessors, far more exalted must their position have been three centuries before, while they were still inspired creators of epic novelty, and when the absence of writing assured to them the undisputed monopoly of their own compositions.

Homer, then, is no individual man, but the divine or heroic father (the ideas of worship and ancestry coalescing, as they constantly did in the Grecian mind) of the gentile Homerids; and he is the author of the "Thebais," the "Epigoni," the "Cyprian Verses," the "Proœms" or "Hymns," and other poems, in the same

sense in which he is the author of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" — assuming that these various compositions emanated, as perhaps they may, from different individuals numbered among the Homerids. But this disallowance of the historical personality of Homer is quite distinct from the question, with which it has been often confounded, whether the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are originally entire poems, and whether by one author or otherwise. To us the name of Homer means these two poems, and little else. We desire to know as much as can be learned respecting their date, their original composition, their preservation, and their mode of communication to the public. All these questions are more or less complicated one with the other.

Concerning the date of the poems, we have no other information except the various affirmations respecting the age of Homer, which differ among themselves (as I have before observed) by an interval of 460 years, and which for the most part determine the date of Homer by reference to some other event, itself fabulous and unauthenticated, — such as the Trojan war, the return of the Herakleids, or the Ionic migration. . . . But the oldest dictum preserved to us respecting the date of Homer — meaning thereby the date of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" — appears to me at the same time the most credible, and the most consistent with the general history of the ancient epic. Herodotus places Homer 400 years before himself; taking his departure, not from any fabulous event, but from a point of real and authentic time. Four centuries anterior to Herodotus would be a period commencing with 800 B. C.; so that the composition of the Homeric poems would thus fall in a space between 850 and 800 B. C. We may gather from the language of Herodotus that this was his own judgment opposed to a current opinion which assigned the poet to an earlier epoch.

To place the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" at some period between 850 B. C. and 777 B. C. appears to me more probable than any other date anterior or posterior: more probable than the latter, because we are justified in believing these two poems to be older than Arktinus, who comes shortly after the first Olympiad; more probable than the former, because the farther we push the poems back, the more do we enhance the wonder of their preservation — already sufficiently great — down from such an age and society to the historical times.

The mode in which these poems — and indeed all poems,

epic as well as lyric — down to the age (probably) of Pisistratus, were circulated and brought to bear upon the public, deserves particular attention. They were not read by individuals alone and apart, but sung or recited at festivals or to assembled companies. This seems to be one of the few undisputed facts with regard to the great poet; for even those who maintain that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were preserved by means of writing, seldom contend that they were read. . . .

Those who maintain the Homeric poems to have been *written* from the beginning rest their case not upon positive proofs, nor yet upon the existing habits of society with regard to poetry (for they admit generally that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were not read, but recited and heard), but upon the supposed necessity that there must have been manuscripts to insure the preservation of the poems, — the unassisted memory of reciters being neither sufficient nor trustworthy. But here we escape a smaller difficulty by running into a greater; for the existence of trained bards, gifted with extraordinary memory, is far less astonishing than that of long manuscripts in an age essentially non-reading and non-writing, and when even suitable instruments and materials for the process are not obvious. Moreover, there is a strong positive reason for believing that the bard was under no necessity of refreshing his memory by consulting a manuscript. For if such had been the fact, blindness would have been a disqualification for the profession, which we know that it was not; as well from the example of Demodokus in the "Odyssey" as from that of the blind bard of Chios in the "Hymn to the Delian Apollo," whom Thucydides, as well as the general tenor of Grecian legend, identifies with Homer himself. The author of that hymn, be he who he may, could never have described a blind man as attaining the utmost perfection in his art, if he had been conscious that the memory of the bard was only maintained by constant reference to the manuscript in his chest. . . .

But what guarantee have we for the exact transmission of the text for a space of two centuries by simply oral means? It may be replied that oral transmission would hand down the text as exactly as, in point of fact, it was handed down. The great lines of each poem — the order of the parts, the vein of Homeric feeling, and the general style of locution, and, for the most part, the true words — would be maintained; for the professional training of the rhapsode, over and above the pre-

cision of his actual memory, would tend to Homerize his mind (if the expression may be permitted,) and to restrain him within the magic circle. On the other hand, in respect to the details of the text, we should expect that there would be wide differences and numerous inaccuracies; and so there really were, as the records contained in the Scholia, together with the passages cited in ancient authors, but not found in our Homeric text, abundantly show.

The Rise of Kleon.

(From "History of Greece.")

Under the great increase of trade and population in Athens and Peiræus during the last forty years, a new class of politicians seem to have grown up, men engaged in various descriptions of trade and manufacture, who began to rival more or less in importance the ancient families of Attic proprietors. This change was substantially analogous to that which took place in the cities of mediæval Europe, when the merchants and traders of the various guilds gradually came to compete with, and ultimately supplanted, the patrician families in whom the supremacy had originally resided. In Athens, persons of ancient family and station enjoyed at this time no political privilege; and since the reforms of Ephialtes and Perikles, the political constitution had become thoroughly democratical. But they still continued to form the two highest classes in the Solonian census founded on property, — the pentakosiomedimni, and the hippeis or knights. . . . An individual Athenian of this class, though without any legal title to preference, yet when he stood forward as candidate for political influence, continued to be decidedly preferred and welcomed by the social sentiment at Athens, which preserved in its spontaneous sympathies distinctions effaced from the political code. Besides this place ready prepared for him in the public sympathy, especially advantageous at the outset of political life, he found himself further borne up by the family connections, associations, and political clubs, etc., which exercised very great influence both on the politics and the judicature of Athens, and of which he became a member as a matter of course. Such advantages were doubtless only auxiliary, carrying a man up to a certain point of influence, but leaving him to achieve the rest by his own personal qualities and capacity. But their effect was nevertheless

very real, and those who, without possessing them, met and buffeted him in the public assembly, contended against great disadvantages. A person of such low or middling station obtained no favorable presumptions or indulgence on the part of the public to meet him half-way; nor had he established connections to encourage first successes, or help him out of early scrapes. He found others already in possession of ascendency, and well disposed to keep down new competitors; so that he had to win his own way unaided, from the first step to the last, by qualities personal to himself: by assiduity of attendance, by acquaintance with business, by powers of striking speech, and withal by unflinching audacity, indispensable to enable him to bear up against that opposition and enmity which he would incur from the high-born politicians and organized party clubs, as soon as he appeared to be rising up into ascendency.

The free march of political and judicial affairs raised up several such men, during the years beginning and immediately preceding the Peloponnesian War. Even during the lifetime of Perikles they appear to have arisen in greater or less numbers: but the personal ascendency of that great man — who combined an aristocratical position with a strong and genuine democratical sentiment, and an enlarged intellect rarely found attached to either — impressed a peculiar character on Athenian politics. The Athenian world was divided into his partisans and his opponents, among each of whom there were individuals high-born and low-born — though the aristocratical party properly so called, the majority of wealthy and high-born Athenians, either opposed or disliked him. It is about two years after his death that we begin to hear of a new class of politicians. . . . Among them all, the most distinguished was Kleon, son of Kleænetus.

Kleon acquired his first importance among the speakers against Perikles, so that he would thus obtain for himself, during his early political career, the countenance of the numerous and aristocratical anti-Perikleans. He is described by Thucydides in general terms as a person of the most violent temper and character in Athens, — as being dishonest in his calumnies and virulent in his invective and accusation. Aristophanes in his comedy of "The Knights" reproduces these features, with others new and distinct, as well as with exaggerated details, comic, satirical, and contemptuous. His comedy

depicts Kleon in the point of view in which he would appear to the knights of Athens: a leather-dresser, smelling of the tan-yard; a low-born brawler, terrifying opponents by the violence of his criminations, the loudness of his voice, the impudence of his gestures, — moreover, as venal in his politics, threatening men with accusations and then receiving money to withdraw them; a robber of the public treasury, persecuting merit as well as rank, and courting the favor of the assembly by the basest and most guilty cajolery. The general attributes set forth by Thucydides (apart from Aristophanes, who does not profess to write history), we may well accept: the powerful and violent invective of Kleon, often dishonest, together with his self-confidence and audacity in the public assembly. Men of the middling class, like Kleon and Hyperbolus, who persevered in addressing the public assembly and trying to take a leading part in it against persons of greater family pretension than themselves, were pretty sure to be men of more than usual audacity. Had they not possessed this quality, they would never have surmounted the opposition made to them; we may well believe that they had it to a displeasing excess — and even if they had not, the same measure of self-assumption which in Alkibiades would be tolerated from his rank and station, would in them pass for insupportable impudence. Unhappily, we have no specimens to enable us to appreciate the invective of Kleon. We cannot determine whether it was more virulent than that of Demosthenes and Æschines, seventy years afterwards, — each of those eminent orators imputing to the other the grossest impudence, calumny, perjury, corruption, loud voice, and revolting audacity of manner, in language which Kleon can hardly have surpassed in intensity of vituperation, though he doubtless fell immeasurably short of it in classical finish. Nor can we even tell in what degree Kleon's denunciations of the veteran Perikles were fiercer than those memorable invectives against the old age of Sir Robert Walpole, with which Lord Chatham's political career opened. . . .

His personal hold on the public assembly . . . had grown into a sort of ascendency which Thucydides describes by saying that Kleon was "at that time by far the most persuasive speaker in the eyes of the people." The fact of Kleon's great power of speech, and his capacity of handling public business in a popular manner, is better attested than anything else respecting him, because it depends upon two witnesses both hostile to

him, — Thucydides and Aristophanes. The assembly and the dikastery were Kleon's theatre and holding-ground: for the Athenian people taken collectively in their place of meeting, and the Athenian people taken individually, were not always the same person and had not the same mode of judgment; Demos sitting in the Pnyx was a different man from Demos at home. The lofty combination of qualities possessed by Perikles exercised ascendency over both one and the other; but the qualities of Kleon swayed considerably the former without standing high in the esteem of the latter.

The Character of Solon.

(From "History of Greece.")

The archonship of the Eupatrid Solon dates in 594 B.C., thirty years after that of Drako. . . . The lives of Solon by Plutarch and Diogenes (especially the former) are our principal sources of information respecting this remarkable man; and while we thank them for what they have told us, it is impossible to avoid expressing disappointment that they have not told us more. For Plutarch had certainly before him both the original poems and the original laws of Solon, and the few transcripts which he gives from one or the other form the principal charm of his biography. But such valuable materials ought to have been made available to a more instructive result than that which he has brought out. There is hardly anything more to be deplored, amidst the lost treasures of the Grecian mind, than the poems of Solon; for we see by the remaining fragments that they contained notices of the public and social phenomena before him, which he was compelled attentively to study, blended with the touching expression of his own personal feelings, in the post, alike honorable and difficult, to which the confidence of his countrymen had exalted him.

Solon, the son of Exekestides, was a Eupatrid of middling fortune, but of the purest heroic blood, belonging to the gens, or family, of the Kodrids and Neleids, and tracing his origin to the god Poseidon. His father is said to have diminished his substance by prodigality, which compelled Solon in his early years to have recourse to trade; and in this pursuit he visited many parts of Greece and Asia. He was thus enabled to enlarge the sphere of his observation and to provide material for thought as well as for composition. His poetical talents dis-

played themselves at a very early age, first on light, afterward on serious subjects. It will be recollected that there was at that time no Greek prose writing, and that the acquisitions as well as the effusions of an intellectual man, even in their simplest form, adjusted themselves not to the limitations of the period and the semicolon, but to those of the hexameter and the pentameter. Nor, in point of fact, do the verses of Solon aspire to any higher effect than we are accustomed to associate with an earnest, touching, and admonitory prose composition. The advice and appeals which he frequently addressed to his countrymen were delivered in easy metre, doubtless far less difficult than the elaborate prose of subsequent writers or speakers, such as Thucydides, Isocrates, or Demosthenes. His poetry and his reputation became known throughout many parts of Greece, so that he was classed along with Thales of Miletus, Bias of Priene, Pittakus of Mitylene, Periander of Corinth, Kleobulus of Lindus, Chelion of Lacedæmon — all together forming the constellation afterward renowned as the Seven Wise Men. . . . .

Of all grievances, the most urgent was the condition of the poorer class of debtors. To their relief Solon's first measure — the memorable *Seisachtheia* or "Shaking off of burthens" — was directed. The relief which it afforded was complete and immediate. It cancelled at once all those contracts in which the debtor had borrowed on the security either of his person or of his land; it forbade all future loans or contracts in which the person of the debtor was pledged as security; it deprived the creditor in future of all power to imprison, or enslave, or extort work from his debtor, and confined him to an effective judgment at law authorizing the seizure of the property of the latter. It swept all the numerous mortgage-pillars from the landed properties in Attica, leaving the land free from all past claims. It liberated and restored to their full rights all debtors actually in slavery under previous legal adjudication; and it even provided the means (we do not know how) of repurchasing in foreign lands, and bringing back to a renewed life of liberty in Attica, many insolvents who had been sold for exportation. And while Solon forbade every Athenian to pledge or sell his own person into slavery, he took a step farther in the same direction by forbidding him to sell his son, his daughter, or an unmarried sister under his tutelage — excepting only the case in which either of the latter might be detected in unchastity. Whether this last ordinance was contemporaneous with the Seisachtheia, or followed as one of his subsequent reforms, seems doubtful. . . .

Lastly, Solon decreed that all those who had been condemned by the archons to *Atimy* (civil disfranchisement) should be restored to their full privilege of citizens — excepting, however, from this indulgence those who had been condemned by the Ephetæ, or by the Areopagus, or by the Phylo-Basileis (the four Kings of the Tribes), after trial in the Prytaneium, on charges either of murder or treason. So wholesale a measure of amnesty affords strong grounds for believing that the previous judgments of the archons had been intolerably harsh; and it is to be recollected that like Drakonian ordinances were then in force.

Career and Character of Alexander the Great.

(From "History of Greece.")

Alexander was at the time of his death a little more than thirty-two years old — the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown, and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated; he had acquired a large stock of military experience; and, what was still more important, his appetite for further conquest was voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger as complete as it had been when he first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known; and if his life had been prolonged, he would probably have accomplished it. . . . The patriotic feelings of Livy disposed him to maintain that Alexander, had he invaded Italy, would have failed, and perished like his relative, Alexander of Epirus. But this conclusion cannot be accepted. If we grant the courage and discipline of the Roman infantry to have been equal to the best infantry of Alexander's army, the same cannot be said of Roman cavalry as compared with the Macedonian Companions. Still less is it likely that a Roman consul, annually changed, would have been found a match for Alexander in military genius and combinations; nor even, if personally equal, would he have possessed the same variety of troops and arms, each effective in its separate way, and all conspiring to one common purpose; nor the same unbounded influ-

ence over their minds in stimulating them to full effort. I do not think that even the Romans could have successfully resisted Alexander the Great; though it is certain that he never throughout all his long marches encountered such enemies as they, nor even such as Samnites and Lucanians — combining courage, patriotism, discipline, with effective arms both for defence and for close combat. . . .

Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and a general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for intentions highly favorable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. The acquisition of universal dominion — conceived not metaphorically, but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time — was the master-passion of his soul. At the moment of his death he was commencing fresh aggressions in the south against the Arabians, to an indefinite extent; while his vast projects against the western tribes in Africa and Europe, as far as the Pillars of Herakles, were consigned in the orders and memoranda confidentially communicated to Kraterus. Italy, Gaul, and Spain would have been successively attacked and conquered; the enterprise proposed to him when in Baktria by the Chorasmian prince, Pharasmanes, but postponed then until a more convenient season, would have been next taken up, and he would have marched from the Danube northward around the Euxine and Palus Mæotis against the Scythians and the tribes of the Caucasus. There remained moreover the Asiatic regions east of the Hyphasis, which his soldiers had refused to enter upon, but which he certainly would have invaded at a future opportunity, were it only to efface the poignant humiliation of having been compelled to relinquish his proclaimed purpose. . . . .

Alexander's acts indicate that he desired nothing better than to take up the traditions of the Persian Empire: a tribute-levying and army-levying system, under Macedonians, in large proportions, as his instruments; yet partly also under the very same Persians who had administered before, provided they submitted to him. It has indeed been extolled among his merits

that he was thus willing to reappoint Persian grandees (putting their armed force, however, under the command of a Macedonian officer), and to continue native princes in their dominions, if they did willing homage to him, as tributary subordinates. But all this had been done before him by the Persian kings, whose system it was to leave the conquered princes undisturbed, subject only to the payment of tribute, and to the obligation of furnishing a military contingent when required. In like manner Alexander's Asiatic empire would thus have been composed of an aggregate of satrapies and dependent principalities, furnishing money and soldiers; in other respects left to the discretion of local rule, with occasional extreme inflictions of punishment, but no systematic examination or control.

The Persian empire was a miscellaneous aggregate, with no strong feeling of nationality. The Macedonian conqueror who seized its throne was still more indifferent to national sentiment. He was neither Macedonian nor Greek. Though the absence of this prejudice has sometimes been counted to him as a virtue, it only made room, in my opinion, for prejudices still worse. The substitute for it was an exorbitant personality and self-estimation, manifested even in his earliest years, and inflamed by extraordinary success into the belief in divine parentage; which, while setting him above the idea of communion with any special nationality, made him conceive all mankind to be subjects under one common sceptre, to be wielded by himself. To this universal empire the Persian King made the nearest approach according to the opinions then prevalent. Accordingly Alexander, when victorious, accepted the position and pretensions of the overthrown Persian court as approaching most nearly to his full due. He became more Persian than either Macedonian or Greek. While himself adopting, as far as he could safely venture, the personal habits of the Persian court, he took studied pains to transform his Macedonian officers into Persian grandees, and encouraging and even forcing intermarriages with Persians, according to Persian rites.

At the time of Alexander's death there was comprised in his written orders given to Kraterus a plan for the wholesale transportation of inhabitants both out of Europe into Asia and out of Asia into Europe, in order to fuse these populations into one by multiplying intermarriages and intercourse. Such reciprocal translations of peoples would have been felt as eminently odious, and could not have been accomplished without coercive

authority. It is rash to speculate on unexecuted purposes; but as far as we can judge, such compulsory mingling of the different races promises nothing favorable to the happiness of either of them, though it might serve as an imposing novelty and memento of imperial omnipotence.

In respect of intelligence and combining genius, Alexander was Hellenic to the full; in respect of disposition and purpose, no one could be less Hellenic. To describe him as a son of Hellas, imbued with the political maxims of Aristotle, and bent on the systematic diffusion of Hellenic culture for the improvement of mankind, is, in my judgment, an estimate of his character contrary to the evidence. Alexander is indeed said to have invited suggestions from Aristotle as to the best mode of colonizing; but his temper altered so much, after a few years of Asiatic conquest, that he came not only to lose all deference for Aristotle's advice, but even to hate him bitterly. . . .

Aristotle's idea substantially coincided with that pointed out by Burke in his speeches at the beginning of the American war, between the principles of government, proper to be followed by England in the American colonies and in British India. No Greek thinker believed the Asiatics to be capable of that free civil policy upon which the march of every Grecian community was based. Aristotle did not wish to degrade the Asiatics below the level to which they had been accustomed, but rather to preserve the Greeks from being degraded to the same level.

Now Alexander recognized no such distinction as that drawn by his preceptor. He treated Greeks and Asiatics alike: not by elevating the latter, but by degrading the former. Though he employed all indescriminately as instruments, yet he presently found the free speech of Greeks, and even of Macedonians, so distasteful and offensive, that his preferences turned more and more in favor of the servile Asiatic sentiments and customs. Instead of Hellenizing Asia he was tending to Asiaticise Macedonia and Hellas. His temper and character, as modified by a few years of conquest, rendered him quite unfit to follow the course recommended by Aristotle toward the Greeks — quite as unfit as any of the Persian kings, or as the French emperor Napoleon, to endure that partial frustration, compromise, and smart from free criticism which is inseparable from the position of a limited chief. Among a multitude of subjects, more diverse-colored than even the army of Xerxes, it is quite possible that

he might have turned his power toward the improvements of the rudest portions. We are told — though the fact is difficult to credit, from his want of time — that he abolished various barbarisms of the Hyrkanians, Arachosians, and Sogdians. But Macedonians as well as Greeks would have been pure losers by being absorbed into an immense Asiatic aggregate. . . .

This process of Hellenizing Asia, — in so far as Asia was ever Hellenized, — which has often been ascribed to Alexander, was in reality the work of the Diadochi who came after him; though his conquests doubtless opened the door and established the military ascendency which rendered such a work practicable. The position, the aspirations, and the interests of these Diadochi — Antigonus, Ptolemy, Seleukus, Lysimachus, etc. — were materially different from those of Alexander. They had neither appetite nor means for new and remote conquest; their great rivalry was with each other; each sought to strengthen himself near home against the rest. It became a matter of fashion and pride with them, not less than of interest, to found new cities immortalizing their family names. These foundations were chiefly made in the regions of Asia near and known to Greeks, where Alexander had planted none. Thus the great and numerous foundations of Seleukus Nikator and his successors covered Syria, Mesopotamia, and parts of Asia Minor. All these regions were known to Greeks, and more or less tempting to new Grecian immigrants, not out of reach or hearing of the Olympic and other festivals as the Jaxartes and the Indus were. In this way a considerable influx of new Hellenic blood was poured into Asia during the century succeeding Alexander; probably in great measure from Italy and Sicily, where the conditions of the Greek cities became more and more calamitous, besides the numerous Greeks who took service as individuals under these Asiatic kings. Greeks, and Macedonians speaking Greek, became predominant, if not in numbers at least in importance, throughout most of the cities in western Asia. In particular, the Macedonian military organization, discipline, and administration were maintained systematically among these Asiatic kings. In the account of the battle of Magnesia, fought by the Seleukid king Antiochus the Great against the Romans in 190 B. C., the Macedonian phalanx, constituting the main force of his Asiatic army, appears in all its completeness, just as it stood under Philip and Perseus in Macedonia itself.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Guiney, Louise Imogen, an American poet and essayist; born in Boston, January 7, 1861. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Among her volumes of verse may be mentioned: "Verse;" "Songs at the Start" (1884); "A Roadside Harp" (1893); "The White Sail" (1887); etc. She has also published: "Goose-Quill Papers" (1885); "Brownies and Bogles" (1888); "Monsieur Henri" (1892); "A Little English Gallery;" "Lovers' Saint Ruths;" "Patrins" (1897); etc. She has edited an edition of Mangan's poems.

The Wild Ride.

I hear *in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,*
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle.
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn, galloping legion,
With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things to entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All 's well with thy Troopers that follow!

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT.

Guizot, François Pierre Guillaume, a French statesman, orator, and historian; born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787; died at Val-Richer, in Normandy, October 12, 1874. After completing his academic course, Guizot went to Paris in 1805, and studied Kant and German literature. He began to write for "Le Publiciste," and entered upon an active literary life. A work on French synonyms (1809,) an essay on the fine arts in France (1811), and a translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (1813), led to his appointment to the chair of Modern History in the University of France. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, but resigned his office upon the return of Napoleon from Elba. On the second restoration he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice; in 1816, Master of Requests; in 1817, a Councillor of State, and in 1819, Director of Communal and Departmental Administration. In 1821, Guizot was deprived of all his offices, and in 1822 was forbidden even to lecture. Between 1820 and 1822 he published "Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration et du Ministère Actuel" and "L'Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif," containing his lectures at the University. He was one of the collaborators in the "Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la Fondation de la Monarchie jusqu'au XIIIme Siècle," and of the "Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre." He edited a translation of Shakespeare, the "Encyclopédie Progressive," and the "Revue Française," and published a "History of the English Revolution" (1826). In 1827 he resumed his lectures in history, and during the next three years published a "General History of Civilization in Europe," and a "History of Civilization in France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution." In 1830 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Minister of the Department of the Interior. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. In 1840 he was ambassador to England, but in the autumn of the same year was recalled to assume the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister. In 1848 he resigned and went to England. He returned to France the next year, but after the *coup d'état* of 1851 again crossed the Channel. He did

not re-enter public life. His last years were spent near Lisieux in Normandy. Among his later works are: "Monk: Chute de la République et Rétablissement de la Monarchie en Angleterre en 1660" (1851); "Corneille et son Temps" (1852); "Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et du Protectorat de Cromwell" (1854); "Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell et du Rétablissement des Stuarts" (1856); "Sir Robert Peel: Étude d'Histoire Contemporaine (1856); "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps" (1858–68); "L'Église et la Société Chrétienne en 1861" (1861); "Histoire Parlementaire de France," a collection of speeches (1863); and "Méditations sur l'Essence de la Religion Chrétienne" (1864); "Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires" (1868); and "Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'au 1789, racontée à mes Petits Enfants." This valuable history of France, left unfinished by Guizot, was completed from his notes, by his daughter, Madame De Witt.

Cæsar in Gaul.

(From "History of France.")

The greatest minds are far from foreseeing all the consequences of their deeds, and all the perils proceeding from their successes. Cæsar was by nature neither violent nor cruel; but he did not trouble himself about justice or humanity, and the success of his enterprise, no matter by what means or at what price, was his sole law of conduct. He could show, on occasions, moderation and mercy; but when he had to put down an obstinate resistance, or when a long and arduous effort had irritated him, he had no hesitation in employing atrocious severity and perfidious promises. During his first campaign in Belgica (A. U. C. 697, or 57 B. C.), two peoplets, the Nervians and the Aduaticans, had gallantly struggled, with brief moments of success, against the Roman legions. The Nervians were conquered and almost annihilated. Their last remnants, huddled for refuge in the midst of their morasses, sent a deputation to Cæsar to make submission, saying, "Of six hundred senators three only are left, and of sixty thousand men that bore arms scarce five hundred have escaped." Cæsar received them kindly, returned to them their lands, and warned their neighbors to do them no harm. The Aduaticans, on the contrary, defended themselves to the last extremity. Cæsar, having slain four thousand, had all that remained sold by auction; and fifty-six thousand human beings, according to his

own statement, passed as slaves into the hands of their purchasers. Some years later, another Belgian peoplet, the Eburons, settled between the Meuse and the Rhine, rose and inflicted great losses upon the Roman legions. Cæsar put them beyond the pale of military and human law, and had all the neighboring peoplets and all the roving bands invited to come and "pillage and destroy that accursed race," promising to whoever would join in the work the friendship of the Roman people. A little later still, some insurgents in the centre of Gaul had concentrated in a place to the southwest, called Uxellodunum (now, it is said, Puy d'Issola, in the department of the Lot, between Vayrac and Martel). After a long resistance they were obliged to surrender, and Cæsar had all the combatants' hands cut off, and sent them, thus mutilated, to live and rove throughout Gaul, as a spectacle to all the country that was or was to be brought to submission.

Nor were the rigors of administration less than those of warfare. Cæsar wanted a great deal of money, not only to maintain satisfactorily his troops in Gaul, but to defray the enormous expenses he was at in Italy for the purpose of enriching his partisans, or securing the favor of the Roman people. It was with the produce of plunder and imposts in Gaul that he undertook the reconstruction at Rome of the Basilica of the Forum, the site whereof, extending to the Temple of Liberty, was valued, it is said, at more than twenty million five hundred thousand francs. Cicero, who took the direction of the work, wrote to his friend Atticus: "We shall make it the most glorious thing in the world." Cato was less satisfied; three years previously despatches from Cæsar had announced to the Senate his victories over the Belgian and German insurgents. The Senators had voted a general thanksgiving, but, "Thanksgiving!" cried Cato, "rather expiation! Pray the Gods not to visit upon our armies the sin of a guilty general. Give up Cæsar to the Germans, and let the foreigner know that Rome does not enjoin perjury, and rejects with horror the fruit thereof!"

The St. Bartholomew Massacre.

(From "History of France.")

We might multiply indefinitely the anecdotal scenes of the massacre — most of them brutally ferocious, others painfully pathetic; some generous and calculated to preserve the credit

of humanity amidst one of its most direful aberrations. History must show no pity for the vices and crimes of men, whether princes or people; and it is her duty as well as her right to depict them so truthfully that men's souls and imaginations may be sufficiently impressed by them to conceive disgust and horror at them. But it is not by dwelling upon them, and by describing them minutely, as if she had to exhibit a gallery of monsters and madmen, that history can lead men's minds to sound judgments and salutary impressions. We take no pleasure, and we see no use, in setting forth in detail the works of evil. We would be inclined to fear that by familiarity with such a spectacle men would lose the perception of good, and cease to put hope in its legitimate and ultimate superiority.

Nor will we pause either to discuss the secondary questions which meet us at the period of which we are telling the story. For example, the question whether Charles IX. fired with his own hand on his Protestant subjects whom he had delivered over to the evil passions of the aristocracy and of the populace; or whether the balcony from which he is said to have indulged in this ferocious pastime existed at that time in the sixteenth century, at the palace of the Louvre, and overlooking the Seine. These questions are not without historical interest, and it is well for learned men to study them; but we consider them incapable of being resolved with certainty. And even were they resolved, they would not give the key to the character of Charles IX., and to the portion which appertains to him in the deed of cruelty with which his name remains connected. The great historical fact of the St. Bartholomew is that to which we confine ourselves; and we have attempted to depict it accurately as regards Charles IX.: his hesitations and foolish resolutions; his mingling of open-heartedness and double dealing in the treatment of Coligny, toward whom he felt himself attracted, without fully understanding him; and his childish weakness in the presence of his mother, whom he rather feared than trusted.

When he had plunged into the madness of the massacre; when after exclaiming "Kill them all!" he had witnessed the killing of Coligny and La Rochefoucauld, the companions of his royal amusements, Charles IX. gave himself up to a paroxysm of mad fury. He was asked whether the two young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, were also to be slain. Marshal de Retz was in favor of this, Mar-

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THE MURDER OF COLIGNY

shal de Tavannes was opposed to it, and it was decided to spare them. On the very night of St. Bartholomew the King sent for the two Henrys. "I mean for the future," he said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom — the Mass or Death; make your choice." Henry of Navarre reminded the King of his promises, and asked for time to consider. Henry de Condé answered that he would remain firm in the true religion, though he should have to give up his life for it. "Seditious madman, rebel, and the son of a rebel," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled!"

At this first juncture the King saved from massacre none but Ambrose Paré, his surgeon, and his nurse, both Huguenots. On the night after the murder of Coligny he sent for Ambrose Paré into his chamber, and made him go into his wardrobe, "ordering him," says Brantôme, "not to stir, and saying that it was not reasonable that one who could be of service to a whole world should be thus put to death." A few days afterward the King said to Paré, "Now you really must become a Catholic." Paré replied: "By God's light, I think, Sire, you must surely remember that you promised me, in order that I should never disobey you, that you, on the other hand, would not bid me do four things: find my way back into my mother's womb; catch myself fighting in a battle; leave your service; or go to Mass." After a moment's silence, Charles rejoined: "Ambrose, I do not know what has come over me during the last two or three days; but I feel my mind and my body greatly excited, just, in fact, as if I had a fever. Meseems every moment, whether waking or sleeping, that those slaughtered corpses keep appearing to me, with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish that the helpless and the innocent had not been included." And, adds Sully, in his "Œconomies royales," "He next day issued his orders, prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering; the which were, nevertheless, very ill observed, the animosities and fury of the populace being too much inflamed to defer to them." Historians, Catholic or Protestant, contemporary or investigating, differ widely as to the number of victims in this massacre. According to De Thou there were about 2,000 killed in Paris the first day; D'Aubigné says 3,000; Brantôme speaks of 4,000 bodies that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the Seine; La Popenlière reduces them to 1,000. There is to be found in

the account-books of the City of Paris a payment to the grave-diggers of the Cemetery of the Innocents for having interred 1,000 dead bodies stranded at the turns of the Seine near Chaillot, Auteuil, and St. Cloud. It is probable that many bodies were carried still further, and that the corpses were not all thrown into the river.

The uncertainty is still greater when we come to speak of the number of victims in the whole of France. De Thou estimates it at 30,000; Sully at 70,000; Péréfixes, Archbishop of Paris in the nineteenth century, raises it to 100,000; Papirus Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000, without clearly distinguishing between the massacre at Paris and those of the provinces. Other historians fix upon 40,000.

Great uncertainty also prevails as to the execution of the orders issued from Paris to the Governors of the provinces. The names of the Viscount D'Orte, Governor at Bayonne, and of John Le Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, have become famous from their having refused to take part in the massacre. But the authenticity of the letter from the Viscount D'Orte to Charles IX. is disputed, though the fact of his resistance appears certain; and as for the Bishop John Le Hennuyer, M. de Forméville seems to us to have demonstrated in his "Histoire de l'ancien Evêche-comté de Lisieux" that "there was no occasion to save the Protestants of Lisieux in 1572, because they did not find themselves in any danger of being massacred; and that the merit of it cannot be attributed to anybody — to the Bishop Le Hennuyer, any more than to Captain Fumichon, Governor of the town. It was only the general course of events and the discretion of the municipal officers of Lisieux that did it all."

One thing which is quite true, and which it is good to call to mind in the midst of so great a general criminality, is that it met with a refusal to be associated in it. President Jeanin at Dijon, the Count de Tende in Provence, Philibert de la Guiche at Mâcon, Tanneguy Le Veneur de Carrouge at Rouen, the Count de Geordes in Dauphiny, and many other chiefs, military or civil, openly repudiated the example set by the murderers of Paris; and the municipal body of Nantes — a very Catholic town — took upon this subject a resolution which does honor to its patriotic firmness, as well as to its Christian loyalty. . . .

A great good man — a great functionary and a great scholar in disgrace for six years past — the Chancellor Michael de

L'Hospital — received about this time, in his retreat at Vignay, a visit from a great philosopher, Michael de Montaigne, "anxious," said his visitor, "to come and testify to you the honor and reverence with which I regard your competence, and the special qualities which are in you — for as to the extraneous and the fortuitous, it is not to my taste to put them down in the account." Montaigne chose a happy moment for disregarding all but the personal and special qualities of the Chancellor. Shortly after his departure L'Hospital was warned that some sinister-looking horsemen were coming, and that he would do well to take care of himself. "No matter, no matter," he answered, "it will be as God pleases, when my hour has come." Next day he was told that those men were approaching his house, and he was asked whether he would not have the gates shut against them, and have them fired upon in case they attempted to force an entrance. "No," said he, "if the small gate will not do for them to enter by, let the big one be opened." A few hours afterward L'Hospital was informed that the King and the Queen-mother were sending other horsemen to protect him. "I did not know," said the old man, "that I had deserved either death or pardon." A rumor of his death flew abroad amongst his enemies, who rejoiced at it. "We are told," wrote Cardinal Granvelle to his agent at Brussels, "that the King has had Chancellor de L'Hospital and his wife despatched, which would be a great blessing." The agent, more enlightened than his chief, denied the fact, adding, "They are a fine bit of rubbish left — L'Hospital and his wife." Charles IX. wrote to his old adviser, to reassure him, "loving you as I do." Some time after, however, he demanded of him his resignation of the title of Chancellor, wishing to confer it upon La Birague, to reward him for his coöperation in the St. Bartholomew. L'Hospital gave in his resignation on the 1st of February, 1573, and died six weeks afterward. "I am just at the end of my long journey," he wrote to the King and the Queen-mother; "and shall have no more business but with God. I implore him to give you His grace, and to lead you with His hand in all your affairs, and in the government of this great and beautiful kingdom which He hath committed to your keeping, with all gentleness and clemency toward your good subjects, in imitation of Himself, who is good and patient in bearing our burthens, and prompt to forgive you and pardon you everything."

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the conduct of

Charles IX. and the Queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions incoherent and contradictory, all caused by the habit of lying, and the desire of escaping from the peril or embarrassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about midday, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining to the King "of the pillage, sack, and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of his Majesty, as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the Court, by noblemen, archers, and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the sad murder, pillage, and sedition arising because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the Admiral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him." The same day he addressed to the Governors of the provinces a letter in which he invested the disturbance with the same character, and gave the same explanation of it. The Guises complained violently of being thus disavowed by the King, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered.

Next day, August 25th, the King wrote to all his agents, at home and abroad, another letter affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy that the Admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother and his brothers;" and on the 25th of August he went with his own brothers to hold in state a "bed of justice," and make to the Parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done not only with his consent, but by his express command." Whereupon, says De Thou, it was enjoined upon the court "to cause investigation to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the law and with justice." The next day but one — August 28th — appeared a royal manifesto running: "The king willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and

others whatsoever of the religion styled Reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done, and were empowered to do by the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere as is permitted by the said edicts of pacification, his Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all the said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that by the said lord and king, after having provided for the tranquillity of his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that on pain of confiscation of body and goods, in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends — these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts, and in point of fact annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed — the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance, and at another notwithstanding the publicly given word of the King and the Queen-mother — all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced amongst the Protestants two contrary effects : some grew frightened, others angry. At court, under the direct influence of the King and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be" prevailed. Many fled ; others, without injuring their religion, abjured their party. The two Reformed princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, attended Mass on the 29th of September, and on the 3d of October wrote to the Pope, deploring their errors and giving hopes of their conversion. Far away from Paris, in the mountains of the Pyrenees and Languedoc, in the towns where the Reformed were numerous and confident — at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nîmes, at La Rochelle — the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly, meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordinance for the Government of the Reformed Church, "until it please God, who has the hearts of kings in his keeping, to change that of King Charles IX., and restore the State of France to good order, or to raise up such neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtue and by distinguishing signs, for to be the liberator of this poor and afflicted

people." In November, 1592, the fourth religious war broke out. The siege of La Rochelle was its only important event. Charles IX., and his counsellors exerted themselves in vain to avoid it. There was everything to disgust them in this enterprise: so sudden a revival of the religious war after the grand blow they had just struck, the passionate energy manifested by the Protestants in asylum of La Rochelle, and the help they had been led to hope for from Queen Elizabeth, whom England would never have forgiven for indifference in this cause. . . .

In the spring of 1574, at the age of twenty-three years and eleven months, and after a reign of eleven years and six months, Charles IX. was attacked by an inflammatory malady which brought on violent hemorrhage; he was revisited in his troubled sleep by the same bloody vision about which, after the St. Bartholomew, he had spoken to Ambrose Paré. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, "of whom he was very fond, although she was a Huguenot," says the contemporary chronicler, Peter de l'Estoile. "When she had lain down upon a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the King moaning, weeping, and sighing, she went full gently up to his bed. 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said the King, 'what bloodshed and what murder! Ah! what evil counsel have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me for them, and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee! I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!' Then said the nurse to him, 'Sire, the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them! Of yourself, Sire, you never could; and since you were not consenting thereto, and are sorry therefor, believe that God will not put them down to your account, and will hide them with the cloak of justice of His Son, to whom alone you must have recourse. But, for God's sake, let your Majesty cease weeping!' And thereupon, having been to fetch him a pocket-handkerchief, because his own was soaked with tears, after that the King had taken it from her hand he signed her to go away and leave him to rest."

On Whitsunday, May 30, 1574, about three in the afternoon, Charles IX. expired, after having signed an ordinance conferring the regency upon his mother, Catherine, "who accepted it," — such was the expression in the letters-patent — "at the request of the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, and other princes

and peers of France." According to D'Aubigné, Charles used often to say of his brother Henry, that "when he had a kingdom on his hands the administration would find him out, and that he would disappoint those who had hope of him." The last words he said were, "that he was glad not to have left any young child to succeed him, very well knowing that France needs a man, and that with a child the king and the reign are unhappy."

The Example of Shakespeare.

(From "Shakespeare and his Times.")

Doubtless stopped in its course by the conditions of the age, the full severity of which will only be revealed to the talent that can comply with them, dramatic art, even in England, where under the protection of Shakespeare it would have liberty to attempt anything, scarcely ventures at the present day even to try timidly to follow him. Meanwhile England, France, and the whole of Europe demand of the drama pleasures and emotions that can no longer be supplied by the inanimate representation of a world that has ceased to exist. The Classical system had its origin in the life of its time: that time has passed; its image subsists in brilliant colors in its works, but can no more be reproduced. Near the monuments of past ages, the monuments of another age are now beginning to arise. What will be their form? I cannot tell; but the ground upon which their foundations may rest is already perceptible. The ground is not the ground of Corneille and Racine, nor is it that of Shakespeare; it is our own; but Shakespeare's system, as it appears to me, may furnish the plans according to which genius ought now to work. This system alone includes all those social conditions and all those general or diverse feelings, the simultaneous conjunction and activity of which constitute for us at the present day the spectacle of human things. Witnesses during thirty years of the greatest revolutions of society, we shall no longer willingly confine the movement of our mind within the narrow space of some family event, or the agitations of a purely individual passion. The nature and destiny of man have appeared to us under their most striking and their simplest aspect, in all their extent and in all their variableness. We require pictures in which this spectacle is reproduced, in which man is displayed in his completeness and excites our entire sympathy.

ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL.

Haeckel, Ernst Heinrich, a distinguished German naturalist and philosopher; born at Potsdam, Prussia, February 16, 1834. He studied at Wurzburg, Berlin, and Vienna, and spent the years of 1859–60 in zoölogical study in Naples and Messina. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Zoölogy at Jena. Between that year and 1822 he visited Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia, and India for the purpose of scientific observation. He is an extreme supporter of the theory of evolution. Among his works are "General Morphology of Organisms" (1866); "Natural History of Creation" (7th ed., 1879); "On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race" (3d ed., 1873); "On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life" (1869); "Life in the Greatest Depths of the Ocean" (1870); "The Origin of Man; a History of the Development of Mankind" (3d ed., 1877); "The Aims and Methods of the Contemporary History of Development" (1875); "The Theory of Development in its Relation to General Science" (1877); "Free Science and Free Teaching," and "Collected Popular Essays on the Theory of Development" (1878); "The Evolution of Man" (1879); "Letters and Travels through India" (1884); "Souvenirs of Algeria" (1890); "Plankton Studies" (1893); "Monoism as Connected with Religion and Science" (1894). His scientific works have been translated into many languages.

Change of Climate, and its Influence on Life.

(From "History of Creation.")

There is yet another important circumstance to be mentioned here which is likewise of great importance for a complete explanation of this varied geographical picture, and which throws light upon many very obscure facts, which, without its help, we should not be able to comprehend. I mean the gradual change of climate which has taken place during the long course of the organic history of the earth. As we saw in our last chapter, at the beginning of organic life on the earth a much higher and more equal temperature must have generally pre-

vailed than at present. The differences of zones, which in our time are so very striking, did not exist at all in those times. It is probable that for many millions of years but one climate prevailed over the whole earth, which very closely resembled, or even surpassed, the hottest tropical climate of the present day. The highest north which man has yet reached was then covered with palms and other tropical plants, the fossil remains of which are still found there. The temperature of this climate at a later period gradually decreased ; but still the poles remained so warm that the whole surface of the earth could be inhabited by organisms. It was only at a comparatively very recent period of the earth's history, namely, at the beginning of the Tertiary period, that there occurred, as it seems, the first perceptible cooling of the earth's crust at the poles, and through this the first differentiation or separation of the different zones of temperature or climatic zones. But the slow and gradual decrease of temperature continued to extend more and more within the Tertiary period, until at last, at both poles of the earth, the first permanent ice-caps were formed.

I need scarcely point out in detail how very much this change of climate must have affected the geographical distribution of organisms, and the origin of numerous new species. The animal and vegetable species, which, down to the Tertiary period, had found an agreeable tropical climate all over the earth, even as far as the poles, were now forced either to adapt themselves to the decreasing temperature or became new species simply by this very acclimatization, under the influence of natural selection. The other species, which fled from the cold, had to emigrate and seek a milder climate in lower latitudes. The tracts of distribution which had hitherto existed must by this time have been vastly changed.

However, during the last great period of the earth's history, during the Quaternary period (diluvial period), succeeding the Tertiary one, the decrease of the heat of the earth from the poles did not by any means remain stationary. The temperature fell lower and lower, nay, even far below the present degree. Northern and Central Asia, Europe, and North America, from the north pole, were covered to a great extent by a sheet of ice, which in our part of the earth seems to have reached the Alps. In a similar manner the cold also advancing from the south pole covered a large portion of the southern hemisphere, which is now free from it, with a rigid sheet of ice.

Thus, between these vast lifeless ice-continents, there remained only a narrow zone to which the life of the organic world had to withdraw.

There can be no doubt that this glaciation of the present temperate zones must have exercised an exceedingly important influence on the geographical and topographical distributions of organisms, and that it must have entirely changed it. While the cold slowly advanced from the poles toward the equator, and covered land and sea with a connected sheet of ice, it must of course have driven the whole living world before it. Animals and plants had to migrate if they wished to escape being frozen. But as at that time the temperate and tropical zones were probably no less densely peopled with animals and plants than at present, there must have arisen a fearful struggle for life between the latter and the intruders coming from the poles. During this struggle, which certainly lasted many thousands of years, many species must have perished, and many become modified and been transformed into new species. The hitherto existing tracts of distribution of species must have become completely changed, and the struggles have been continued, nay, indeed, must have broken out even, and carried on in new forms, when the ice period had reached and gone beyond its furthest point, and when in the post-glacial period the temperature again increased, and organisms began to migrate back again toward the poles.

In any case this great change of climate, whether a greater or less importance be ascribed to it, is one of those occurrences in the history of the earth which have most powerfully influenced the distribution of organic forms. But more especially one important and chronological circumstance is explained by it in the simplest manner, namely, the specific agreement of many of our Alpine inhabitants with some of those living in polar regions. There is a great number of remarkable animal and vegetable forms which are common to these two far distant parts of the earth, and which are found nowhere in the wide plains lying between them. Their migration from the polar lands to the Alpine heights, or vice versa, would be inconceivable under the present climatic circumstances, or could be assumed at least only in a few rare instances. But such a migration could take place, nay, was obliged to take place, during the gradual advance and retreat of the ice sheet. As the glaciation encroached from Northern Europe toward our Alpine chains

— the polar inhabitants retreating before it — gentian, saxifrage, polar foxes, and polar hares must have peopled Germany, in fact, all Central Europe. When the temperature again increased, only a portion of these Arctic inhabitants returned with the retreating ice to the Arctic zones. Another portion of them climbed up the mountains of the Alpine chain instead, and there found a climate suited to them.

Color and Form in the Ceylon Coral Banks.

(From "A Visit to Ceylon.")

Nine years since, in 1873, when I made an excursion among the coral reefs of the Sinai coast, and for the first time had a glimpse of the wonderful forms of life in their submarine gardens of marvels, they had excited my utmost interest; and in a popular series of lectures on Arabian corals (published with five colored plates) I had endeavored to sketch these wonderful creatures and their communities, with various other animals. The corals of Ceylon, which I first became acquainted with here at Galle, and subsequently studied more closely at Belligam, reminded me vividly of that delightful experience, and at the same time afforded me a multitude of new ones. For though the marine fauna of the Indian seas is on the whole nearly allied to the Arabian fauna of the Red Sea, — many genera and species being common to both, — yet the number and variety of forms of life is considerably greater in the vast basin of the Indian Ocean with its diversified coast, than in the pent-up waters of the Arabian Gulf with its uniform conditions of existence. Thus I found the general physiognomy of the coral reefs in the two situations different, in spite of many features in common. While the reefs at Tur are for the most part conspicuous for warm coloring, — yellow, orange, red, and brown, — in the coral gardens of Ceylon green predominates in a great variety of shades and tones: yellow-green Alcyonia growing with sea-green Heteropora, and malachite-like Anthophylla side by side with olive-green Millepora; Madrepora, and Astræa of emerald hue, with brown-green Montipora and Mæandrina.

Ransonnet had already pointed out how singularly and universally green prevails in the coloring of Ceylon. Not only is the greater portion of this evergreen isle clothed with an unfading tapestry of rich verdure, but the animals of the most widely dissimilar classes which live in its woods are conspicuous for their

green coloring. This is seen in all the commonest birds and lizards, butterflies, and beetles, which are of every shade of brilliant green. In the same way the innumerable inhabitants of the sea, of all classes, are colored green, such as many fishes and crustacea, worms, and sea-anemones: indeed, creatures which elsewhere seldom or never appear in green livery wear it here; for instance, several star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers; also some enormous bivalves, and Brachiopoda, and others. An explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in Darwin's principles, particularly in the law of adaptation by selection of similar coloring or sympathetic affinity of color, as I have elucidated it in my "History of Creation." The less the predominant coloring of any creature varies from that of its surroundings, the less will it be seen by its foes, the more easily can it steal upon its prey, and the more it is protected and fitted for the struggle for existence. Natural selection will at the same time constantly confirm the similarity between the prevailing color of the animal and of its surroundings, because it is beneficial to the animal. The green coral banks of Ceylon, with their preponderance of green inhabitants, are as instructive in their bearing on this theory as are the green land animals which people the evergreen forests and thickets of the island; but in purity and splendor of coloring the sea creatures are even more remarkable than the fauna of the forests.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this prevailing green hue produces a monotonous uniformity of coloring. On the contrary, it is impossible to weary of admiring it; for on the one hand, the most wonderful gradations and modifications may be traced through it, and on the other, numbers of vividly and gaudily colored forms are scattered among them. And just as the gorgeous red, yellow, violet, or blue colors of many birds and insects look doubly splendid in the dark-green forest of Ceylon, so do the no less brilliant hues of some marine creatures on the coral banks. Many small fishes and crustaceans are particularly distinguished by such gaudy coloring, with very elegant and extremely singular markings, as they seek their food among the ramifications of the coral-trees. Some few large corals are also conspicuously and strikingly colored; thus, for instance, many Pocilloporæ are rose-colored, many of the Astræidæ are red and yellow, and many of the Heteroporæ and Madreporæ are violet and brown, etc. But unfortunately, these gorgeous colors are for the most part very evanescent, and disappear as soon as the

coral is taken out of the water; often at a mere touch. The sensitive creatures which have displayed their open cups of tentacles in the greatest beauty then suddenly close, and become inconspicuous, dull, and colorless.

But if the eye is enchanted merely by the lovely hues of the coral reef and its crowded population, it is still more delighted by the beauty and variety of form displayed by these creatures. Just as the radiated structure of one individual coral polyp resembles a true flower, so the whole structure of the branched coral stock resembles the growth of plants, trees, and shrubs. It was for this reason that corals were universally supposed to be really plants, and it was long before their true nature as animals was generally believed in.

These coral gardens display indeed a lovely and truly fairy-like scene, as we row over them in a boat at low tide and on a calm sea. Close under the Fort of Galle the sea is so shallow that the keel of the boat grates on the points of the stony structure; and from the wall of the fort above, the separate coral growths can be distinguished through the crystal water. A great variety of most beautiful and singular species here grow close together, on so narrow a space that in a very few days I had made a splendid collection.

Mr. Scott's garden, in which my kind host allowed me to place them to dry, looked strange indeed during these days. The splendid tropical plants seemed to vie with the strange marine creatures who had intruded on their domain for the prize for beauty and splendor; and the enchanted naturalist, whose gladdened eye wandered from one to the other, could not decide whether the fauna or the flora best deserved to take it. The coral animals imitated the forms of the loveliest flowers in astonishing variety, and the orchids on the other hand mimicked the forms of insects. The two great kingdoms of the organized world seemed here to have exchanged aspects.

Most of the corals which I collected in Galle and Belligam, I procured by the help of divers. These I found here to be quite as clever and capable of endurance as the Arabs of Tur nine years before. Armed with a strong crowbar, they uprooted the limestone structure of even very large coral stocks from their attachment to the rocky base, and raised them most skilfully up to the boat. These masses often weighed from fifty to eighty pounds, and it cost no small toil and care to lift them uninjured into the boat. Some kinds of coral are so fragile that in taking

them out of the water they break by their own weight; and so, unfortunately, it is impossible to convey many of the most delicate kinds uninjured to land. This is the case, for instance, with certain frail Turbinariæ, whose foliaceous stock grows in the shape of an inverted spiral cone; and of the many-branched Heteropora, which resembles an enormous stag's antler with hundreds of twigs.

It is not from above, however, that a coral reef displays its full beauty, even when we row close over it, and when the ebb-tide has left the water so shallow that its projections grind against the boat. On the contrary, it is essential to take a plunge into the sea. In the absence of a diving-bell I tried to dive to the bottom and keep my eyes open under water, and after a little practice I found this easy. Nothing could be more wonderful than the mysterious green sheen which pervades this submarine world. The enchanted eye is startled by the wonderful effects of light, which are so different from those of the upper world with its warm and rosy coloring; and they lend a double interest and strangeness to the forms and movements of the myriads of creatures that swarm among the corals. The diver is in all reality in a new world. There is in fact a whole multitude of singular fishes, crustacea, mollusca, radiata, worms, etc., whose food consists solely of the coral polyps among which they live; and these coral-eaters, which may be regarded as parasites in the true sense of the word, have acquired by adaptation to their peculiar mode of life the most extraordinary forms; more especially are they provided with weapons of offence and defence of the most remarkable character.

But just as it is well known that "no man may walk unpunished under the palms," so the naturalist cannot swim with impunity among the coral banks. The Oceanides, under whose protection these coral fairy bowers of the sea flourish, threaten the intruding mortal with a thousand perils. The Millepora, as well as the Medusæ which float among them, burn him wherever they touch like the most venomous nettles; the sting of the fish known as Synanceia is as painful and dangerous as that of the scorpion; numbers of crabs nip his tender flesh with their powerful claws; black sea-urchins thrust their foot-long spines, covered with fine prickles set the wrong way, into the sole of his foot, where they break off and remain, causing very serious wounds. But worst of all is the injury to the skin in trying to secure the coral itself. The numberless points and angles with which their

limestone skeleton is armed, inflict a thousand little wounds at every attempt to detach and remove a portion. Never in my life have I been so gashed and mangled as after a few days of diving and coral-fishing at Galle, and I suffered from the consequences for several weeks after. But what are these transient sufferings to a naturalist, when set in the scale against the fairy-like scenes of delight with which a plunge among these marvellous coral groves enriches his memory for life!

"Snake-Trees" at Peradenia.

(From "A Visit to Ceylon.")

The entrance to the garden is through a fine avenue of old india-rubber trees. This is the same as the Indian species, of which the milky juice when inspissated becomes caoutchouc, and of which young plants are frequently grown in sitting-rooms in our cold Northern climate, for the sake of the bright polished green of its oval leathery leaves. But while with us these india-rubber-plants are greatly admired when their inch-thick stems reach the ceiling, and their rare branches bear fifty leaves, more or less, in the hot moisture of their native land they attain the size of a noble forest tree, worthy to compare with our oaks. An enormous crown of thousands of leaves growing on horizontal boughs, spreading forty to fifty feet on every side, covers a surface as wide as a good-sized mansion, and the base of the trunk throws out a circle of roots often from one hundred to two hundred feet in diameter, more than the whole height of the tree. These very remarkable roots generally consist of twenty or thirty main roots, thrown out from strongly marked ribs in the lower part of the trunk, and spreading like huge creeping snakes over the surface of the soil. The india-rubber tree is indeed called the "snake-tree" by the natives, and has been compared by poets to Laocoön entwined by serpents. Very often however the roots grow up from the ground like strong upright poles, and so form stout props, enabling the parent tree to defy all storms unmoved. The space between these props form perfect little rooms or sentry boxes, in which a man can stand upright and be hidden. These pillar-roots are developed here in many other gigantic trees of very different families.

HAFIZ.

Hafiz (Mohammed Shems ed-Din), a Persian philosopher and poet; born at Shiraz, about 1300; died in 1390. The name Hafiz means, in Arabic, he who knows by heart, *i.e.*, the Koran and the traditions. He early devoted himself to Mohammedan jurisprudence, of which he was a noted teacher. When in 1387 Tamerlane conquered Shiraz he treated Hafiz with marked consideration. In his old age Hafiz embraced an austere life, and devoted himself to celebrating the Divine Unity and the praises of the prophet of Islam. His only work is "The Divan," a collection of poems made after his death, consisting of five hundred and seventy-one *gazels* or odes, and seven elegies. The entire "Divan" was translated into German by Von Hammer in 1812–15. Several of the *gazels* have been rendered into English, by Richardson, Nott, Hindley, and others. Sir William Jones also translated several of them directly from the original Persian.

A Persian Song.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst chain my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clean as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when those fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret hearts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of Fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine.
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 't is all a dream.
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,
For her fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear —
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage —
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frown of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

Three Gazels or Odes.

From the garden of union with thee, [even] the gardens of Rizvān [Paradise] gain lustre of joy;
From the torment of separation from thee, [even] hell's flame hath torment.

In the beauty of thy cheek and stature, shelter have taken
Paradise, and the tūba [tree]. For them, it [the shelter] is good;
and a good place of returning [from this world].

All night, [even] as my eye [seeth, so] the stream of Paradise
Seeth in sleep the image of thy intoxicated eye [of mercy].

In every season, Spring giveth description of thy beauty;
In every book, Paradise maketh mention of thy grace.

This heart consumed, and my soul attained not to the heart's desire;
If it had attained to its desire, it would not have poured forth blood
[of grief].

Oh, many the salt-rights of thy lip and mouth,
Which they have against rent livers and roast hearts.

Think not that in thy circle [only] lovers are intoxicated [with love
for thee]:
Of the state of zāhids distraught [with love] no news hast thou.

By the circle of thy [ruddy] lip [in thy face, resplendent as the
sun], I knew that the jewel [lustre] of the ruby
Was produced by the sun, world-illuminating.

Open the veil. This modesty how long wilt thou practise?
With this veil, what hast thou bound save modesty?

The rose beheld thy face, and fell into the fire [of love],
Perceived thy fragrance, and through shame, became [soft and fra-
grant like] rose-water.

In love for thy face, Hāfiz is immersed in the sea of calamity.
Behold he dieth! Come once! Help!

Hāfiz! that life should pass in folly, permit not:
Strive; and understand the value of dear life.

[When] the rose is in the bosom, wine in the hand, and the beloved
to my desire, —
On such a day the world's Sūltān is my slave.

Say, Into this assembly bring ye no candle for to-night.
In our assembly the moon of the Friend's face is full.

In our order [of profligates] the wine-cup is lawful; but
O Cypress, rose of body! without thy face [presence], unlawful.

In our assembly [of lovers], mix not *'itr* [perfume]; for our soul
Every moment receiveth perfume from the fragrance of the tip of
thy tress.

My ear is all [intent] on the voice of the reed and the melody of the harp [the instruction of the Mūrshid];
My eye is all [intent] on thy ruby lip, and on the circulation of the cup [the manifestations of glories of God in the night season].

Say ye naught of the sweetness of candy and sugar [the delights of the world];
For my desire is for thy sweet lip [the sweet stream of Divine grace, the source of endless delight].

From the time when the treasure of grief for thee was dweller in my ruined heart,
The corner of the tavern is ever my abode.

Of shame why speakest thou? For from shame is my name [renown]:
Of name [renown] why askest thou? For from name [renown] is my shame.

Wine-drinker, distraught of head, profligate, and glance-player, I am:
In this city, who is that one who is not like this?

To the Muhtasib, utter not my crime; for he also
Is ever like me in desire of the drinkers of wine.

Hāfiz! sit not a moment without wine and the beloved.
'T is the season of the rose, and of the jessamine, and of the 'Id of Siyām![1]

Without the beloved's face, the rose — is not pleasant.
Without wine, spring — is not pleasant.

The border of the sward and the air of the garden
Without the [beloved of] tulip cheek — is not pleasant.

With the beloved, sugar of lip, rose of body,
[To be] without kiss and embrace — is not pleasant.

The dancing of the cypress, and the rapture of the rose,
Without the song of the hazār — is not pleasant.

Every picture that reason's hand depicteth,
Save the picture of the [living beauteous] idol — is not pleasant.

The garden and the rose and wine, [all] is pleasant; but
Without the beloved's society, — is not pleasant.

Hāfiz! the soul is [but] a despicable coin;
For scattering [on the true beloved] it — is not pleasant.

[1] A day of rejoicing following the fast of Ramazān.

THAT friend by whom our house the [happy] dwelling of the
Parī —
Head to foot, free from defect, a Parī — was.

Acceptable to the [All] Wise of mine [is] that moon. For his,
With beauty of manner, the way of one endowed with vision — was.

[My] heart said, "In hope of her, in this city I will sojourn:"
Helpless, it knew not that its friend a traveller — was.

Out from my grasp the malignant star plucked her:
Yes: what can I do? The calamity of the revolution of the
moon it — was.

Not only from my heart's mystery fell the screen;
Since the sky [time] was, screen-rending its habit — was.

Sweet was the marge of the water, and the rose and the ver-
dure. But
Alas, that moving treasure a wayfarer — was.

Happy were those times which passed with the friend;
All without result and without knowledge the rest — was.

The bulbul [the true lover] slew himself through jealousy of
this, that to the rose [the true beloved]
At morning-time [the last breath of life], with the morning
breeze [the angel of death], splendor [of heavenly
messages] — was.

O heart! establish an excuse. For thou art a beggar; and here,
In the kingdom of beauty, the head of a crowned one — was.

Every treasure of happiness that God gave to Hāfiz,
From the auspiciousness of the evening prayer and of the morn-
ing supplication — was.

THREE GAZELS OR ODES.

O CUPBEARER! bring the joy of youth; bring cup after cup of red
wine.
Bring medicine for the disease of love; bring wine, which is the
balm of old and young.
Do not grieve for the revolution of time, that it wheeled thus and
not thus. Touch the lute in peace.
Wisdom is very wearisome; bring for its neck the noose of wine.
When the rose goes, say "Go gladly," and drink wine, red like the
rose.

If the moan of the turtle does not remain, what matter? Bring music in the jug of wine.
The sun is wine and the moon the cup. Pour the sun into the moon.
To drink wine is either good or bad: drink, if it be bad or if it be good.
Her face cannot be seen except in a dream; bring then the medicine of sleep.
Give cup after cup to Hāfiz; pour, whether it be sin or sanctity.

The east wind at the dawn of day brought a perfume from the tresses of my beloved, which immediately cast my foolish heart into fresh agitation.
I imagined that I had uprooted that flower from the garden of my heart, for every blossom which sprang up from its suffering bore only the fruits of pain.
From fear of the attacks of her love, I set my heart free with bloody strife; my heart dropped gouts of blood which marked my footsteps.
I beheld from her terrace how the glory of the moon veiled itself in confusion, before the face of that dazzling sun.
At the voice of the singer and the cupbearer, I go to the door in and out of season; for the messenger cometh with trouble from a weary road.
Any gift of my beloved I take as courteous and kind, whether it be Mohammedan, Christian, or Jewish.
Heaven protect her eyebrows from harm! for though they brought me to despair, yet with a gracious greeting they have given consolation to the sick heart.
Joy to the time and the hour when I freed myself from the snare of her braided tresses, and gained a victory which even my foe admitted!
From envy of the tresses of my beloved, the breeze lavished all the musk which she had carried from Tartary.
I was amazed when I discovered last night cup and jug beside Hāfiz; but I said no word, for he used them in Sūfī manner.

Yesterday morning I chanced to drink a cup or two, and from the lip of the cupbearer wine had fallen into my heart.
From the joy of intoxication I was longing to call back the beloved of my youth; but divorce had befallen.
I dreamed that I might kiss those divine eyes. I had lost strength and patience on account of her arched eyebrow.
O Saki! give the cup frequently, because, in the journey on the path, where is the lover who has not fallen into hypocrisy?

O interpreter of dreams! give good tidings, because last night the sun seemed to be my ally in the joy of the morning sleep.

At the hour when Hāfiz was writing this troubled verse, the bird of his heart had fallen into the snare of love.

A Gazel or Ode.

I have made a compact with the mistress of my soul, that so long as I have a soul within my body I will hold as mine own soul the well-wishers of her village.

In the privacy of my breast I see light from that taper of Chighil; splendor to mine eye and brightness to my heart from that moon of Khoten.

Since in accordance with my wishes and yearnings I have gained the privacy of my breast, why need I care for the slander of evil-speakers in the midst of the crowd?

If a hundred armies of lovely ones should be lying in ambush to assault my heart, I have, by the mercy and to the praise of Heaven, an idol which will shatter armies to pieces.

Would to Heaven, my rival, that this night thou wouldst close thine eye for a while, that I might whisper a hundred words to her silent ruby lips!

No inclination have I for tulip, or white rose, or the leaf of the narcissus, so long as by Heaven's grace I walk proudly in the rose garden of her favor.

O mine ancient wise one, lay not thy prohibition on the wine-house; for abandoning the wine-cup, I should break a pledge to mine own heart.

My beverege is easy of digestion, and my love is beautiful as a picture; no one hath a love — such a love as I have!

I have a Cypress in my dwelling, under the shade of whose tall stature I can dispense with the cypress of the grove, and the box-tree of the meadow.

I can boast that the seal of her ruby lip is potent as was that of Solomon: in possession of the Great Name, why should I dread the Evil One!

After long abstinence, Hāfiz is become a notorious reveler; but why grieve, so long as there is in the world an Emin-ad-Dīn Hassan!

5-394'

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.

Haggard, Henry Rider, an English novelist, was born in Norfolk, June 22, 1856. When nineteen years old he went to Natal as secretary to Sir H. Bulwer, and served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his mission in the Transvaal. He retired from the Colonial Service in 1879. He has published numerous works: "Cetewayo and His White Neighbors" (1882); "Dawn" (1884); "The Witch's Head" (1885); "King Solomon's Mines" (1886); "She," "Jess," "Allan Quatermain," "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "Maiwa's Revenge," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "Cleopatra," "Allan's Wife" (1889); "Beatrice" (1890); "Nada the Lily" (1892); "The People of the Mist" (1894); "Heart of the World" (1895); "Joan Haste" (1895); "The Wizard" (1896).

Haggard's works are very popular in both Europe and America. Walter Besant declares: "Among living authors Haggard is unquestionably first. I find two very remarkable qualities in Mr. Haggard's novels, — a power of imagination in which, for audacity and strength, he is unequalled since the Elizabethan dramatists. Secondly, there is the mesmeric influence which he exercises over his readers."

Umbopa Enters our Service.

(From "King Solomon's Mines.")

It takes from four to five days, according to the vessel and the state of the weather, to run up from the Cape to Durban. Sometimes, if the landing is bad at East London, where they have not yet got that wonderful harbor they talk so much of, and sink such a mint of money in, one is delayed for twenty-four hours before the cargo boats can get out to take the goods off. But on this occasion we had not to wait at all, for there were no breakers on the Bar to speak of, and the tugs came out at once with their long strings of ugly, flat-bottomed boats, into which the goods were bundled with a crash. It did not matter what they were, over they went slap bang; whether they were china or woollen goods they met with the same treatment. I saw one

case containing four dozen of champagne smashed all to bits, and there was the champagne fizzing and boiling about in the bottom of the dirty cargo boat. It was a wicked waste, and so evidently the Kafirs in the boat thought, for they found a couple of unbroken bottles, and knocking the tops off drunk the contents. But they had not allowed for the expansion caused by the fizz in the wine, and feeling themselves swelling, rolled about in the bottom of the boat, calling out that the good liquor was "tagati" (bewitched). I spoke to them from the vessel, and told them that it was the white man's strongest medicine, and that they were as good as dead men. They went on to the shore in a very great fright, and I do not think that they will touch champagne again.

Well, all the time we were running up to Natal I was thinking over Sir Henry Curtis's offer. We did not speak any more on the subject for a day or two, though I told them many hunting yarns, all true ones. There is no need to tell lies about hunting, for so many curious things happen within the knowledge of a man whose business it is to hunt; but this is by the way.

At last, one beautiful evening in January, which is our hottest month, we steamed along the coast of Natal, expecting to make Durban Point by sunset. It is a lovely coast all along from East London, with its red sandhills and wide sweeps of vivid green, dotted, here and there, with Kafir kraals, and bordered by a ribbon of white surf, which spouts up in pillars of foam where it hits the rocks. But just before you get to Durban there is a peculiar richness about it. There are the deep kloofs cut in the hills by the rushing rains of centuries, down which the rivers sparkle; there is the deepest green of the bush, growing as God planted it, and the other greens of the mealie gardens and the sugar patches, while here and there a white house, smiling out at the placid sea, puts a finish, and gives an air of homeliness to the scene. For to my mind, however beautiful a view may be, it requires the presence of man to make it complete, but perhaps that is because I have lived so much in the wilderness, and therefore know the value of civilization, though to be sure it drives away the game. The Garden of Eden, no doubt, was fair before man was, but I always think it must have been fairer when Eve was walking about it. But we had miscalculated a little, and the sun was well down before we dropped anchor off the Point, and heard the gun which told

the good folk that the English Mail was in. It was too late to think of getting over the Bar that night, so we went down comfortably to dinner, after seeing the Mails carried off in the life-boat.

When we came up again the moon was up, and shining so brightly over sea and shore that she almost paled the quick, large flashes from the lighthouse. From the shore floated sweet spicy odors that always remind me of hymns and missionaries, and in the windows of the houses on the Berea sparkled a hundred lights. From a large brig lying near came the music of the sailors as they worked at getting the anchor up to be ready for the wind. Altogether it was a perfect night, such a night as you only get in Southern Africa, and it threw a garment of peace over everybody as the moon threw a garment of silver over everything. Even the great bulldog, belonging to a sporting passenger, seemed to yield to the gentle influences, and giving up yearning to come to close quarters with the baboon in the cage on the foc'sle, snored happily in the door of the cabin, dreaming no doubt that he had finished him, and happy in his dream.

We all — that is, Sir Henry Curtis, Captain Good, and myself — went and sat by the wheel, and were quiet for awhile.

"Well, Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, presently, "have you been thinking about my proposals?"

"Ay," echoed Captain Good, "what do you think of them, Mr. Quatermain? I hope you are going to give us the pleasure of your company as far as Solomon's Mines, or wherever the gentleman you knew as Neville may have got to."

I rose and knocked out my pipe before I answered. I had not made up my mind, and wanted the additional moment to complete it. Before the burning tobacco had fallen into the sea it was completed; just that little extra second did the trick. It is often the way when you have been bothering a long time over a thing.

"Yes, gentlemen," I said, sitting down again, "I will go, and by your leave I will tell you why and on what terms. First for the terms which I ask.

"1. You are to pay all expenses, and any ivory or other valuables we may get is to be divided between Captain Good and myself.

"2. That you pay me £500 for my services on the trip before we start, I undertaking to serve you faithfully till you

choose to abandon the enterprise, or till we succeed, or disaster overtakes us.

"3. That before we start you execute a deed agreeing, in the event of my death or disablement, to pay my boy Harry, who is studying medicine over there in London at Guy's Hospital, a sum of £200 a year for five years, by which time he ought to be able to earn a living for himself. That is all, I think, and I dare say you will say quite enough too."

"No," answered Sir Henry, "I accept them gladly. I am bent upon this project, and would pay more than that for your help, especially considering the peculiar knowledge you possess."

"Very well. And now that I have made my terms I will tell you my reasons for making up my mind to go. First of all, gentlemen, I have been observing you both for the last few days, and if you will not think me impertinent I will say that I like you, and think that we shall come up well to the yoke together. That is something, let me tell you, when one has a long journey like this before one.

"And now as to the journey itself, I tell you flatly, Sir Henry and Captain Good, that I do not think it probable that we can come out of it alive, that is, if we attempt to cross the Suliman Mountains. What was the fate of the old Don da Silvestra three hundred years ago? What was the fate of his descendant twenty years ago? What has been your brother's fate? I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that as their fate was so I believe ours will be."

I paused to watch the effect of my words. Captain Good looked a little uncomfortable; but Sir Henry's face did not change. "We must take our chance," he said.

"You may perhaps wonder," I went on, "why, if I think this, I, who am, as I told you, a timid man, should undertake such a journey. It is for two reasons. First, I am a fatalist, and believe that my time is appointed to come quite independently of my own movements, and that if I am to go to Suliman's Mountains to be killed, I shall go there and shall be killed there. God Almighty, no doubt, knows His mind about me, so I need not trouble on that point. Secondly, I am a poor man. For nearly forty years I have hunted and traded, but I have never made more than a living. Well, gentlemen, I don't know if you are aware that the average life of an elephant-hunter from the time he takes to the trade is from four to five years. So you see I have lived through about seven generations of my class,

and I should think that my time cannot be far off any way. Now, if anything were to happen to me in the ordinary course of business, by the time my debts were paid there would be nothing left to support my son Harry whilst he was getting in the way of earning a living, whereas now he would be provided for for five years. There is the whole affair in a nutshell."

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, who had been giving me the most serious attention; "your motives for undertaking an enterprise which you believe can only end in disaster reflect a great deal of credit on you. Whether or not you are right, time and the event of course alone can show. But whether you are right or wrong, I may as well tell you at once that I am going through with it to the end, sweet or bitter. If we are going to be knocked on the head, all I have to say is that I hope we shall get a little shooting first — eh, Good?"

"Yes, yes," put in the captain. "We have all three of us been accustomed to face danger, and hold our lives in our hands in various ways, so it is no good turning back now."

"And now I vote we go down to the saloon and take an observation, just for luck, you know." And we did — through the bottom of a tumbler.

Next day we went ashore, and I put Sir Henry and Captain Good up at the little shanty I have on the Berea, and which I call my home. There are only three rooms and a kitchen in it, and it is built of green brick with a galvanized iron roof, but there is a good garden with the best loquot trees in it that I know, and some nice young mangoes, of which I hope great things. The curator of the botanical gardens gave them to me. It is looked after by an old hunter of mine, named Jack, whose thigh was so badly broken by a buffalo cow in Sikukuni's country, that he will never hunt again. But he can potter about and garden, being a Griqua by birth. You can never get your Zulu to take much interest in gardening. It is a peaceful art, and peaceful arts are not in his line.

Sir Henry and Good slept in a tent pitched in my little grove of orange-trees at the end of the garden (for there was no room for them in the house), and what with the smell of the bloom and the sight of the green and golden fruit — for in Durban you will see all three on the tree together — I dare say it is a pleasant place enough (for we have few mosquitoes here unless there happens to come an unusually heavy rain).

Well, to get on — for unless I do you will be tired of my

story before we fetch up at Suliman's Mountains — having once made up my mind to go I set about making the necessary preparations. First I got the deed from Sir Henry, providing for my boy in case of accident. There was some little difficulty about getting this legally executed, as Sir Henry was a stranger here, and the property to be charged was over the water, but it was ultimately got over with the help of a lawyer, who charged £20 for the job — a price that I thought outrageous. Then I got my check for £500. Having paid this tribute to my bump of caution, I bought a wagon and a span of oxen on Sir Henry's behalf, and beauties they were. It was a twenty-two-foot wagon with iron axles, very strong, very light, and built throughout of stink wood. It was not quite a new one, having been to the Diamond Fields and back, but in my opinion it was all the better for that, for one could see that the wood was well seasoned. If anything is going to give in a wagon, or if there is green wood in it, it will show out on the first trip. It was what we call a "half-tented" wagon, that is to say, it was only covered in over the after twelve feet, leaving all the front part free for the necessaries we had to carry with us. In this after part was a hide "cartle" or bed, on which two people could sleep, also racks for rifles, and many other little conveniences. I gave £125 for it, and think it was cheap at the price. Then I bought a beautiful team of twenty salted Zulu oxen, which I had had my eye on for a year or two. Sixteen oxen are the usual number for a team, but I had four extra to allow for casualties. These Zulu oxen are small and light, not more than half the size of the Africander oxen, which are generally used for transport purposes; but they will live where the Africanders will starve, and with a light load will make five miles a day better going, being quicker and not so liable to get footsore. What is more, this lot were thoroughly "salted," that is, they had worked all over South Africa, and so had become proof (comparatively speaking) against red water, which so frequently destroys whole teams of oxen when they get on to strange "veldt" (grass country). As for "lung sick," which is a dreadful form of pneumonia, very prevalent in this country, they had all been inoculated against it. This is done by cutting a slit in the tail of an ox, and binding in a piece of the diseased lung of an animal which has died of the sickness. The result is that the ox sickens, takes the disease in a mild form, which causes its tail to drop off, as a rule about a foot from the root, and becomes proof against future attacks. It seems cruel to rob the animal

of his tail, especially in a country where there are so many flies, but it is better to sacrifice the tail and keep the ox than to lose both tail and ox, for a tail without an ox is not much good except to dust with. Still it does look odd to trek along behind twenty stumps, where there ought to be tails. It seems as though nature had made a trifling mistake, and stuck the stern ornaments of a lot of prize bull-dogs on to the rumps of the oxen.

Next came the question of provisioning and medicines, one which required the most careful consideration, for what one had to do was to avoid lumbering the wagon up, and yet take everything absolutely necessary. Fortunately, it turned out that Good was a bit of a doctor, having at some period in his previous career managed to pass through a course of medical and surgical instruction, which he had more or less kept up. He was not, of course, qualified, but he knew more about it than many a man who could write M. D. after his name, as we found out afterward, and he had a splendid travelling medicine-chest and a set of instruments. Whilst we were at Durban he cut off a Kafir's big toe in a way which it was a pleasure to see. But he was quite flabbergasted when the Kafir, who had sat stolidly watching the operation, asked him to put on another, saying that a "white one" would do at a pinch.

There remained, when these questions were satisfactorily settled, two further important points for consideration, namely, that of arms and that of servants. As to the arms I cannot do better than put down a list of those we finally decided on from among the ample store that Sir Henry had brought with him from England, and those which I had. I copy it from my pocket-book, where I made the entry at the time:—

"Three heavy breechloading double-eight elephant guns, weighing about fifteen pounds each, with a charge of eleven drachms of black powder." Two of these were by a well-known London firm, most excellent makers, but I do not know by whom mine, which was not so highly finished, was made. I had used it on several trips, and shot a good many elephants with it, and it had always proved a most superior weapon, thoroughly to be relied on.

"Three double .500 expresses, constructed to carry a charge of six drachms," sweet weapons, and admirable for medium-sized game, such as eland or sable antelope, or for men, especially in an open country and with the semi-hollow bullet.

"One double No. 12 central-fire Keeper's shot-gun, full choke both barrels." This gun proved of the greatest service to us afterward in shooting game for the pot.

"Three Winchester repeating rifles (not carbines), spare guns.

"Three single-action Colt's revolvers with the heavier pattern of cartridge."

This was our total armament, and the reader will doubtless observe that the weapons of each class were of the same make and calibre, so that the cartridges were interchangeable, a very important point. I make no apology for detailing it at length, for every experienced hunter will know how vital a proper supply of guns and ammunition is to the success of an expedition.

Now, as to the men who were to go with us. After much consultation we decided that their number should be limited to five; namely, a driver, a leader, and three servants.

The driver and leader I got without much difficulty, two Zulus, named respectively Goza and Tom; but the servants were a more difficult matter. It was necessary that they should be thoroughly trustworthy and brave men, as in a business of this sort our lives might depend upon their conduct. At last I secured two, one a Hottentot called Ventvogel (wind-bird), and one a little Zulu named Khiva, who had the merit of speaking English perfectly. Ventvogel I had known before; he was one of the most perfect "spoorers" (game-trackers) I ever had to do with, and tough as whipcord. He never seemed to tire. But he had one failing, so common with his race, drink. Put him within reach of a bottle of grog and you could not trust him. But as we were going beyond the region of grog-shops this little weakness of his did not so much matter.

Having got these two men I looked in vain for a third to suit my purpose, so we determined to start without one, trusting to luck to find a suitable man on our way up-country. But on the evening before the day we had fixed for our departure the Zulu Khiva informed me that a man was waiting to see me. Accordingly when we had done dinner, for we were at table at the time, I told him to bring him in. Presently a very tall, handsome-looking man, somewhere about thirty years of age, and very light-colored for a Zulu, entered, and, lifting his knob-stick by way of salute, squatted himself down in the corner on his haunches, and sat silent. I did not take any notice of him for a while, for it is a great mistake to do so.

If you rush into conversation at once a Zulu is apt to think you a person of little dignity or consideration. I observed, however, that he was a "Keshla" (ringed man), that is, that he wore on his head the black ring, made of a species of gum polished with fat and worked in with the hair, usually assumed by Zulus on attaining a certain age or dignity. Also it struck me that his face was familiar to me.

"Well," I said at last, "what is your name?"

"Umbopa," answered the man in a slow, deep voice.

"I have seen your face before."

"Yes; the Inkoosi" (chief) "saw my face at the place of the Little Hand" (Isandhlwana) "the day before the battle."

Then I remembered. I had been one of Lord Chelmsford's guides in that unlucky Zulu War, and had had the good fortune to leave the camp in charge of some wagons the day before the battle. While I had been waiting for the cattle to be inspanned I had fallen into conversation with this man, who held some small command among the native auxiliaries, and he had expressed to me his doubts of the safety of the camp. At the time I had told him to hold his tongue, and leave such matters to wiser heads; but afterward I thought of his words.

"I remember," I said; "what is it you want?"

"It is this, 'Macumazahn' (that is my Kafir name, and means the man who gets up in the middle of the night, or, in vulgar English, he who keeps his eyes open). I hear that you go on a great expedition far into the North with the white chiefs from over the water. Is it a true word?"

"It is."

"I hear that you go even to the Lukanga River, a moon's journey beyond the Manica country. Is this so also, 'Macumazhan'?"

"Why do you ask whither we go? What is it to thee?" I answered, suspiciously, for the objects of our journey had been kept a dead secret.

"It is this, O white men! that if indeed you travel so far I would travel with you."

There was a certain assumption of dignity in the man's mode of speech, and especially in his use of the words "O white men!" instead of "O Inkosis" (chiefs), which struck me.

"You forget yourself a little," I said. "Your words come out unawares. That is not the way to speak. What is your

name, and where is your kraal? Tell us, that we may know with whom we have to deal."

"My name is Umbopa. I am of the Zulu people, yet not of them. The house of my tribe is in the far North; it was left behind when the Zulus came down here a 'thousand years ago,' long before Chaka reigned in Zululand. I have no kraal. I have wandered for many years. I came from the North as a child to Zululand. I was Cetywayo's man in the Nkomabakosi Regiment. I ran away from Zululand and came to Natal because I wanted to see the white man's ways. Then I served against Cetywayo in the war. Since then I have been working in Natal. Now I am tired, and would go North again. Here is not my place. I want no money, but I am a brave man, and am worth my place and meat. I have spoken."

I was rather puzzled at this man and his way of speech. It was evident to me from his manner that he was in the main telling the truth, but he was somehow different from the ordinary run of Zulus, and I rather mistrusted his offer to come without pay. Being in a difficulty, I translated his words to Sir Henry and Good, and asked them their opinion. Sir Henry told me to ask him to stand up. Umbopa did so, at the same time slipping off the long military great-coat he wore, and revealing himself naked except for the moocha round his centre and a necklace of lions' claws. He certainly was a magnificent-looking man; I never saw a finer native. Standing about six feet three high he was broad in proportion, and very shapely. In that light, too, his skin looked scarcely more than dark, except here and there where deep black scars marked old assegai wounds. Sir Henry walked up to him and looked into his proud, handsome face.

"They make a good pair, don't they?" said Good; "one as big as the other."

"I like your looks, Mr. Umbopa, and I will take you as my servant," said Sir Henry in English.

Umbopa evidently understood him, for he answered in Zulu, "It is well;" and then with a glance at the white man's great stature and breadth, "we are men, you and I."

An Elephant Hunt.

(From "King Solomon's Mines.")

Now I do not propose to narrate at full length all the incidents of our long journey up to Sitanda's Kraal, near the junc-

tion of the Lukanga and Kalukwe rivers, a journey of more than a thousand miles from Durban, the last three hundred or so of which, owing to the frequent presence of the dreadful "tsetse" fly, whose bite is fatal to all animals except donkeys and men, we had to make on foot.

We left Durban at the end of January, and it was in the second week of May that we camped near Sitanda's Kraal. Our adventures on the way were many and various, but as they were of the sort which befall every African hunter, I shall not — with one exception, to be presently detailed — set them down here, lest I should render this history too wearisome.

At Inyati, the outlying trading station in the Matabele country of which Lobengula (a great scoundrel) is king, we with many regrets parted from our comfortable wagon. Only twelve oxen remained to us out of the beautiful span of twenty which I had bought at Durban. One we had lost from the bite of a cobra, three had perished from poverty and the want of water, one had been lost, and the other three had died from eating the poisonous herb called "tulip." Five more sickened from this cause, but we managed to cure them with doses of an infusion made by boiling down the tulip leaves. If administered in time this is a very effective antidote. The wagon and oxen we left in the immediate charge of Goza and Tom, the driver and leader, both of them trustworthy boys, requesting a worthy Scotch missionary who lived in this wild place to keep an eye to it. Then, accompanied by Umbopa, Khiva, Ventvogel, and half a dozen bearers whom we hired on the spot, we started off on foot upon our wild quest. I remember we were all a little silent on the occasion of that departure, and I think that each of us was wondering if we should ever see that wagon again; for my part I never expected to. For a while we tramped on in silence, till Umbopa, who was marching in front, broke into a Zulu chant about how some brave men, tired of life and the tameness of things, started off into a great wilderness to find new things or die, and how, lo, and behold! when they had got far into the wilderness, they found it was not a wilderness at all, but a beautiful place full of young wives and fat cattle, of game to hunt and enemies to kill.

Then we all laughed and took it for a good omen. He was a cheerful savage was Umbopa, in a dignified sort of way, when he had not got one of his fits of brooding, and had a wonderful knack of keeping one's spirits up. We all got very fond of him.

And now for the one adventure I am going to treat myself to, for I do dearly love a hunting yarn.

About a fortnight's march from Inyati, we came across a peculiarly beautiful bit of fairly watered wooded country. The kloofs in the hills were covered with dense bush, "idoro" bush as the natives call it, and in some places, with the "wacht-een-beche" (wait-a-little) thorn, and there were great quantities of the beautiful "machabell" trees, laden with refreshing yellow fruit with enormous stones. This tree is the elephant's favorite food, and there were not wanting signs that the great brutes were about, for not only was their spoor frequent, but in many places the trees were broken down and even uprooted. The elephant is a destructive feeder.

One evening, after a long day's march, we came to a spot of peculiar loveliness. At the foot of a bush-clad hill was a dry river-bed, in which, however, were to be found pools of crystal water all trodden round with the hoof-prints of game. Facing this hill was a park-like plain, where grew clumps of flat-topped mimosa, varied with occasional glossy-leaved machabells, and all round was the great sea of pathless, silent bush.

As we emerged into this river-bed path we suddenly started a troop of tall giraffes, who galloped, or rather sailed off, with their strange gait, their tails screwed up over their backs, and their hoofs rattling like castanets. They were about three hundred yards from us, and therefore practically out of shot, but Good, who was walking ahead, and had an express loaded with solid ball in his hand, could not resist, but upped gun and let drive at the last, a young cow. By some extraordinary chance the ball struck it full on the back of the neck, shattering the spinal column, and that giraffe went rolling head over heels just like a rabbit. I never saw a more curious thing.

"Curse it!" said Good — for I am sorry to say he had a habit of using strong language when excited — contracted, no doubt, in the course of his nautical career; "curse it! I've killed him."

"Ou, Bougwan," ejaculated the Kafirs; "ou! ou!"

They called Good "Bougwan" (glasseye) because of his eye-glass.

"Oh, 'Bougwan!'" re-echoed Sir Henry and I, and from that day Good's reputation as a marvellous shot was established, at any rate among the Kafirs. Really he was a bad one, but whenever he missed we overlooked it for the sake of that giraffe.

Having set some of the "boys" to cut off the best of the giraffe meat, we went to work to build a "scherm" near one of the pools about a hundred yards to the right of it. This is done by cutting a quantity of thorn bushes and laying them in the shape of a circular hedge. Then the space enclosed is smoothed, and dry tambouki grass, if obtainable, is made into a bed in the centre, and a fire or fires lighted.

By the time the "scherm" was finished the moon was coming up, and our dinner of giraffe steaks and roasted marrow-bones was ready. How we enjoyed those marrow-bones, though it was rather a job to crack them! I know no greater luxury than giraffe marrow, unless it is elephant's heart, and we had that on the morrow. We eat our simple meal, pausing at times to thank Good for his wonderful shot, by the light of the full moon, and then we began to smoke and yarn, and a curious picture we must have made squatted there round the fire. I, with my short grizzled hair sticking up straight, and Sir Henry with his yellow locks, which were getting rather long, were rather a contrast, especially as I am thin, and short, and dark, weighing only nine stone and a half, and Sir Henry is tall, and broad, and fair, and weighs fifteen. But perhaps the most curious-looking of the three, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, was Captain John Good, R. N. There he sat upon a leather bag, looking just as though he had come in from a comfortable day's shooting in a civilized country, absolutely clean, tidy, and well dressed. He had on a shooting suit of brown tweed, with a hat to match, and neat gaiters. He was, as usual, beautifully shaved, his eyeglass and his false teeth appeared to be in perfect order, and altogether he was the neatest man I ever had to do with in the wilderness. He even had on a collar, of which he had a supply, made of white gutta-percha.

"You see, they weigh so little," he said to me, innocently, when I expressed my astonishment at the fact; "I always like to look like a gentleman."

Well, there we all sat yarning away in the beautiful moonlight, and watching the Kafirs a few yards off sucking their intoxicating "daccha" in a pipe of which the mouth-piece was made of the horn of an eland, till they one by one rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep by the fire, that is, all except Umbopa, who sat a little apart (I noticed he never mixed much with the other Kafirs), his chin resting on his hand, apparently thinking deeply.

Presently, from the depths of the bush behind us, came a loud "woof, woof!" "That 's a lion," said I, and we all started up to listen. Hardly had we done so, when from the pool, about a hundred yards off, came the strident trumpeting of an elephant. "Incubu! Incubu!" (elephant! elephant!) whispered the Kafirs; and a few minutes afterward we saw a succession of vast shadowy forms moving slowly from the direction of the water toward the bush. Up jumped Good, burning for slaughter, and thinking, perhaps, that it was as easy to kill elephant as he had found it to shoot giraffe, but I caught him by the arm and pulled him down.

"It 's no good," I said, "let them go."

"It seems that we are in a paradise of game. I vote we stop here a day or two, and have a go at them," said Sir Henry, presently.

I was rather surprised, for hitherto Sir Henry had always been for pushing on as fast as possible, more especially since we had ascertained at Inyati that about two years ago an Englishman of the name of Neville had sold his wagon there, and gone on up country; but I suppose his hunter instincts had got the better of him.

Good jumped at the idea, for he was longing to have a go at those elephants; and so, to speak the truth, did I, for it went against my conscience to let such a herd as that escape without having a pull at them.

"All right, my hearties," said I. "I think we want a little recreation. And now let 's turn in, for we ought to be off by dawn, and then perhaps we may catch them feeding before they move on."

The others agreed, and we proceeded to make preparations. Good took off his clothes, shook them, put his eyeglass and his false teeth into his trousers pocket, and folding them all up neatly, placed them out of the dew under a corner of his mackintosh sheet. Sir Henry and I contented ourselves with rougher arrangements, and were soon curled up in our blankets, and dropping off into the dreamless sleep that rewards the traveller.

Going, going, go — What was that?

Suddenly from the direction of the water came a sound of violent scuffling, and next instant there broke upon our ears a succession of the most awful roars. There was no mistaking what they came from; only a lion could make such a noise as that. We all jumped up and looked toward the water, in the

direction of which we saw a confused mass, yellow and black in color, staggering and struggling toward us. We seized our rifles, and slipping on our veldt-schoons (shoes made of untanned hide), ran out of the scherm toward it. By this time it had fallen, and was rolling over and over on the ground, and by the time we reached it it struggled no longer, but was quite still.

And this was what it was. On the grass there lay a sable antelope bull — the most beautiful of all the African antelopes — quite dead, and transfixed by its great curved horns was a magnificent black-maned lion, also dead. What had happened evidently was this. The sable antelope had come down to drink at the pool where the lion — no doubt the same we had heard — had been lying in wait. While the antelope was drinking the lion had sprung upon him, but was received upon the sharp curved horns and transfixed. I once saw the same thing happen before. The lion, unable to free himself, had torn and bitten at the back and neck of the bull, which, maddened with fear and pain, had rushed on till it dropped dead.

As soon as we had sufficiently examined the dead beasts we called the Kafirs; and between us managed to drag their carcasses up to the scherm. Then we went in and lay down, to wake no more till dawn.

With the first light we were up and making ready for the fray. We took with us the three eight-bore rifles, a good supply of ammunition, and our large water-bottles, filled with weak, cold tea, which I have always found the best stuff to shoot on. After swallowing a little breakfast we started, Umbopa, Khiva, and Ventvogel accompanying us. The other Kafirs we left with instructions to skin the lion and the sable antelope, and cut up the latter.

We had no difficulty in finding the broad elephant trail, which Ventvogel, after examination, pronounced to have been made by between twenty and thirty elephants, most of them full-grown bulls. But the herd had moved on some way during the night, and it was nine o'clock, and already very hot, before, from the broken trees, bruised leaves and bark, and smoking dung, we knew we could not be far off them.

Presently we caught sight of the herd, numbering, as Ventvogel had said, between twenty and thirty, standing in a hollow, having finished their morning meal, and flapping their great ears. It was a splendid sight.

They were about two hundred yards from us. Taking a handful of dry grass I threw it into the air to see how the wind was; for if once they winded us I knew they would be off before we could get a shot. Finding that, if anything, it blew from the elephants to us, we crept stealthily on, and thanks to the cover managed to get within forty yards or so of the great brutes. Just in front of us and broadside on stood three splendid bulls, one of them with enormous tusks. I whispered to the others that I would take the middle one; Sir Henry covered the one to the left, and Good the bull with the big tusks.

"Now," I whispered.

Boom! boom! boom! went the three heavy rifles, and down went Sir Henry's elephant dead as a hammer, shot right through the heart. Mine fell on to its knees, and I thought he was going to die, but in another moment he was up and off, tearing along straight past me. As he went I gave him the second barrel in the ribs, and this brought him down in good earnest. Hastily slipping in two fresh cartridges, I ran close up to him, and a ball through the brain put an end to the poor brute's struggles. Then I turned to see how Good had fared with the big bull, which I had heard screaming with rage and pain as I gave mine its quietus. On reaching the captain I found him in a great state of excitement. It appeared that on receiving the bullet the bull had turned and come straight for his assailant, who had barely time to get out of his way, and then charged blindly on past him in the direction of our encampment. Meanwhile the herd had crashed off in wild alarm in the other direction.

For awhile we debated whether to go after the wounded bull or follow the herd, and finally decided for the latter alternative, and departed thinking that we had seen the last of those big tusks. I have often wished since that we had. It was easy work to follow the elephants, for they had left a trail like a carriage road behind them, crushing down the thick bush in their furious flight as though it were tambouki grass.

But to come up with them was another matter, and we had struggled on under a broiling sun for over two hours before we found them. They were, with the exception of one bull, standing together, and I could see, from their unquiet way and the manner in which they kept lifting their trunks to test the air, that they were on the lookout for mischief. The solitary bull stood fifty yards or so this side of the herd, over which he was evidently keeping sentry, and about sixty yards from us.

Thinking that he would see or wind us, and that it would probably start them all off again if we tried to get nearer, especially as the ground was rather open, we all aimed at this bull, and at my whispered word fired. All three shots took effect, and down he went dead. Again the herd started on, but unfortunately for them about a hundred yards further on was a nullah, or dried water track, with steep banks, a place very much resembling the one the Prince Imperial was killed in in Zululand. Into this the elephants plunged, and when we reached the edge we found them struggling in wild confusion to get up the other bank, and filling the air with their screams, and trumpeting as they pushed one another aside in their selfish panic, just like so many human beings. Now was our opportunity, and firing away as quick as we could load we killed five of the poor beasts, and no doubt should have bagged the whole herd had they not suddenly given up their attempts to climb the bank and rushed headlong down the nullah. We were too tired to follow them, and perhaps also a little sick of slaughter, eight elephants being a pretty good bag for one day.

So after we had rested a little, and the Kafirs had cut out the hearts of two of the dead elephants for supper, we started homeward, very well pleased with ourselves, having made up our minds to send the bearers on the morrow to chop out the tusks.

Shortly after we had passed the spot where Good had wounded the patriarchal bull we came across a herd of eland, but did not shoot at them, as we had already plenty of meat. They trotted past us, and then stopped behind a little patch of bush about a hundred yards away and wheeled round to look at us. As Good was anxious to get a near view of them, never having seen an eland close, he handed his rifle to Umbopa, and, followed by Khiva, strolled up to the patch of bush. We sat down and waited for him, not sorry of the excuse for a little rest.

The sun was just going down in its reddest glory, and Sir Henry and I were admiring the lovely scene, when suddenly we heard an elephant scream, and saw its huge and charging form with uplifted trunk and tail silhouetted against the great red globe of the sun. Next second we saw something else, and that was Good and Khiva tearing back toward us with the wounded bull (for it was he) charging after them. For a moment we did not dare to fire — though it would have been little use if we had at that distance — for fear of hitting one of them, and the next a

dreadful thing happened — Good fell a victim to his passion for civilized dress. Had he consented to discard his trousers and gaiters as we had, and hunt in a flannel shirt and a pair of veldtschoons, it would have been all right, but as it was his trousers cumbered him in that desperate race, and presently, when he was about sixty yards from us, his boot, polished by the dry grass, slipped, and down he went on his face right in front of the elephant.

We gave a gasp, for we knew he must die, and ran as hard as we could toward him. In three seconds it had ended, but not as we thought. Khiva, the Zulu boy, had seen his master fall, and brave lad that he was, had turned and flung his assegai straight into the elephant's face. It stuck in his trunk.

With a scream of pain the brute seized the poor Zulu, hurled him to the earth, and placing his huge foot on to his body about the middle, twined his trunk round his upper part and tore him in two.

We rushed up mad with horror, and fired again and again, and presently the elephant fell upon the fragments of the Zulu.

As for Good, he got up and wrung his hands over the brave man who had given his life to save him, and myself, though an old hand, I felt a lump in my throat. As for Umbopa, he stood and contemplated the huge dead elephant and the mangled remains of poor Khiva.

"Ah, well," he said, presently, "he is dead, but he died like a man."

The Attack.

(From "King Solomon's Mines.")

Slowly, and without the slightest appearance of haste or excitement, the three columns crept on. When within about five hundred yards of us the main or centre column halted at the root of a tongue of open plain which ran up into the hill, to enable the other two to circumvent our position, which was shaped more or less in the form of a horse-shoe, the two points being toward the town of Loo, their object being, no doubt, that the threefold assault should be delivered simultaneously.

"Oh, for a Gatling!" groaned Good, as he contemplated the serried phalanxes beneath us. "I would clear the plain in twenty minutes."

"We have not got one, so it is no use yearning for it; but suppose you try a shot, Quatermain. See how near you can go

to that tall fellow who appears to be in command. Two to one you miss him, and an even sovereign, to be honestly paid if ever we get out of this, that you don't drop the ball within ten yards."

This piqued me, so, loading the express with solid ball, I waited till my friend walked some ten yards out from his force, in order to get a better view of our position, accompanied only by an orderly, and then, lying down and resting the express upon a rock, I covered him. The rifle, like all expresses, was only sighted to three hundred and fifty yards; so, to allow for the drop in trajectory, I took him half-way down the neck, which ought, I calculated, to find him in the chest. He stood quite still and gave me every opportunity, but whether it was the excitement or the wind, or the fact of the man being a long shot, I don't know, but this was what happened. Getting dead on, as I thought, a fine sight, I pressed, and when the puff of smoke had cleared away, I, to my disgust, saw my man standing unharmed, whilst his orderly, who was at least three paces to the left, was stretched upon the ground, apparently dead. Turning swiftly, the officer I had aimed at began to run toward his force, in evident alarm.

"Bravo, Quatermain!" sung out Good; "you 've frightened him."

This made me very angry, for, if possible to avoid it, I hate to miss in public. When one can only do one thing well one likes to keep up one's reputation in that thing. Moved quite out of myself at my failure, I did a rash thing. Rapidly covering the general as he ran, I let drive with the second barrel. The poor man threw up his arms, and fell forward on to his face. This time I had made no mistake; and — I say it as a proof of how little we think of others when our own pride or reputation is in question — I was brute enough to feel delighted at the sight.

The regiments who had seen the feat cheered wildly at this exhibition of the white man's magic, which they took as an omen of success, while the force to which the general had belonged — which, indeed, as we afterward ascertained, he had commanded — began to fall back in confusion. Sir Henry and Good now took up their rifles, and began to fire, the latter industriously "browning" the dense mass before him with a Winchester repeater; and I also had another shot or two, with the result that, so far as we could judge, we put some eight or ten men *hors de combat* before they got out of range.

Just as we stopped firing there came an ominous roar from our far right, then a similar roar from our left. The two other divisions were engaging us.

At the sound the mass of men before us opened out a little, and came on toward the hill up the split of bare grass-land at a slow trot, singing a deep-throated song as they advanced. We kept up a steady fire from our rifles as they came, Ignosi joining in occasionally, and accounted for several men, but of course produced no more effect upon that mighty rush of armed humanity than he who throws pebbles does on the advancing wave.

On they came, with a shout and clashing of spears; now they were driving in the outposts we had placed among the rocks at the foot of the hill. After that the advance was a little slower, for, although as yet we had offered no serious opposition, the attacking force had to come up hill, and came slowly to save their breath. Our first line of defence was about half way up the side, our second fifty yards further back, while our third occupied the edge of the plain.

On they came, shouting their war-cry, "Twala! Twala! Chiele! Chiele!" (Twala! Twala! Smite! Smite). "Ignosi! Ignosi! Chiele! Chiele!" answered our people. They were quite close now, and the tollas, or throwing-knives began to flash backward and forward, and now with an awful yell the battle closed in.

To and fro swayed the mass of struggling warriors, men falling thick as leaves in an autumn wind; but before long the superior weight of the attacking force began to tell, and our first line of defence was slowly pressed back, till it merged into the second. Here the struggle was very fierce, but again our people were driven back and up, till at length, within twenty minutes of the commencement of the fight, our third line came into action.

But by this time the assailants were much exhausted, and had besides lost many men killed and wounded, and to break through that third impenetrable hedge of spears proved beyond their powers. For awhile the dense mass of struggling warriors swung backward and forward in the fierce ebb and flow of battle, and the issue was doubtful. Sir Henry watched the desperate struggle with a kindling eye, and then without a word he rushed off, followed by Good, and flung himself into the hottest of the fray. As for myself, I stopped where I was.

The soldiers caught sight of his tall form as he plunged into the battle, and there rose a cry of —

"*Nanzia Incubu!*" (Here is the Elephant!) "*Chiele! Chiele!*"

From that moment the issue was no longer in doubt. Inch by inch, fighting with desperate gallantry, the attacking force was pressed back down the hill-side, till at last it retreated upon its reserves in something like confusion. At that moment, too, a messenger arrived to say that the left attack had been repulsed; and I was just beginning to congratulate myself that the affair was over for the present, when, to our horror, we perceived our men who had been engaged in the right defence being driven toward us across the plain, followed by swarms of the enemy, who had evidently succeeded at this point.

Ignosi, who was standing by me, took in the situation at a glance, and issued a rapid order. Instantly the reserve regiment round us (the Grays) extended itself.

Again Ignosi gave a word of command, which was taken up and repeated by the captains, and in another second, to my intense disgust, I found myself involved in a furious onslaught upon the advancing foe. Getting as much as I could behind Ignosi's huge frame, I made the best of a bad job, and toddled along to be killed as though I liked it. In a minute or two — the time seemed all too short to me — we were plunging through the flying groups of our men, who at once began to reform behind us, and then I am sure I do not know what happened. All I can remember is a dreadful rolling noise of the meeting of shields, and the sudden apparition of a huge ruffian, whose eyes seemed literally to be starting out of his head, making straight at me with a bloody spear. But — I say it with pride — I rose to the occasion. It was an occasion before which most people would have collapsed once and for all. Seeing that if I stood where I was I must be done for, I, as the horrid apparition came, flung myself down in front of him so cleverly that, being unable to stop himself, he took a header right over my prostrate form. Before he could rise again, I had risen and settled the matter from behind with my revolver.

Shortly after this, somebody knocked me down, and I remember no more of the charge.

When I came to, I found myself back at the koppie, with Good bending over me with some water in a gourd.

"How do you feel, old fellow?" he asked, anxiously.

I got up and shook myself before answering.

"Pretty well, thank you," I answered.

"Thank Heaven! when I saw them carry you in I felt quite sick. I thought you were done for."

"Not this time, my boy. I fancy I only got a rap on the head, which knocked me out of time. How has it ended?"

"They are repulsed at every point for the time. The loss is dreadfully heavy; we have lost quite two thousand killed and wounded, and they must have lost three. Look, there 's a sight!" and he pointed to long lines of men advancing by fours. In the centre of, and being borne by each group of four, was a kind of hide tray, of which a Kukuana force always carried a quantity, with a loop for a handle at each corner. On these trays — and their number seemed endless — lay wounded men, who as they arrived were hastily examined by the medicine men, of whom ten were attached to each regiment. If the wound was not of a fatal character, the sufferer was taken away and attended to as carefully as circumstances would allow. But if, on the other hand, the wounded man's condition was hopeless, what followed was very dreadful, though doubtless it was the truest mercy. One of the doctors, under pretence of carrying out an examination, swiftly opened an artery with a sharp knife, and in a minute or two the sufferer expired painlessly. There were many cases that day in which this was done. In fact, it was done in most cases when the wound was in the body, for the gash made by the entry of the enormously broad spears used by the Kukuanas generally rendered recovery hopeless. In most cases the poor sufferers were already unconscious, and in others the fatal "nick" of the artery was done so swiftly and painlessly that they did not seem to notice it. Still it was a ghastly sight, and one from which we were glad to escape; indeed, I never remember one which affected me more than seeing those gallant soldiers thus put out of pain by the red-handed medicine men, except, indeed, on an occasion when, after an attack, I saw a force of Swazis burying their hopelessly wounded alive.

Hurrying from this dreadful scene to the further side of the koppie, we found Sir Henry (who still held a bloody battle-axe in his hand), Ignosi, Infadoos, and one or two of the chiefs in deep consultation.

"Thank Heaven, here you are, Quatermain! I can't quite

make out what Ignosi wants to do. It seems that, though we have beaten off the attack, Twala is now receiving large reenforcements, and is showing a disposition to invest us, with a view of starving us out."

"That 's awkward."

"Yes; especially as Infadoos says that the water supply has given out."

"My lord, that is so," said Infadoos; "the spring cannot supply the wants of so great a multitude, and is failing rapidly. Before night we shall all be thirsty. Listen, Macumazahn. Thou art wise, and hast doubtless seen many wars in the lands from whence thou camest — that is, if, indeed, they make wars in the stars. Now tell us, what shall we do? Twala has brought up many fresh men to take the place of those who have fallen. But Twala has learned a lesson; the hawk did not think to find the heron ready; but our beak has pierced his breast; he will not strike at us again. We too are wounded, and he will wait for us to die; he will wind himself round us like a snake round a buck, and fight the fight of 'sit down.'"

"I hear you," I said.

"So, Macumazahn, thou seest we have no water here, and but a little food, and we must choose between these three things — to languish like a starving lion in his den, or to strive to break away toward the north, or" — and here he rose and pointed toward the dense mass of our foes — "to launch ourselves straight at Twala's throat. Incubu, the great warrior — for to-day he fought like a buffalo in a net, and Twala's soldiers went down before his ax like corn before the hail; with these eyes I saw it — Incubu says 'Charge;' but the Elephant (Incubu) is ever prone to charge. Now what says Macumazahn, the wily old fox, who has seen much, and loves to bite his enemy from behind? The last word is in Ignosi the king, for it is a king's right to speak of war; but let us hear thy voice, O Macumazahn! who watchest by night, and the voice too of him of the transparent eye."

"What sayest thou, Ignosi?" I asked.

"Nay, my father," answered our quondam servant, who now, clad as he was in the full panoply of savage war, looked every inch a warrior king, "do thou speak, and let me, who am but a child in wisdom beside thee, hearken to thy words."

Thus adjured, I, after taking hasty counsel with Good and Sir Henry, delivered my opinion briefly to the effect that, being

trapped, our best chance, especially in view of the failure of our water supply, was to initiate an attack upon Twala's forces; and then I recommended that the attack should be delivered at once, "before our wounds grew stiff," and also before the sight of Twala's overpowering force caused the hearts of our soldiers "to wax small like fat before a fire." Otherwise, I pointed out, some of the captains might change their minds, and, making peace with Twala, desert to him, or even betray us into his hands.

This expression of opinion seemed, on the whole, to be favorably received; indeed, among the Kukuanas my utterances met with a respect which has never been accorded to them before or since. But the real decision as to our course lay with Ignosi, who, since he had been recognized as rightful king, could exercise the almost unbounded rights of sovereignty, including, of course, the final decision on matters of generalship, and it was to him that all eyes were now turned.

At length, after a pause, during which he appeared to be thinking deeply, he spoke: —

"Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, brave white men, and my friends; Infadoos, my uncle, and chiefs: my heart is fixed. I will strike at Twala this day, and set my fortunes on the blow, ay, and my life; my life and your lives also. Listen: thus will I strike. Ye see how the hill curves round like the half-moon, and how the plain runs like a green toward us within the curve?"

"We see," I answered.

"Good; it is now mid-day, and the men eat and rest after the toil of battle. When the sun has turned and travelled a little way toward the dark, let thy regiment, my uncle, advance with one other down to the green tongue. And it shall be that when Twala sees it he shall hurl his force at it to crush it. But the spot is narrow, and the regiments can come against thee one at a time only; so shall they be destroyed one by one, and the eyes of all Twala's army shall be fixed upon a struggle the like of which has not been seen by living man. And with thee, my uncle, shall go Incubu my friend, that when Twala sees his battle-axe flashing in the first rank of the 'Grays' his heart may grow faint. And I will come with the second regiment, that which follows thee, so that if ye are destroyed, as it may happen, there may yet be a king left to fight for; and with me shall come Macumazahn the wise."

"It is well, O king," said Infadoos, apparently contemplating the certainty of the complete annihilation of his regiment with perfect calmness. Truly these Kukuanas are a wonderful people. Death has no terrors for them when it is incurred in the course of duty.

"And whilst the eyes of the multitude of Twala's regiments are thus fixed upon the fight," went on Ignosi, "behold, one third of the men who are left alive to us (*i. e.*, about 6000) shall creep along the right horn of the hill and fall upon the left flank of Twala's force, and one third shall creep along the left horn and fall upon Twala's right flank. And when I see that the horns are ready to toss Twala, then will I, with the men who are left to me, charge home in Twala's face, and if fortune goes with us the day will be ours, and before Night drives her horses from the mountains to the mountains we shall sit in peace at Loo. And now let us eat and make ready; and, Infadoos, do thou prepare, that the plan be carried out; and stay, let my white father Bougwan go with the right horn, that his shining eye may give courage to the men."

The arrangements for attack thus briefly indicated were set in motion with a rapidity that spoke well for the perfection of the Kukuana military system. Within little more than an hour rations had been served out to the men and devoured, the three divisions were formed, the plan of attack explained to the leaders, and the whole force, with the exception of a guard left with the wounded, now numbering about 18,000 men in all, was ready to be put in motion.

Presently Good came up and shook hands with Sir Henry and myself.

"Good-bye, you fellows," he said, "I am off with the right wing according to orders; and so I have come to shake hands in case we should not meet again, you know," he added significantly.

We shook hands in silence, and not without the exhibition of as much emotion as Englishmen are wont to show.

"It is a queer business," said Sir Henry, his deep voice shaking a little, "and I confess I never expect to see to-morrow's sun. As far as I can make out, the Grays, with whom I am to go, are to fight until they are wiped out in order to enable the wings to slip round unawares and outflank Twala. Well, so be it; at any rate, it will be a man's death! Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you! I hope you will pull through and live to collar the diamonds; but

if you do, take my advice and don't have anything more to do with pretenders!"

In another second Good had wrung us both by the hand and gone, whilst I departed with Ignosi to my station.

The Trial by Fire.

(From "She: A History of Adventure.")

Our preparations did not take us very long. We put a change of clothing apiece and some spare boots into my Gladstone bag, also we took our revolvers and an express rifle each, together with a good supply of ammunition — a precaution to which, under Providence, we subsequently owed our lives over and over again. The rest of our gear, together with our heavy rifles, we left behind us. . . . At the mouth of the cave we found a single litter with six bearers, all of them mutes, waiting, and with them I was relieved to see our old friend Billali, for whom I had conceived a sort of affection. It appeared that, for reasons not necessary to explain at length, Ayesha had thought it best that, with the exception of herself, we should proceed on foot, and this we were nothing loath to do, after our long confinement in caves, which, however suitable they might be for sarcophagi — a singularly inappropriate word, by the way, for those particular tombs, which certainly did not consume the bodies given to their keeping — were depressing habitations for breathing mortals like ourselves. Either by accident, or by the orders of She, the space in front of the cave where he had beheld that awful dance was perfectly clear of spectators. Not a soul was to be seen, and consequently I do not believe that our departure was known to anybody except perhaps the mutes who waited on She, and they were, of course, in the habit of holding their tongues as to what they saw.

In a few minutes we were stepping out sharply across the great cultivated plain or lake bed framed like a vast emerald in its setting of frowning cliff, and had another opportunity of wondering at the extraordinary nature of the site chosen by these old people of Kôr for their capital, and at the marvellous amount of labor, ingenuity, and engineering skill that must have been brought into requisition by the founders of the city to drain so huge a sheet of water, and to keep it clear of subsequent accumulations. It is, indeed, so far as my experience goes, an unequalled instance of what man can do in the face of

nature, for in my opinion such achievements as the Suez Canal or even the Mont Cenis Tunnel do not approach this ancient undertaking in magnitude.

. . . . . .

This cavern we pursued for twenty minutes or more, it being, so far as I could form a judgment — owing to its numerous twists and turns, no easy task — about a quarter of a mile long.

At last, however, we halted at its further end, and whilst I was still trying to pierce the gloom a great gust of air came tearing down it, and extinguished both the lamps.

Ayesha called to us, and we crept up to her, for she was a little in front, and were rewarded with a view that was positively appalling in its gloom and grandeur. Before us was a mighty chasm in the black rock, jagged and torn and splintered through it in a far past age by some awful convulsion of Nature, as though it had been cleft by stroke upon stroke of the lightning. This chasm, which was bounded by a precipice on the hither, and presumably, though we could not see it, on the further side also, may have measured any width across, but from its darkness I do not think that it can have been very broad. It was impossible to make out much of its outline, or how far it ran, for the simple reason that the point where we were standing was so far from the upper surface of the cliff, at least fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, that only a very dim light struggled down to us from above. The mouth of the cavern gave on to a most curious and tremendous spur of rock, which jutted out in the gulf before us in mid-air for a distance of some fifty yards, coming to a sharp point at its termination, and resembling nothing that I can think of so much as the spur upon the leg of a cock in shape. This huge spur was attached only to the parent precipice at its base, which was, of course, enormous, just as the cock's spur is attached to its leg. Otherwise it was utterly unsupported.

"Here must we pass," said Ayesha. "Be careful lest giddiness overcome ye, or the wind sweep ye into the gulf beneath, for of a truth it hath no bottom;" and, without giving us any further time to get scared, she started walking along the spur, leaving us to follow her as best we might. I was next to her, then came Job, painfully dragging his plank, while Leo brought up the rear. It was a wonderful sight to see this intrepid woman gliding fearlessly along that dreadful place. For my part, when I had gone but a very few yards, what be-

tween the pressure of the air and the awful sense of the consequences that a slip would entail, I found it necessary to go down on my hands and knees and crawl, and so did the other two.

But She never condescended to this. On she went, leaning her body against the gusts of wind, and never seeming to lose her head or her balance.

In a few minutes we had crossed some twenty paces of this awful bridge, which got narrower at every step, and then all of a sudden a great gust came tearing along the gorge. I saw Ayesha lean herself against it, but the strong draught got under her dark cloak, and tore it from her, and away it went down the wind, flapping like a dying bird. It was dreadful to see it go, till it was lost in the blackness. I clung to the saddle of rock, and looked round, while the great spur vibrated with a humming sound beneath us, like a living thing. The sight was a truly awesome one. There we were poised in the gloom between heaven and earth. Beneath us were hundreds upon hundreds of feet of emptiness that gradually grew darker and darker, till at last it was absolutely black, and at what depth it ended is more than I can guess. Above were space upon space of giddy air, and far, far away a line of blue sky. And down this vast gulf upon which we were pinnacled the great draught dashed and roared, driving clouds and misty wreaths of vapor before it, till we were half blinded, and utterly confused.

The whole position was so tremendous and so absolutely unearthly, that I believe it actually lulled our sense of terror, but to this hour I often see it in my dreams and wake up covered with cold perspiration at its mere phantasy.

"On! on!" cried the white form before us, for now the cloak had gone She was robed in white, and looked more like a spirit riding down the gale than a woman; "on, or ye will fall and be dashed to pieces. Keep your eyes fixed upon the ground and closely hug the rock."

We obeyed her, and crept painfully along the quivering path, against which the wind shrieked and wailed as it shook it, causing it to murmur like a vast tuning-fork. On we went, I do not know for how long, only gazing round now and again, when it was absolutely necessary, until at last we saw that we were on the very tip of the spur, a slab of rock, little larger than an ordinary table, and that throbbed and jumped like any over-engined steamer. There we lay on our stomachs, clinging

to the ground, and looked about, while Ayesha stood leaning out against the wind, down which her long hair streamed, and, absolutely heedless of the hideous depth that yawned beneath, pointed before her. Then we saw why the narrow plank, which Job and I had painfully dragged along between us, had been provided. Before us was an empty space, on the other side of which was something, as yet we could not see what, for here — either owing to the shadow of the opposite cliff, or from some other cause — the gloom was that of night.

"We must wait awhile," called Ayesha; "soon there will be light."

At the moment I could not imagine what she meant. How could more light than there was ever come to this dreadful spot? Whilst I was still debating in my mind, suddenly, like a great sword of flame, a beam from the setting sun pierced the Stygian gloom, and smote upon the point of rock whereon we lay, illuminating Ayesha's lovely form with an unearthly splendor. I only wish that I could describe the wild and marvellous beauty of that sword of fire, laid across the darkness and rushing mist-wreaths of the gulf. How it got there I do not to this moment know, but I presume there was some cleft or hole in the opposing cliff through which it pierced when the setting orb was in a direct line with it. All I can say is that the effect was the most wonderful that I ever saw. Right through the heart of the darkness that flaming sword was stabbed, and where it lay there was the most surpassingly vivid light, so vivid that even at a distance one could see the grain of the rock, while, outside of it, yes, within a few inches of its keen edge — there was naught but clustering shadows.

And now, by this ray of light, for which She had been waiting, and timed our arrival to meet, knowing that at this season, for thousands of years it had always struck thus at sunset, we saw what lay before us. Within eleven or twelve feet of the very tip of the tongue-like rock whereon we lay there arose, presumably from the far bottom of the gulf, a sugarloaf-shaped cone, of which the summit was exactly opposite to us. But had there been a summit only it would not have helped us much, for the nearest point of its circumference was some forty feet from where we were. On the lip of this summit, however, which was circular and hollow, rested a tremendous flat stone, something like a glacier stone — indeed, perhaps it was one for all I know to the contrary — and the end of this stone ap-

proached to within twelve feet or so of us. This huge bowlder was nothing more or less than a gigantic rocking-stone accurately balanced upon the edge of the cone or miniature crater, like a half-crown on the rim of a wine-glass; for in the fierce light that played upon it and us we could see it oscillating in the gusts of wind.

"Quick!" said Ayesha; "the plank — we must cross while the light endures; presently it will be gone."

"Oh, Lord, sir!" groaned Job, "surely she don't mean us to walk across that there place on that there thing," as in obedience to my direction he pushed the long board toward me.

"That 's it, Job," I hallooed in ghastly merriment, though the idea of the plank was no pleasanter to me than to him.

I pushed the plank on to Ayesha, who deftly ran it across the gulf so that one end of it rested on the rocking-stone, the other remaining on the extremity of our trembling spur. Then placing her foot upon it to prevent it from being blown away, she turned to me.

"Since last I was here, oh, Holly!" she called, "the support of the moving stone hath lessened somewhat, so that I am not sure if it will bear our weight and fall or no. Therefore will I cross the first, because no harm will come unto me," and, without further ado, she trod lightly but firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon the heaving stone.

"It is safe," she called. "See, hold thou the plank! I will stand on the further side of the stone so that it may not overbalance with your greater weights. Now come, oh, Holly! for presently the light will fail us."

I struggled to my knees, and if ever I felt sick in my life, I felt sick then, and I am not ashamed to say that I hesitated and hung back.

"Surely thou art not afraid," called this strange creature in a lull of the gale, from where she stood poised like a bird, on the highest point of the rocking-stone. "Make then way for Kallikrates."

This settled me; it is better to fall down a precipice and die than be laughed at by such a woman; so I clinched my teeth, and in another instant I was on that horrible, narrow, bending plank with bottomless space beneath and around me. I have always hated a great height, but never before did I realize the full horrors of which such a position is capable. Oh,

the sickening sensation of that yielding board resting on the two moving supports! I grew dizzy, and thought that I must fall; my spine *crept;* it seemed to me that I was falling, and my delight at finding myself sprawling upon that stone, which rose and fell beneath me like a boat in a swell, cannot be expressed in words. All I know is that briefly, but earnestly enough, I thanked Providence for preserving me so far.

Then came Leo's turn, and, though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope-dancer. Ayesha stretched out her hand to clasp his own, and I heard her murmur, "Bravely done, my love — bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor Job remained on the further side of the gulf. He crept up to the plank, and yelled out, "I can't do it, sir. I shall fall into that beastly place."

"You must," I said — "you must; Job, it 's as easy as catching flies." I suppose that I said this to satisfy my conscience — because, while the expression conveys a wonderful idea of facility, as a matter of fact I know no more difficult operation in the whole world than catching flies — that is, in warm weather, when they have all their faculties — unless, indeed, it is catching mosquitoes.

"I can't, sir — I can't, indeed."

"Let the man come, or let him stop and perish there. See, the light is dying! In a minute it will be gone!" said Ayesha.

I looked. She was right. The sun was passing below the level of the hole or cleft in the precipice through which the ray came.

"If you stop there, Job, you will die alone," I hallooed; "the light is going."

"Come, be a man, Job," roared Leo; "it 's quite easy."

Thus adjured, the miserable Job, with, I think, the most awful yell that I ever heard, precipitated himself face downward on the plank — he did not dare, small blame to him, to try to walk it, and commenced to draw himself across in little jerks, his poor legs hanging down on either side into the nothingness beneath.

His violent jerks at the frail board made the great stone, which was only balanced on a few inches of rock, oscillate in a most sickening manner, and, to make matters worse, just as he was half-way across, the flying ray of lurid light suddenly went out just as though a lamp had been extinguished in a cur-

tained room, leaving the whole howling wilderness of air in blackness.

"Come on, Job, for God's sake," I shouted, in an agony of fear, while the stone, gathering motion with every swing, rocked so violently that it was difficult to hang on to it. It was a truly awful position.

"Lord have mercy on me!" hallooed poor Job from the darkness. "Oh, the plank 's slipping!" and I heard a violent struggle, and thought that he was gone.

But just at that moment his outstretched hand, clasping in agony at the air, met my own, and I hauled — ah, how I did haul, putting out all the strength that it has pleased Providence to give me in such abundance — and to my joy in another minute Job was gasping on the rock beside me. But the plank! I felt it slip, and heard it knock against a projecting knob of rock and it was gone.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "How are we going to get back?"

"I don't know," answered Leo, out of the gloom. "'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' I am thankful enough to be here."

But Ayesha merely called to me to take her hand and creep after her.

. . . . . .

We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by, perhaps, as great a height, and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others, it was filled with a soft glow of rose-colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes, and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing at the wonderful sight, and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern, with a grinding and crashing noise — a noise so dreadful and awe-inspiring that we all trembled, and Job actually sunk to his knees — there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-colored, and, like the lightning, bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away — I know not whither — leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

"Draw near, draw near!" cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very Fountain and Heart of Life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright Spirit of the Globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength — not as it now feebly glows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very fount and seat of Being."

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed. And as we went we became sensible of a wild and splendid exhilaration, of a glorious sense of such a fierce intensity of Life that the most buoyant moments of our strength seemed flat and tame and feeble beside it. It was the mere effluvium of the flame, the subtle ether that it cast off as it passed, working on us, and making us feel strong as giants and swift as eagles.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud — even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week — in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearean beauty, all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind, it was as though the bonds of my flesh had been loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtler thought than ever it had been my lot to do before. I was another and most glorified self, and all the avenues of the Possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the Real.

Then suddenly, whilst I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new-found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like all the thunder-wheels of Heaven behind the horses of the lightning. On it came, and

with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many-colored light, and stood before us for a space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound, passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save She, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sunk down before it, and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Thou must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that thou lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but of a truth — I am no coward — but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless will I do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said:

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud; "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly. See, now I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days if that be possible. If it be not possible, at the least it can not harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "is there another and a deeper cause why I would once again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue full was my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that sad hour to this. But

now is it otherwise. Now is my mood a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of thought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire, empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings, and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation; ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept on silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what thou art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what thou shalt be for all unreckoned time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour was at hand, and thou wast about to cross to the land of shadows, and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

WHAT WE SAW.

Then came a few moments' pause during which Ayesha seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial, while we clung to each other, and waited in utter silence.

At last, from far, far away came the first murmur of sound, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow in its distance. As she heard it, Ayesha swiftly threw off her gauzy wrapping, loosened the golden snake from her kirtle and then, shaking her lovely hair about her like a garment, beneath the cover slipped the kirtle off, and replaced the snaky belt around her and outside the masses of falling hair. There she stood before us as Eve might have stood before Adam, clad in nothing but her abundant locks, held round by her golden band; and no words of mine can tell how sweet she looked — and yet how divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder wheels of fire, and as they came she pushed one ivory arm through the dark masses of her hair and flung it round Leo's neck.

"Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, "wilt thou ever know how I have loved thee!" and she kissed him on the forehead, and then went and stood in the pathway of the flame of Life.

There was, I remember, to my mind something very touching about the words and that embrace upon the forehead. It was like a mother's kiss and seemed to convey a benediction with it.

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof

was as though a forest were being swept flat by a mighty wind, and then tossed up by it like so much grass, and thundered down a mountain side. Nearer and nearer it came; now flashes of light, forerunners of the revolving pillar of flame, were passing like arrows through the rosy air, and now the edge of the pillar itself appeared. Ayesha turned toward it, and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came, very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. I saw the fire run up her form. I saw her lift it with both her hands as though it were water, and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth and draw it down into her lungs, and a dread and wonderful sight it was.

Then she paused and stretched out her arms, and stood there quite still, with a heavenly smile upon her face, as though she were the very Spirit of the Flame.

The mysterious fire played up and down her dark and rolling locks, twining and twisting itself through and around them like threads of golden lace; it gleamed upon her ivory breast and shoulder, from which the hair had slipped aside; it slid along her pillared throat and delicate features, and seemed to find a home in the glorious eyes that shone and shone more brightly even than the spiritual essence.

Oh, how beautiful she looked there in the flame! No angel out of heaven could have worn a greater loveliness. Even now my heart faints before the recollection of it, as she stood and smiled at our awed faces, and I would give half my remaining time upon this earth to see her once like that again.

But suddenly — more suddenly than I can describe — a kind of change came over her face, a change which I could not define or explain on paper, but none the less a change. The smile vanished and in its place there came a dry, hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon it. The glorious eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its perfect shape and erectness.

I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I was the victim of some hallucination, or that the refraction from the intense light produced an optical delusion; and, as I did so, the flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off whithersoever it passes to in the bowels of the great earth, leaving Ayesha standing where it had been.

As soon as it was gone she stepped forward to Leo's side — it seemed to me that there was no spring in her step — and stretched out her hand to lay it on his shoulder. I gazed at her

arm. Where was its wonderful roundness and beauty? It was getting thin and angular. And her face — by Heaven! — *her face was growing old before my eyes!* I suppose that Leo saw it also, certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"What is it, my Kallikrates?" she said, and her voice — what was the matter with those deep and thrilling notes? They were quite high and cracked.

"Why, what is it — what is it?" she said, confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the quality of the fire hath not altered. Can the principle of Life alter? Tell me, Kallikrates, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear," and she put her hand to her head and touched her hair — and oh, *horror of horrors!* — it all fell off upon the floor, leaving her utterly bald.

"Oh, *look! look! look!*" shrieked Job, in a shrill falsetto of terror, his eyes nearly dropping out of his head, and foam upon his lips. "*Look! look! look!* she 's shrivelling up! she 's turning into a monkey!" and down he fell upon the floor, foaming and gnashing in a fit.

True enough — I faint even as I write it in the living presence of that terrible recollection — she *was* shrivelling up; the golden snake that had encircled her gracious form slipped over her hips and fell upon the ground; smaller and smaller she grew; her skin changed color, and in place of the perfect whiteness of its lustre it turned dirty brown and yellow, like an old piece of withered parchment. She felt at her bald head; the delicate hand was nothing but a claw now, a human talon, like that of a badly preserved Egyptian mummy, and then she seemed to realize what kind of change was passing over her, and she shrieked — ah, she shrieked! — she rolled upon the floor and shrieked!

Smaller she grew, and smaller yet, till she was no larger than a she-baboon. Now the skin was puckered into a million wrinkles, and on the shapeless face was the stamp of unutterable age. I never saw anything like it; nobody ever saw anything like the frightful age that was graven on that fearful countenance, no bigger now than that of a two-months' child, though the skull remained the same size, or nearly so; and let all men pray to God they never may, if they wish to keep their reason.

At last she lay still, or only feebly moving. She who but two minutes before had gazed upon us the loveliest, noblest, most splendid woman the world had ever seen, she lay still before us, near the masses of her own dark hair, no larger than

a big monkey, and hideous — ah, too hideous for words. And yet, think of this — at that very moment I thought of it — it was the same woman!

She was dying; we saw it, and thanked God — for while she lived she could feel, and what must she have felt? She raised herself upon her bony hands, and blindly gazed around her, swaying her head slowly from side to side as a tortoise does. She could not see, for her whitish eyes were covered with a horny film. Oh, the horrible pathos of the sight! But she could still speak.

"Kallikrates," she said, in husky, trembling notes. "Forget me not, Kallikrates. Have pity on my shame; I shall come again, and shall once more be beautiful, I swear it — it is true! *Oh—h—h—!*" and she fell upon her face and was still.

On the very spot where twenty centuries before she had slain the old Kallikrates, she herself fell down and died.

Overcome with the extremity of horror, we, too, fell on the sandy floor of that dread place, and swooned away.

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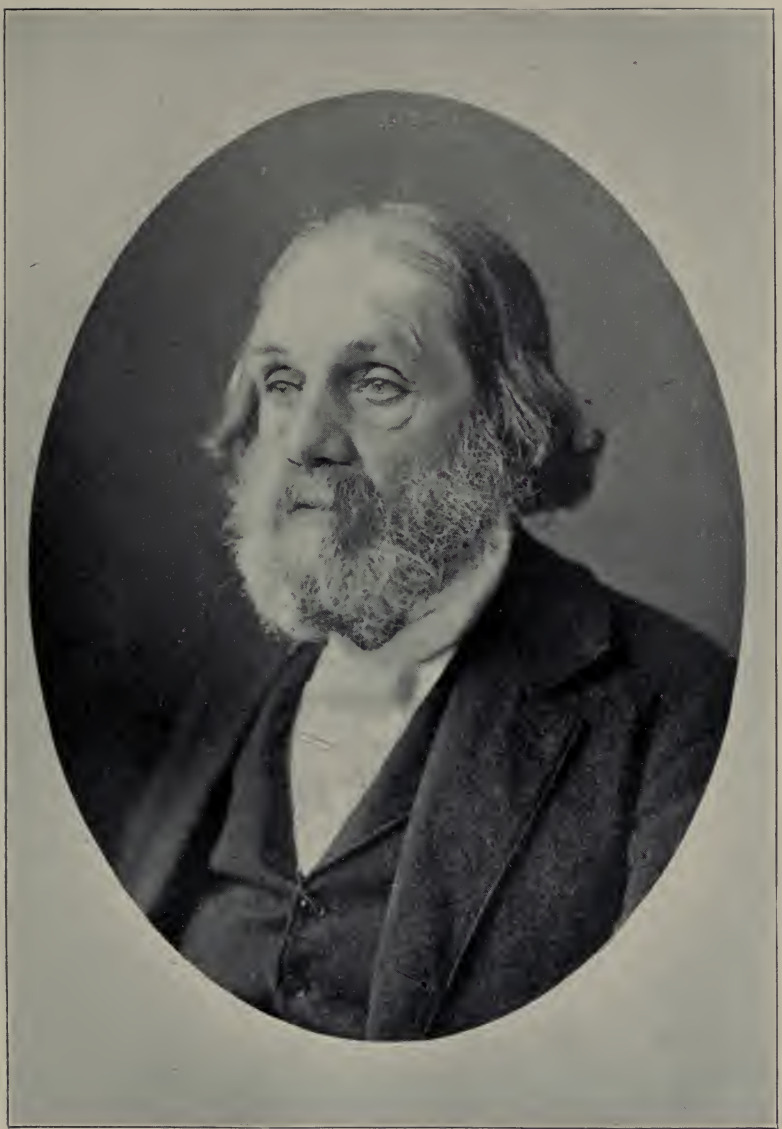

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Hale, Edward Everett, D.D., a distinguished American divine and general writer, born at Boston, April 3, 1822. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839; studied theology, and in 1846 became pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass. Ten years later he was called to the South Congregational Church of Boston. He was editor of the "Christian Examiner" and the "Sunday School Gazette;" in 1869 he founded a magazine, "Old and New," of which he was editor, and in 1885 began the publication of "Lend a Hand." He has contributed to numerous journals and periodicals, and is the author of many books. Among his earlier works are "Margaret Percival in America" and "Sketches of Christian History" (1850); "Letters on Irish Emigration" (1852); and "Kansas and Nebraska" (1854). "The Man Without a Country," contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine" in 1861, is the story of a young lieutenant whose punishment for treason was never to hear his country mentioned again. Among his later works are, "If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Impossibilities, and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact" (1868); "Sybaris and Other Homes" (1871); "The Ingham Papers" (1869); "Ten Times One is Ten: the Possible Reformation" (1870); "His Level Best" (1870); "Ups and Downs" (1871); "In His Name," "Working Men's Homes," and "A Summer Vacation" (1874); "Philip Nolan's Friends: a Story of the Change of the Western Empire" (1876); "G. T. T., or the Wonderland Adventure of a Pullman" (1877); "Mrs. Merriam's Scholars" (1878); "Crusoe in New York, and Other Tales" (1880); "The Kingdom of God, and other Sermons" (1880); "June to May," sermons (1881); "Family Flights through Egypt and Syria, France, Germany, Spain, etc." (1881 and 1882); "About Home" (1884); "Through Mexico" (1886); "Story of Spain" (1886); "Franklin in France" (1887); "East and West" (1892); "Sybil Knox" (1892); "For Fifty Years," poems (1893); "If Jesus Came to Boston" (1885).

My Double, and How He Undid Me.[1]

ONE OF THE INGHAM PAPERS.

It is not often that I trouble the readers of the "Atlantic Monthly." I should not trouble them now, but for the impor-

[1] Used by permission of the Author.

tunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled, till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping! To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town, — cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation," — to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, that this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the "Mayflower," and putting into the fire the Alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc), — besides these, I say (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs,

handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me, it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional, — for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. For Richard Greenough once told me, that, in studying for the statue of Franklin, he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue, you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard. But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And — choicest gift of Fate in all — he had, not "a strawberry-mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye,

slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford, I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the Judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

O the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air, —

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and

cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there was never a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace-fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and, in the neighborhood, there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory-village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. One becomes a member under the regulations laid down in old Judge Dudley's will. I became one by being ordained pastor of a church in Naguadavick. You see you cannot help yourself, if you would. At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each, — wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together. But on the first appearance of my double, — whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting, — he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way, — read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them), — and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room, — finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property

was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual, — and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

I "set him again" at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a "speaking part," — as, in my boyish, worldly days, I remember the bills used to say of Mlle. Celeste. We are all trustees of the New Coventry Academy; and there has lately been "a good deal of feeling" because the Sandemanian trustees did not regularly attend the exhibitions. It has been intimated, indeed, that the Sandemanians are leaning towards Free-Will, and that we have, therefore, neglected these semiannual exhibitions, while there is no doubt that Auchmuty last year went to Commencement at Waterville. Now the head master at New Coventry is a real good fellow, who knows a Sanskrit root when he sees it, and often cracks etymologies with me, — so that, in strictness, I ought to go to their exhibitions. But think, reader, of sitting through three long July days in that Academy chapel, following the programme from

TUESDAY MORNING. *English Composition.* "SUNSHINE." Miss Jones.

round to

Trio on Three Pianos. Duel from the Opera of "Midshipman Easy." *Marryat.*

coming in at nine, Thursday evening! Think of this, reader, for men who know the world is trying to go backward, and who would give their lives if they could help it on! Well! The double had succeeded so well at the Board, that I sent him to the Academy. (Shade of Plato, pardon!) He arrived early on Tuesday, when, indeed, few but mothers and clergymen are generally expected, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast. The chairman had expressed his interest in the French conversation. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis; and the poor chairman, abashed,

supposed the accent had been wrong. At the end of the day, the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches, — the Rev. Frederick Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time." The girls were delighted, because Dr. Dabney, the year before, had given them at this occasion a scolding on impropriety of behavior at lyceum lectures. They all declared Mr. Ingham was a love, — and *so* handsome! (Dennis is good-looking.) Three of them, with arms behind the others' waists, followed him up to the wagon he rode home in; and a little girl with a blue sash had been sent to give him a rosebud. After this *début* in speaking, he went to the exhibition for two days more, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, Polly reported that he had pronounced the trustees' dinners of a higher grade than those of the parsonage. When the next term began, I found six of the Academy girls had obtained permission to come across the river and attend our church. But this arrangement did not long continue.

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me, — always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I, meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham 's a good fellow, — always on hand;" "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;" "is not as unpunctual as he used to be, — he comes early and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc.

This voting power of Dennis was particularly valuable at the quarterly meetings of the proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry. My wife inherited from her father some shares in that enterprise, which is not yet fully developed, though it doubtless will become a very valuable property. The law of Maine then forbade stockholders to appear by proxy at such meetings. Polly disliked to go, not being, in fact, a "hen's-rights hen," transferred her stock to me. I, after going once, disliked it more than she. But Dennis went to the next meeting, and liked it very much. He said the arm-chairs were good, the collation good, and the free rides to stockholders pleasant. He was a little frightened

when they first took him upon one of the ferry-boats, but after two or three quarterly meetings he became quite brave.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with him. Indeed, being, as I implied, of that type which is called shiftless, he was only too happy to be told daily what to do, and to be charged not to be forthputting or in any way original in his discharge of that duty. He learned, however, to discriminate between the lines of his life, and very much preferred these stockholders' meetings and trustees' dinners and Commencement collations to another set of occasions, from which he used to beg off most piteously. Our excellent brother, Dr. Fillmore, had taken a notion at this time that our Sandemanian churches needed more expression of mutual sympathy. He insisted upon it that we were remiss. He said, that, if the Bishop came to preach at Naguadavick, all the Episcopal clergy of the neighborhood were present; if Dr. Pond came, all the Congregational clergymen turned out to hear him; if Dr. Nicholas, all the Unitarians; and he thought we owed it to each other, that, whenever there was an occasional service at a Sandemanian church, the other brethren should all, if possible, attend. "It looked well," if nothing more. Now this really meant that I had not been to hear one of Dr. Fillmore's lectures on the Ethnology of Religion. He forgot that he did not hear one of my course on the "Sandemanianism of Anselm." But I felt badly when he said it; and afterwards I always made Dennis go to hear all the brethren preach, when I was not preaching myself. This was what he took exceptions to, — the only thing, as I said, which he ever did except to. Now came the advantage of his long morning nap, and of the green tea with which Polly supplied the kitchen. But he would plead, so humbly, to be let off, only from one or two! I never excepted him, however. I knew the lectures were of value, and I thought it best he should be able to keep the connection.

Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined,

let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table, — and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star-*entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges's grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it, — and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I 'm very glad you liked it." But Dr. Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime-minister and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. Polly declared it was just like Haliburton's Latin conversation with the Hungarian minister, of which he is very fond of telling. "*Quœne sit historia Reformationis in Ungariâ?*" quoth Haliburton, after some thought. And his *confrère* replied gallantly, "*In seculo decimo tertio*," etc., etc., etc.; and from *decimo tertio* [1] to the nineteenth century and a half lasted till the oysters came. So was it that before

[1] Which means, "In the thirteenth century," my dear little bell-and-coral reader. You have rightly guessed that the question means "What is the history of the Reformation in Hungary?"

Dr. Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis, and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit, — and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and chamomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all, — except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub, — from our own currants, you know. My own mother, — that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4, — "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room," — which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens expecting to understand, caught him up instantly with "Well, I 'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you, — though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till the move up-stairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in

the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and dentals. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, Ma'am; she is very rearason wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she sternly refused. At midnight they came home delighted, — Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening."

We always called him Dennis at home, for convenience, though his real name was Frederic Ingham, as I have explained. When the election-day came round, however, I found that by some accident there was only one Frederic Ingham's name on the voting-list; and as I was quite busy that day in writing some foreign letters to Halle, I thought I would forego my privilege of suffrage, and stay quietly at home, telling Dennis that he might use the record on the voting-list, and vote. I gave him a ticket, which I told him he might use, if he liked to. That was that very sharp election in Maine which the readers of the "Atlantic" so well remember, and it had been intimated in public that the ministers would do well not to appear at the polls. Of course, after that, we had to appear by self or proxy. Still, Naguadavick was not then a city, and this standing in a double queue at town-meeting several hours to vote was a bore of the first water; and so when I found that there was but one Frederic Ingham on the list, and that one of us must give up, I stayed at home and finished the letters (which, indeed, procured for Fothergill his coveted appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Leavenworth), and I gave Dennis, as we called

him, the chance. Something in the matter gave a good deal of popularity to the Frederic Ingham name; and at the adjourned election, next week, Frederic Ingham was chosen to the legislature. Whether this was I or Dennis I never really knew. My friends seemed to think it was I; but I felt that as Dennis had done the popular thing, he was entitled to the honor; so I sent him to Augusta when the time came, and he took the oaths. And a very valuable member he made. They appointed him on the Committee on Parishes; but I wrote a letter for him, resigning, on the ground that he took an interest in our claim to the stumpage in the minister's sixteenths of Gore A, next No. 7, in the 10th Range. He never made any speeches, and always voted with the minority, which was what he was sent to do. He made me and himself a great many good friends, some of whom I did not afterwards recognize as quickly as Dennis did my parishioners. On one or two occasions, when there was wood to saw at home, I kept him at home; but I took those occasions to go to Augusta myself. Finding myself often in his vacant seat at these times, I watched the proceedings with a good deal of care; and once was so much excited that I delivered my somewhat celebrated speech on the Central School-District question, a speech of which the "State of Maine" printed some extra copies. I believe there is no formal rule permitting strangers to speak; but no one objected.

Dennis himself, as I said, never spoke at all. But our experience this session led me to think that if, by some such "general understanding" as the reports speak of in legislation daily, every member of Congress might leave a double to sit through those deadly sessions and answer to roll-calls and do the legitimate party-voting, which appears stereotyped in the regular list of Ashe, Bocock, Black, etc., we should gain decidedly in working-power. As things stand, the saddest State prison I ever visit is that Representatives' Chamber in Washington. If a man leaves for an hour, twenty "correspondents" may be howling, "Where was Mr. Pendergrast when the Oregon bill passed?" And if poor Pendergrast stays there! Certainly the worst use you can make of a man is to put him in prison!

I know, indeed, that public men of the highest rank have resorted to this expedient long ago. Dumas's novel of the "Iron Mask" turns on the brutal imprisonment of Louis the Fourteenth's double. There seems little doubt, in our own history, that it was the real General Pierce who shed tears

when the delegate from Lawrence explained to him the sufferings of the people there, and only General Pierce's double who had given the orders for the assault on that town, which was invaded the next day. My charming friend, George Withers, has, I am almost sure, a double, who preaches his afternoon sermons for him. This is the reason that the theology often varies so from that of the forenoon. But that double is almost as charming as the original. Some of the most well-defined men, who stand out most prominently on the background of history, are in this way stereoscopic men, who owe their distinct relief to the slight differences between the doubles. All this I know. My present suggestion is simply the great extension of the system, so that all public machine-work may be done by it.

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. And I fell back to that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices, without being tied up with those of other people. My rusty Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English began to take polish. Heavens! how little I had done with them while I attended to my public duties! My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his lists of arrears. And preaching! what a luxury preaching was when I had on Sunday

the whole result of an individual, personal week, from which to speak to a people whom all that week I had been meeting as hand-to-hand friend; — I, never tired on Sunday, and in condition to leave the sermon at home, if I chose, and preach it extempore, as all men should do always. Indeed, I wonder, when I think that a sensible people, like ours, — really more attached to their clergy than they were in the lost days, when the Mathers and Nortons were noblemen, — should choose to neutralize so much of their ministers' lives, and destroy so much of their early training, by this undefined passion for seeing them in public. It springs from our balancing of sects. If a spirited Episcopalian takes an interest in the almshouse, and is put on the Poor Board, every other denomination must have a minister there, lest the poorhouse be changed into St. Paul's Cathedral. If a Sandemanian is chosen president of the Young Men's Library, there must be a Methodist vice-president and a Baptist secretary. And if a Universalist Sunday-School Convention collects five hundred delegates, the next Congregationalist Sabbath-School Conference must be as large, "lest 'they' — whoever *they* may be — should think 'we' — whoever *we* may be — are going down."

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, — she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days, — and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last, — and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow, once a minister, — I will call him Isaacs, — who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home, — yes, right through the other side, — not disturbed, not frightened by his own success, — and breathless found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From

that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope, he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating-Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county-meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it, — got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! — he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak, if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report, and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper, — it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies,— she knew Dennis was at home, — and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement, — in a perfect Irish fury, — which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became

impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It 's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The poor Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him, — not in time, however. The same gallery-boy shouted, "How 's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried as his last shot, No. 1, vainly, "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like

another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker." The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, — stating, that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards, — that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-school.

The universal impression, of course, was, that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the "Atlantic" will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9, in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to persuade Phillips, Sampson, & Co. to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.

[A Boston journal, in noticing this story, called it improbable. I think it is. But I think the moral important. It was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1859.]

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA (BUELL), an American poet and novelist; born at Newport, N. H., October 24, 1790; died in Philadelphia, April 30, 1879. In 1823 she published "The Genius of Oblivion, and other Poems," and in 1828 "Northwood," a novel. The following year she became the editor of the "Ladies' Magazine," of Boston, which she continued to edit until 1837, when it was merged into "Godey's Lady's Book," of Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale also took charge of this magazine for many years, and contributed to it many sketches and poems. In 1848 she published "Ormond Grosvenor," a tragedy, and "Three Hours, or The Vigil of Love, and other Poems." Her last poem was a "Thanksgiving Hymn," published in 1872.

THE WATCHER.

THE night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by; —
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazes —
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him —
She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing —
They heed not morning there:

O young and lovely creatures,
  One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
  To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining —
  She heedeth not its ray —
Beside her dead, reclining,
  That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lips was wreathing,
  A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing —
  "There 's light for us above!"

The Two Maidens.

One came with light and laughing air,
  And cheek like opening blossom —
Bright gems were twined amid her hair
  And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
  The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the moontide light
  The radiant zone that bound her —
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her sweet face
  A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace —
  But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
  The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
  Save the meek spirit's lustre:
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

Halévy, Ludovic, a French novelist and dramatist, born in Paris, January 1, 1834. He is a son of Léon Halévy and a nephew of the composer Halévy, and is of Jewish extraction. He was educated at the Lycée Louis le Grand. From 1852 to 1858 he was employed in the Secretary's office of the Minister of State; after which he was chief of the department for Algiers and the Colonies. In 1861 he was appointed to edit the proceedings of the Corps Législatif; which position he resigned to devote himself to the drama. He wrote the librettos of a large number of the most popular operettas; and it was to these brilliant sketches, as well as to his dramas, that he owed his election, in 1884, to the French Academy. As a novelist he is also eminent, his "L'Abbé Constantin" having been dramatized after running through more than one hundred and fifty editions. His librettos include those for the opéras bouffes "La Belle Hélène" (1864); "Barbe Bleue" (1866); "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein" (1867); "La Perichole" (1868); and for the comic operas "Carmen" (1875); "Le Petit Duc" (1878); "La Petite Mademoiselle" (1879); and the comedies "Frou-Frou" (1869); "Le Réveillon" (1872); "La Boule" (1875); "Cigale" (1877); "La Petite Mère" (1880); "La Rousotte" (1881). Besides a collection of stories entitled "Karikari" (1892), his principal tales are "Un Scandale" (1860); "L'Abbé Constantin" (1882); "Deux Mariages" (1883); "Princesse" (1886). He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1890.

The Meeting of Jean and Bettina.

(From "The Abbé Constantin.")

This sub-lieutenant of artillery was called Jean Reynaud. He was the son of a country doctor who lay in the churchyard of Longueval.

In 1846, when the Abbé Constantin took possession of his little living, the grandfather of Jean was residing in a pleasant cottage on the road to Souvigny, between the castles of Longueval and Lavardens.

Marcel, the son of that Dr. Reynaud, was finishing his medical studies in Paris. He possessed great industry, and an elevation of sentiment and mind extremely rare. He passed his examinations with great distinction, and had decided to fix his abode in Paris and tempt fortune there; and everything seemed to promise him the most prosperous and brilliant career, when in 1852 he received the news of his father's death — he had been struck down by a fit of apoplexy. Marcel hurried to Longueval overwhelmed with grief, for he adored his father. He spent a month with his mother, and then spoke of the necessity of returning to Paris.

"That is true," said his mother; "you must go."

"What! I must go! *We* must go, you mean. Do you think that I would leave you here alone? I shall take you with me."

"To live in Paris? to leave the place where I was born, where your father lived, where he died? I could never do it, my child, never! Go alone; your life, your future, are there. I know you; I know that you will never forget me, that you will come and see me often, very often."

"No, mother," he answered; "I will stay here."

And he stayed.

His hopes, his ambitions, all in one moment vanished. He saw only one thing — duty — the duty of not abandoning his aged mother. In this duty, simply accepted and simply discharged, he found happiness. After all, it is only thus that one does find happiness.

Marcel bowed with courage and good grace to his new existence. He continued his father's life, entering the groove at the very spot where he had left it. He devoted himself without regret to the obscure career of a country doctor. His father had left him a little land and a little money; he lived in the simplest manner possible, and one-half of his life belonged to the poor, from whom he would never receive a penny.

This was his only luxury.

He found in his way a young girl, charming, penniless, and alone in the world. He married her. This was in 1855, and the following year brought to Dr. Reynaud a great sorrow and a great joy, — the death of his old mother and the birth of his son Jean.

At an interval of six weeks, the Abbé Constantin recited the prayers for the dead over the grave of the grandmother,

and was present in the position of godfather at the baptism of the grandson.

In consequence of constantly meeting at the bedside of the suffering and dying, the priest and the doctor had been strongly attracted to each other. They instinctively felt that they belonged to the same family, the same race, — the race of the tender, the just, and the benevolent.

Year followed year — calm, peaceful, fully occupied in labor and duty. Jean was no longer a child. His father gave him his first lessons in reading and writing, the priest his first lessons in Latin. Jean was intelligent and industrious. He made so much progress that the two teachers — particularly the Curé — found themselves at the end of a few years rather cast into the shade by their pupil. It was at this moment that the Countess, after the death of her husband, came to settle at Lavardens. She brought with her a tutor for her son Paul, who was a very nice but very lazy little fellow. The two children were of the same age; they had known each other from their earliest years.

Madame de Lavardens had a great regard for Dr. Reynaud, and one day she made him the following proposal: —

"Send Jean to me every morning," said she; "I will send him home in the evening. Paul's tutor is a very accomplished man; he will make the children work together. It will be rendering me a real service. Jean will set Paul a good example."

Things were thus arranged, and the little *bourgeois* set the little nobleman a most excellent example of industry and application; but this excellent example was not followed.

The war broke out. On November 14, at seven o'clock in the morning, the "Reserves" of Souvigny assembled in the great square of the town; their chaplain was the Abbé Constantin, their surgeon-major, Dr. Reynaud. The same idea had come at the same moment to both; the priest was sixty-two, the doctor fifty.

When they started, the battalion followed the road which led through Longueval, and passed before the doctor's house. Madame Reynaud and Jean were waiting by the roadside.

The child threw himself into his father's arms.

"Take me too, papa! take me too!"

Madame Reynaud wept. The doctor held them both in a long embrace; then he continued his way.

A hundred steps farther the road made a sharp curve. The doctor turned, cast one long look at his wife and child — the last; he was never to see them again.

On January 8, 1871, the troops of Souvigny attacked the village of Villersexel, occupied by the Prussians, who had barricaded themselves. The firing began. A soldier who marched in the front rank received a ball in the chest and fell. There was a short moment of trouble and hesitation.

"Forward! forward!" shouted the officers.

The men passed over the body of their comrade, and under a hail of bullets entered the town.

Dr. Reynaud and the Abbé Constantin marched with the troops; they halted near the wounded man; the blood was rushing in floods from his mouth.

"There is nothing to be done," said the doctor. "He is dying; he belongs to you."

The priest knelt down by the dying man, and the doctor rose to go towards the village. He had not taken ten steps when he stopped, beat the air with both hands, and fell all at once to the ground. The priest ran to him; he was dead — killed on the spot by a bullet through the temples. That evening the village was ours, and the next day they placed in the cemetery of Villersexel the body of Dr. Reynaud.

Two months later the Abbé Constantin took back to Longueval the coffin of his friend, and behind the coffin when it was carried from the church walked an orphan. Jean had also lost his mother. At the news of her husband's death Madame Reynaud had remained for twenty-four hours overwhelmed, crushed, without a word or a tear; then fever had seized her, then delirium, and after a fortnight, death.

Jean was alone in the world; he was fourteen years old. Of that family, where for more than a century all had been good and honest, there remained only a child kneeling beside a grave; but he, too, promised to be what his father and his grandfather before him had been, — good and honest and true.

There are families like that in France, and many of them, more than one ventures to say. Our poor country is in many respects cruelly calumniated by certain novelists, who draw exaggerated and distorted pictures of it. It is true the history of good people is often monotonous or painful. This story is a proof of it.

The grief of Jean was the grief of a man. He remained

long sad and long silent. The evening of his father's funeral the Abbé Constantin took him home to the vicarage. The day had been rainy and cold. Jean was sitting by the fireside; the priest was reading his breviary opposite him. Old Pauline came and went, attending to her duties.

An hour passed without a word, when Jean, raising his head, said: —

"Godfather, did my father leave me any money?"

This question was so extraordinary that the old priest, stupefied, could scarcely believe that he heard aright.

"You ask if your father — "

"I asked if my father left me some money?"

"Yes; he must have left you some."

"A good deal, don't you think? I have often heard people say that my father was rich. Tell me about how much he has left me?"

"But I don't know. You ask — "

The poor old man felt his heart rent in twain. Such a question at such a moment! Yet he thought he knew the boy's heart, and in that heart there should not be room for such thoughts.

"Pray, dear godfather, tell me," continued Jean, gently. "I will explain to you afterwards why I ask that."

"Well, they say your father had two or three hundred thousand francs."

"And is that much?"

"Yes, it is a great deal."

"And it is all mine?"

"Yes, it is all yours."

"Oh! I am glad, because, you know, the day that my father was killed in the war, the Prussians killed at the same time the son of a poor woman in Longueval, — old Clémence, you know; and they killed, too, Rosalie's brother, whom I used to play with when I was quite little. Well, since I am rich and they are poor, I will divide with Clémence and Rosalie the money my father has left me."

On hearing these words the Curé rose, took Jean by both hands, and drew him into his arms. The white head rested on the fair one. Two large tears escaped from the old priest's eyes, rolled slowly down his cheeks, and were lost in the furrows of his face.

However, the Curé was obliged to explain to Jean that,

though he was his father's heir, he had not the right of disposing of his heritage as he would. There would be a family council, and a guardian would be appointed.

"You, no doubt, godfather?"

"No, not I, my child; a priest is not allowed to exercise the functions of a guardian. They will, I think, choose M. Lenient, the lawyer in Souvigny, who was one of your father's best friends. You can speak to him and tell him what you wish."

M. Lenient was eventually appointed guardian, and Jean urged his wishes so eagerly and touchingly that the lawyer consented to deduct from the income a sum of two thousand four hundred francs, which, every year till Jean came of age, was divided between old Clémence and little Rosalie.

In these circumstances Madame de Lavardens was perfect. She went to the Abbé and said: —

"Give Jean to me, give him to me entirely till he has finished his studies. I will bring him back to you every year during the holidays. It is not a service I am rendering you; it is a service which I ask of you. I cannot imagine any greater good fortune for my son than to have Jean for a companion. I must resign myself to leaving Lavardens for a time. Paul is bent upon being a soldier and going up to Saint-Cyr. It is only in Paris that I can obtain the necessary masters. I will take the two boys there; they will study together under my own eyes like brothers, and I will make no difference between them; of that you may be sure."

It was difficult to refuse such an offer. The old Curé would have dearly liked to keep Jean with him, and his heart was torn at the thought of this separation; but what was for the child's real interest? That was the only question to be considered; the rest was nothing. They summoned Jean.

"My child," said Madame de Lavardens to him, "will you come and live with Paul and me for some years? I will take you both to Paris."

"You are very kind, Madame, but I should have liked so much to stay here."

He looked at the Curé, who turned away his eyes.

"Why must we go?" he continued. "Why must you take Paul and me away?"

"Because it is only in Paris that you can have all the advantages necessary to complete your studies. Paul will pre-

pare for his examination at Saint-Cyr. You know he wants to be a soldier."

"So do I, Madame. I wish to be one too."

"You a soldier!" exclaimed the Curé; "but you know that was not at all your father's idea. In my presence he has often spoken of your future, your career. You were to be a doctor, and like him, doctor at Longueval, and like him, devote yourself to the sick and poor. Jean, my child, do you remember?"

"I remember; I remember."

"Well, then, Jean, you must do as your father wished: it is your duty, Jean; it is your duty. You must go to Paris. You would like to stay here, I understand that well, and I should like it too; but it cannot be. You must go to Paris, and work, work hard. Not that I am anxious about that; you are your father's true son. You will be an honest and industrious man. One cannot well be the one without the other. And some day, in your father's house, in the place where he has done so much good, the poor people of the country round will find another Dr. Reynaud, to whom they may look for help. And I, — if by chance I am still in this world, — when that day comes, I shall be so happy! But I am wrong to speak of myself; I ought not, I do not count. It is of your father that you must think. I repeat it, Jean, it was his dearest wish. You cannot have forgotten it."

"No, I have not forgotten; but if my father sees me, and hears me, I am certain that he understands and forgives me, for it is on his account."

"On his account?"

"Yes. When I heard that he was dead, and when I heard how he died, all at once, without any need of reflection, I said to myself that I would be a soldier; and I will be a soldier! Godfather, and you, Madame, I beg you not to prevent me."

The child burst into tears — a perfect flood of passionate tears. The Countess and the Abbé soothed him with gentle words.

"Yes — yes — it is settled," they said; "anything that you wish, all that you wish."

Both had the same thought, — leave it to time; Jean is only a child; he will change his mind.

In this both were mistaken; Jean did not change his mind. In the month of September, 1876, Paul de Lavardens was rejected at Saint-Cyr, and Jean Reynaud passed eleventh at the

École Polytechnique. The day when the list of the candidates who had passed was published he wrote to the Abbé Constantin:—

"I have passed, and passed too well, for I want to go into the army, and not the Civil Service; however, if I keep my place in the school, that will be the good fortune of one of my comrades: he will have my chance."

It happened so in the end. Jean Reynaud did better than keep his place; the pass list showed his name seventh, but instead of entering "l'École des Ponts et Chaussées," he entered the military college at Fontainebleau in 1878.

He was then just twenty-one; he was of age, master of his fortune, and the first act of the new administration was a great, a very great piece of extravagance. He bought for old Clémence and little Rosalie two shares in government stock of fifteen hundred francs a year each. That cost him 70,000 francs, almost the sum that Paul de Lavardens, in his first year of liberty in Paris, spent for Mademoiselle Lise Bruyère, of the Palais Royal Theatre.

Two years later Jean passed first at the examination, and left Fontainebleau with the right of choosing among the vacant places. There was one in the regiment quartered at Souvigny, and Souvigny was three miles from Longueval. Jean asked for this, and obtained it.

Thus Jean Reynaud, lieutenant in the ninth regiment of artillery, came in the month of October, 1880, to take possession of the house that had been his father's; thus he found himself once more in the place where his childhood had passed, and where every one had kept green the memory of the life and death of his father; thus the Abbé Constantin was not denied the happiness of once again having near him the son of his old friend, and, if the truth must be told, he no longer wished that Jean had become a doctor.

When the old Curé left his church after saying mass, when he saw coming along the road a great cloud of dust, when he felt the earth tremble under the rumbling cannon, he would stop, and like a child amuse himself with seeing the regiment pass; but to him the regiment was — Jean. It was this robust and manly cavalier, in whose face, as in an open book, one read uprightness, courage, and goodness.

The moment Jean perceived the Curé he would put his horse to a gallop, and go to have a little chat with his godfather. The horse would turn his head towards the Curé, for

he knew very well there was always a piece of sugar for him in the pocket of that old black *soutane* — rusty and worn — the morning *soutane*. The Abbé Constantin had a beautiful new one of which he took great care, to wear in society — when he went into society.

The trumpets of the regiment sounded as they passed through the village, and all eyes sought Jean — "little Jean" — for to the old people of Longueval he was still little Jean. Certain wrinkled, broken-down old peasants had never been able to break themselves of the habit of saluting him when he passed with, "Bonjour, gamin, ça va bien?"

He was six feet high, this "gamin," and Jean never crossed the village without perceiving at one window the old furrowed parchment skin of Clémence, and at another the smiling countenance of Rosalie. The latter had married during the previous year, Jean had given her away, and joyously on the wedding night had he danced with the girls of Longueval.

Such was the lieutenant of artillery who on Saturday, May 28, 1881, at half-past four in the afternoon, sprang from his horse before the door of the vicarage of Longueval. He entered the gate, the horse obediently followed, and went by himself into a little shed in the yard. Pauline was at the kitchen window; Jean approached and kissed her heartily on both cheeks.

"Good-evening, Pauline. Is all well?"

"Very well. I am busy preparing your dinner; would you like to know what you are going to have? — potato soup, a leg of mutton, and a custard."

"That is excellent; I shall enjoy everything, for I am dying of hunger."

"And a salad; I had forgotten it; you can help me cut it directly. Dinner will be at half-past six exactly, for at half-past seven Monsieur le Curé has his service for the month of Mary."

"Where is my godfather?"

"You will find him in the garden. He is very sad on account of yesterday's sale."

"Yes, I know, I know."

"It will cheer him a little to see you; he is always so happy when you are here. Take care; Loulou is going to eat the climbing roses. How hot he is!"

"I came the long way by the wood, and rode very fast."

Jean captured Loulou, who was directing his steps towards the climbing roses. He unsaddled him, fastened him in the little shed, rubbed him down with a great handful of straw, after which he entered the house, relieved himself of his sword and képi, replaced the latter by an old straw hat, value sixpence, and then went to look for his godfather in the garden.

The poor Abbé was indeed sad; he had scarcely closed an eye all night — he who generally slept so easily, so quietly, the sound sleep of a child. His soul was wrung. Longueval in the hands of a foreigner, of a heretic, of an adventuress!

Jean repeated what Paul had said the evening before.

"You will have money, plenty of money, for your poor."

"Money! money! Yes, my poor will not lose, perhaps they will even gain by it; but I must go and ask for this money, and in the salon, instead of my old and dear friend, I shall find this red-haired American. It seems that she has red hair! I will certainly go for the sake of my poor — I will go — and she will give me the money, but she will give me nothing but money; the Marquise gave me something else, — her life and her heart. Every week we went together to visit the sick and the poor; she knew all the sufferings and the miseries of the country round, and when the gout nailed me to my easy-chair she made the rounds alone, and as well, or better than I."

Pauline interrupted this conversation. She carried an immense earthenware salad-dish, on which bloomed, violent and startling, enormous red flowers."

"Here I am," said Pauline, "I am going to cut the salad. Jean, would you like lettuce or endive?"

"Endive," said Jean, gayly. "It is a long time since I have had any endive."

"Well, you shall have some to-night. Stay, take the dish."

Pauline began to cut the endive, and Jean bent down to receive the leaves in the great salad-dish. The Curé looked on.

At this moment a sound of little bells was heard. A carriage was approaching; one heard the jangling and creaking of its wheels. The Curé's little garden was separated from the road only by a low hedge, in the middle of which was a little trellised gate.

All three looked out, and saw driving down the road a hired carriage of most primitive construction, drawn by two

great white horses, and driven by an old coachman in a blouse. Beside this old coachman was seated a tall footman in livery, of the most severe and correct demeanor. In the carriage were two young women, dressed both alike in very elegant, but very simple travelling costumes.

When the carriage was opposite the gate the coachman stopped his horses, and addressing the Abbé: —

"Monsieur le Curé," said he, "these ladies wish to speak to you."

Then, turning towards the ladies: —

"This is Monsieur le Curé of Longueval."

The Abbé Constantin approached and opened the little gate. The travellers alighted. Their looks rested, not without astonishment, on the young officer who stood there, a little embarrassed, with his straw hat in one hand, and his salad-dish, all overflowing with endive, in the other.

The visitors entered the garden, and the elder — she seemed about twenty-five — addressing the Abbé Constantin, said to him, with a little foreign accent, very original and very peculiar: —

"I am obliged to introduce myself — Mrs. Scott; I am Mrs. Scott! It was I who bought the castle and farms and all the rest here at the sale yesterday. I hope that I do not disturb you, and that you can spare me five minutes." Then, pointing to her travelling companion, "Miss Bettina Percival, my sister; you guessed it, I am sure. We are very much alike, are we not? Ah! Bettina, we have left our bags in the carriage, and we shall want them directly."

"I will get them."

And as Miss Percival prepared to go for the two little bags Jean said to her: —

"Pray allow me."

"I am really very sorry to give you so much trouble. The servant will give them to you; they are on the front seat."

She had the same accent as her sister, the same large eyes, black, laughing, and gay, and the same hair, not red, but fair, with golden shades, where daintily danced the light of the sun. She bowed to Jean with a pretty little smile, and he, having returned to Pauline the salad-dish full of endive, went to look for the two little bags. Meanwhile, much agitated, sorely disturbed, the Abbé Constantin introduced into his vicarage the new Châtelaine of Longueval.

MEETING OF JEAN AND BETTINA

5983

The Betrothal and Marriage.

It is the tenth of August, the day which is to bring Jean back to Longueval.

Bettina wakes very early, rises, and runs immediately to the window. The evening before the sky had looked threatening, heavy with clouds. Bettina slept but little, and all night prayed that it might not rain the next day.

In the early morning a dense fog envelops the park of Longueval, the trees of which are hidden from view as by a curtain. But gradually the rays of the sun dissipate the mist, the trees become vaguely discernible through the vapor; then, suddenly, the sun shines out brilliantly, flooding with light the park, and the fields beyond; and the lake, where the black swans are disporting themselves in the radiant light, appears as bright as a sheet of polished metal.

The weather is going to be beautiful. Bettina is a little superstitious. The sunshine gives her good hope and good courage. "The day begins well, so it will finish well."

Mr. Scott had come some days before. Suzie, Bettina, and the children were waiting on the quay at Hâvre, for the arrival of his steamer.

They exchanged many tender embraces, then Richard, addressing his sister-in-law, says laughingly: —

"Well, when is the wedding to be?"

"What wedding?"

"Yours."

"My wedding?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And to whom am I going to be married?"

"To Monsieur Jean Reynaud."

"Ah! Suzie has written to you?"

"Suzie? Not at all. Suzie has not said a word. It was you, Bettina, who wrote to me. For the last two months, all your letters have been occupied with this young officer."

"All my letters?"

"Yes; and you have written to me oftener and more at length than usual. I do not complain of that, but I do ask when you are going to present me with a brother-in-law."

He speaks jestingly, but Bettina replies: —

"Soon, I hope."

Mr. Scott perceives that the affair is serious. When returning in the carriage, Bettina asks Mr. Scott if he has kept her letters.

"Certainly," he replies.

She reads them again. It is indeed only with "Jean," that all these letters have been filled. She finds therein related, down to the most trifling details, their first meeting. There is the portrait of Jean in the vicarage garden, with his straw hat and his earthen salad-dish — and then it is again Monsieur Jean, always Monsieur Jean.

She discovers that she has loved him much longer than she had suspected.

Now it is the tenth of August. Luncheon is just over, and Harry and Bella are impatient. They know that between one and two o'clock the regiment must go through the village. They have been promised that they shall be taken to see the soldiers pass, and for them as well as for Bettina the return of the 9th Artillery is a great event.

"Aunt Betty," said Bella, — "Aunt Betty, come with us."

"Yes, do come," said Harry, — "do come; we shall see our friend Jean on his big gray horse."

Bettina resists, refuses — and yet how great is the temptation.

But no, she will not go, she will not see Jean again till evening, when she will give him that decisive explanation for which she has been preparing herself for the last three weeks.

The children hasten away with their governesses. Bettina, Suzie, and Richard go and sit in the park, quite close to the castle, and as soon as they are established there —

"Suzie," says Bettina, "I am going to remind you to-day of your promise; you remember what passed between us the night of his departure; we settled that if on the day of his return I could say to you, 'Suzie, I am sure that I love him,' — we settled that you would allow me to speak frankly to him, and ask him if he would have me for his wife."

"Yes, I did promise you. But are you very sure?"

"Absolutely — and now the time has come to redeem your promise. I warn you that I intend to bring him to this very place" — she added, smiling, "to this seat; and to use almost the same language to him that you formerly used to Richard. You were successful, Suzie, you are perfectly happy, and I — that is what I wish to be."

" Richard, Suzie has told you about Monsieur Reynaud ? "

" Yes, and she has told me that there is no man of whom she has a higher opinion, but — "

" But she has told you that for me, it would be a rather quiet, rather commonplace marriage. Oh, naughty sister ! Will you believe it, Richard, that I cannot get this fear out of her head ? She does not understand that before everything I wish to love and be loved ; will you believe it, Richard, that only last week she laid a horrible trap for me ? You know that there exists a certain Prince Romanelli ? "

" Yes, I know you might have been a princess."

" That would not have been immensely difficult, I believe. Well, one day I was so foolish as to say to Suzie, that, in extremity, I might accept the Prince Romanelli. Now, just imagine what she did ? The Turners were at Trouville. Suzie arranged a little plot. We lunched with the Prince, but the result was disastrous. Accept him ! The two hours that I passed with him I passed in asking myself how I could have said such a thing. No, Richard ; no, Suzie ; I will be neither princess, nor marchioness, nor countess. My wish is to be Madame Jean Reynaud ; if, however, M. Jean Reynaud will agree to it, and that is by no means certain."

The regiment is entering the village, and suddenly a burst of music, martial and joyous, sweeps across the space. All three remain silent; it is the regiment ; it was Jean passing ; the sound becomes fainter, dies away, and Bettina continues : —

" No, that is not certain. He loves me, however, and much, but without knowing well what I am ; I think that I deserve to be loved differently ; I think that I should not cause him so much terror, so much fear, if he knew me better, and that is why I ask you to permit me to speak to him this evening freely from my heart."

" We will allow you," replied Richard ; " you shall speak to him freely, for we know, both of us, Bettina, that you will never do anything but what is noble and generous."

" At least I will try."

The children run up to them, they have seen Jean, he was quite white with dust, he said good-morning to them.

" Only," adds Bella, " he is not very nice, he did not stop to talk to us. Generally he stops, and this time he would n't."

" Yes, he would," replies Harry ; " for at first he seemed as if he were going to — and then he would not. He went away."

"Well, he did n't stop, and it is so nice to talk to a soldier, especially when he is on horseback."

"It is not that only, but we are very fond of Monsieur Jean; if you knew, papa, how kind he is, and how nicely he plays with us."

"And what beautiful drawings he makes. Harry, you remember that great Punch who was so funny, with his stick, you know."

"And the cat, there was the little cat too, as in the show."

The two children go away talking of their friend Jean.

"Decidedly," says Mr. Scott, "every one likes him in this house."

"And you will be like every one else when you know him," replies Bettina.

The regiment broke into a trot along the high road, after leaving the village. There is the terrace where Bettina had been the other morning. Jean says to himself: —

"Supposing she should be there."

He dreads and hopes it at the same time. He raises his head, he looks, she is not there.

He has not seen her again, he will not see her again, for a long time at least. He will start that very evening at six o'clock for Paris; one of the head men in the War Office is interested in him; he will try to get exchanged into another regiment.

Alone at Cercottes, Jean has had time to reflect deeply, and this is the result of his reflections. He cannot, he must not, be Bettina Percival's husband.

The men dismount at the barracks, Jean takes leave of his colonel, his comrades; all is over. He is free, he can go.

But he does not go yet; he looks around him. . . . How happy he was three months ago, when he rode out of that great yard amidst the noise of the cannon rolling over the pavement of Souvigny, but how sadly he would ride away to-day! Formerly his life was there; where would it be now?

He goes home, he goes up to his own room, he writes to Mrs. Scott; he tells her that his duties oblige him to leave immediately; he cannot dine at the castle, and begs Mrs. Scott to remember him to Miss Bettina. Bettina, ah! what trouble it cost him to write that name; he closes his letter; he will send it directly.

He makes his preparations for departure; then he will go to

wish his godfather farewell. That is what costs him most; he will only speak to him of a short absence.

He opens one of the drawers of his bureau to take out some money. The first thing that meets his eyes is a little note on bluish paper; it is the only note which he has ever received from her.

"Will you have the kindness to give to the servant the book of which you spoke yesterday evening? Perhaps it will be a little heavy for me, but yet I should like to try to read it. We shall see you to-night; come as early as possible." It is signed, "BETTINA."

Jean reads and re-reads those few lines, but soon he can read them no longer, his eyes are dim.

"It is all that is left me of her," he thinks.

At the same moment the Abbé Constantin is holding conference with Pauline; they are making up their accounts. The financial situation is admirable; more than two thousand francs in hand! And the wishes of Suzie and Bettina are accomplished; there are no more poor in the neighborhood. His old servant, Pauline, has even occasional scruples of conscience.

"You see, Monsieur le Curé," says she, "perhaps we give them a little too much. Then it will be spread about in other parishes that here they can always find charity. And do you know what will happen one of these days? Poor people will come and settle at Longueval."

The Curé gives fifty francs to Pauline. She goes off to take them to a poor man who had broken his arm a few days before by falling from the top of a hay-cart.

The Abbé Constantin remains alone in the vicarage. He is rather anxious. He has watched for the passing of the regiment; but Jean only stopped for a moment; he looked sad. For some time the Abbé had noticed that Jean had no longer the flow of good humor and gayety he once possessed.

The Curé had not disturbed himself too much about it, believing it to be one of those little youthful troubles which did not concern a poor old priest. But on this occasion Jean's disturbance was very perceptible.

"I will come back directly," he said to the Curé. "I want to speak to you."

He abruptly turned away. The Abbé Constantin had not even had time to give Loulou his piece of sugar, or rather his pieces of sugar, for he had put five or six in his pocket, con-

sidering that Loulou had well deserved this feast by ten long days' march, and a score of nights passed under the open sky.

Besides, since Mrs. Scott had lived at Longueval, Loulou had very often had several pieces of sugar; the Abbé Constantin had become extragavant, prodigal; he felt himself a millionaire; the sugar for Loulou was one of his follies. One day even he had been on the point of addressing to Loulou his everlasting little speech: —

"This comes from the new mistresses of Longueval; pray for them to-night."

It was three o'clock when Jean arrived at the vicarage, and the Curé said immediately: —

"You told me that you wanted to speak to me; what is it about?"

"About something, my dear godfather, which will surprise you, will grieve you —"

"Grieve me!"

"Yes, and which grieves me too — I have come to bid you farewell."

"Farewell! You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

"When?"

"To-day, in two hours."

"In two hours? But, my dear boy, we were going to dine at the castle to-night."

"I have just written to Mrs. Scott to excuse me, I am positively obliged to go."

"Directly?"

"Directly."

"And where are you going?"

"To Paris."

"To Paris? Why this sudden determination?"

"Not so very sudden. I have thought about it for a long time."

"And you have said nothing about it to me! Jean, something has happened. You are a man, and I have no longer the right to treat you as a child; but you know how much I love you; if you have vexations, troubles, why not tell them to me? I could perhaps advise you. Jean, why go to Paris?"

"I did not wish to tell you; it will give you pain; but you have the right to know. I am going to Paris to ask to be exchanged into another regiment."

"Into another regiment? To leave Souvigny!"

"Yes, that is just it. I must leave Souvigny for a short time, for a little while only; but to leave Souvigny is necessary; it is what I wish above all things."

"And what about me, Jean; do you think of me? A little while! A little while! But that is all that remains to me of life, — a little while. And during these last days, that I owe to the grace of God, it was my happiness, yes, Jean, my happiness, to feel you here, near me, and now you are going away! Jean, wait a little patiently, it cannot be for very long now. Wait until the good God has called me to Himself; wait till I shall be gone, to meet there, at His side, your father and your mother. Do not go, Jean, do not go!"

"If you love me, I love you too, and you know it well."

"Yes, I know it."

"I have just the same affection for you now that I had when I was quite little, when you took me to yourself, when you brought me up. My heart has not changed, will never change. But if duty — if honor — oblige me to go?"

"Ah! if it is duty, if it is honor, I say nothing more, Jean; that stands before all! — all! — all! I have always known you a good judge of your duty, your honor. Go, my boy, go; I ask you nothing more, I wish to know no more."

"But I wish to tell you all," cried Jean, vanquished by his emotion, "and it is better that you should know all. You will stay here, you will return to the castle, you will see her again — her!"

"See her! Who?"

"Bettina!"

"Bettina?"

"I adore her, I adore her!"

"Oh, my poor boy!"

"Pardon me for speaking to you of these things; but I tell you as I would have told my father. And then, I have not been able to speak of it to any one, and it stifled me; yes, it is a madness which has seized me, which has grown upon me little by little against my will, for you know very well — My God! It was here that I began to love her. You know, when she came here with her sister — the little rouleaux of a thousand francs — her hair fell down — and then the evening, the month of Mary. Then I was permitted to see her freely, familiarly, and you yourself spoke to me constantly of her. You praised her sweetness,

her goodness. How often have you told me that there was no one in the world better than she is!"

"And I thought so, and I think so still. And no one here knows her better than I do, for I alone have seen her with the poor. If you only knew how tender and how good she is! Neither wretchedness nor suffering are repulsive to her. But, my dear boy, I am wrong to tell you all this."

"No, no, I shall see her no more, but I like to hear you speak of her."

"In your whole life, Jean, you will never meet a better woman, nor one who has more elevated sentiments. To such a point, that one day — she had taken me with her in an open carriage, full of toys — she was taking these toys to a poor little sick girl, and when she gave them to her, to make the poor little thing laugh, to amuse her, she talked so prettily to her that I thought of you, and I said to myself, I remember it now, 'Ah, if she were poor!'"

"Ah, if she were poor! but she is not."

"Oh, no! But what can you do, my poor boy? If it gives you pain to see her, to live near her, above all, if it will prevent you suffering — go away, go — and yet, and yet —"

The old priest became thoughtful, let his head fall between his hands, and remained silent for some moments; then he continued: —

"And yet, Jean, do you know what I think? I have seen a great deal of Mademoiselle Bettina since she came to Longueval. Well — when I reflect — it did not astonish me then that any one should be interested in you, for it seemed so natural — but she talked always, yes, always of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you, and of your father and mother; she was curious to know how you lived. She begged me to explain to her what a soldier's life was, the life of a true soldier who loved his profession, and performed his duties conscientiously. . . . It is extraordinary, since you have told me this, recollections crowd upon me, a thousand little things collect and group themselves together. . . . She returned from Hâvre day before yesterday at three o'clock. Well, an hour after her arrival she was here. And it was you of whom she spoke directly. She asked if you had written to me, if you had not been ill, when you would arrive, at what hour, if the regiment would pass through the village."

"It is useless at this moment, my dear godfather," said Jean, "to recall all these memories."

"No, it is not useless. . . . She seemed so pleased, so happy even, at the thought of seeing you again! She would make quite a *fête* of the dinner this evening. She would introduce you to her brother-in-law, who has come back. There is no one else at the château at this moment, not a single visitor. She insisted strongly on this point, and I remember her last words — she was there, on the threshold of the door —

"'There will only be five of us,' she said, 'you and Monsieur Jean, my sister, my brother-in-law, and myself.'

"And then she added, laughing, 'Quite a family party.'

"With these words she went, she almost ran away. Quite a family party! Do you know what I think, Jean? Do you know?"

"You must not think that, you must not."

"Jean, I believe that she loves you!"

"And I believe it too."

"You too!"

"When I left her, three weeks ago, she was so agitated, so moved! She saw me sad and unhappy, she would not let me go. It was at the door of the château. I was obliged to tear myself, yes literally tear myself away. I should have spoken, burst out, told her all. After having gone a few steps I stopped and turned. She could no longer see me, I was lost in the darkness; but I could see her. She stood there motionless, her shoulders and arms bare, in the rain, her eyes fixed on the way by which I had gone. Perhaps I am mad to think that. Perhaps it was only a feeling of pity. But no, it was something more than pity, for do you know what she did the next morning? She came at five o'clock in the most frightful weather to see me pass with the regiment — and then — the way she bade me adieu — oh, my friend, my dear old friend!"

"But then," said the poor Curé, completely bewildered, completely at a loss, "but then I do not understand you at all. If you love her, Jean, and if she loves you."

"But that is, above all, the reason why I must go. If it were only me, if I were certain that she had not perceived my love, certain that she had not been touched by it, I would stay, I would stay — for nothing but the sweet joy of seeing her; and I would love her from afar, without any hope, for nothing but the happiness of loving her. But no, she has understood too well, and far from discouraging me — that is what forces me to go."

"No, I do not understand it! I know well, my poor boy, we are speaking of things in which I am no great scholar, but you are both good, young, and charming; you love her, she would love you, and you will not!"

"And her money! her money!"

"What matters her money. If it is only that, is it because of her money that you have loved her? It is rather in spite of her money. Your conscience, my son, would be quite at peace with regard to that, and that would suffice."

"No, that would not suffice. To have a good opinion of one's self is not enough; that opinion must be shared by others."

"Oh, Jean! Among all who know you, who can doubt you?"

"Who knows? And then there is another thing besides this question of money, another thing more serious and more grave. I am not the husband suited to her."

"And who could be more worthy than you?"

"The question to be considered is not my worth; we have to consider what she is and what I am, to ask what ought to be her life and what ought to be my life. . . . One day, Paul — you know he has rather a blunt way of saying things, but that very bluntness often places thoughts much more clearly before us — we were speaking of her; Paul did not suspect anything; if he had, he is good-natured, he would not have spoken thus — well, he said to me: —

"'What she needs is a husband who would be entirely devoted to her, to her alone; a husband who would have no other care than to make her existence a perpetual holiday; a husband who would give himself, his whole life, in return for her money.'

"You know me; such a husband I cannot, I must not be. I am a soldier, and will remain one. If the chances of my career sent me some day to a garrison in the depths of the Alps, or in some almost unknown village in Algeria, could I ask her to follow me? Could I condemn her to the life of a soldier's wife, which is in some degree the life of a soldier himself? Think of the life which she leads now, of all that luxury, of all those pleasures!"

"Yes," said the Abbé, "that is more serious than the question of money."

"So serious that there is no hesitation possible. During the

three weeks that I passed alone in the camp I have well considered all that; I have thought of nothing else, and loving her as I do love, the reason must indeed be strong which shows me clearly my duty. I must go. I must go far, very far away, as far as possible. I shall suffer much, but I must not see her again! I must not see her again!"

Jean sank on a chair near the fireplace. He remained there quite overpowered with his emotion. The old priest looked at him.

"To see you suffer, my poor boy! That such suffering should fall upon you! It is too cruel, too unjust!"

At that moment some one knocked gently as the door.

"Ah!" said the Curé, "do not be afraid, Jean. I will send them away."

The Abbé went to the door, opened it, and recoiled as if before an unexpected apparition.

It was Bettina. In a moment she had seen Jean, and going direct to him —

"You!" she cried. "Oh, how glad I am!"

He rose. She took both his hands in hers, and addressing the Curé, she said: —

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Curé, for going to him first. I saw you yesterday, but I have not seen him for three whole weeks, not since a certain night when he left our house sad and suffering."

She still held Jean's hands. He had neither power to make a movement nor to utter a sound.

"And now," continued Bettina, "are you better? No, not yet, I can see; still sad. Ah, I have done well to come! It was an inspiration! However, it embarrasses me much to find you here. You will understand why when you know what I have come to ask of your godfather."

She relinquished his hands, and, turning towards the Abbé, said: —

"I have come to beg you to listen to my confession — yes, my confession. But do not go away, Monsieur Jean; I will make my confession publicly. I am quite willing to speak before you, and now I think of it, it will be better thus. Let us sit down, shall we?"

She felt herself full of confidence and daring. She burnt with fever, but with that fever which on the field of battle gives to a soldier ardor, heroism, and disdain of danger. The emotion

which made Bettina's heart beat quicker than usual was a high and generous emotion. She said to herself: —

"I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy! I wish to make him happy! And since he cannot have the courage to do it, I must have it for both. I must march alone, my head high and my heart at ease, to the conquest of our love, to the conquest of our happiness!"

From her first words Bettina had gained over the Abbé and Jean a complete ascendency. They let her say what she liked, they let her do as she liked, they felt that the hour was supreme; they understood that what was happening would be decisive, irrevocable, but neither was in a position to foresee.

They sat down obediently, almost automatically; they waited, they listened. Alone of the three, Bettina retained her composure. It was in a calm and even voice that she began.

"I must tell you first, Monsieur le Curé, to set your conscience quite at rest, — I must tell you that I am here with the consent of my sister and my brother-in-law. They know why I have come; they know what I am going to do. They not only know, but they approve. That is settled, is it not? Well, what brings me here is your letter, Monsieur Jean, — that letter in which you tell my sister that you cannot dine with us this evening, and that you are positively obliged to leave here. This letter has unsettled all my plans. I had intended this evening — of course with the permission of my sister and brother-in-law — I had intended after dinner to take you into the park, Monsieur Jean, to seat myself with you on a bench; I was childish enough to choose the place beforehand. There I should have delivered a little speech, well prepared, well studied, almost learnt by heart, for since your departure I have scarcely thought of anything else; I repeat it to myself from morning to night. That is what I had proposed to do, and you understand that your letter caused me much embarrassment. I reflected a little, and thought that if I addressed my little speech to your godfather it would be almost the same as if I addressed it to you. So I have come, Monsieur le Curé, to beg you to listen to me."

"I will listen to you, Miss Percival," stammered the Abbé.

"I am rich, Monsieur le Curé, I am very rich, and, to speak frankly, I love my wealth very much — yes, very much. To it I owe the luxury which surrounds me, luxury which, I acknowledge, — this is a confession, — is by no means disagreeable to me. My excuse is that I am still very young; it will perhaps

pass as I grow older, but of that I am not very sure. I have another excuse: it is, that if I love money a little for the pleasure that it procures me, I love it still more for the good which it allows me to do. I love it — selfishly, if you like — for the joy of giving; but I think that my fortune is not very badly placed in my hands. Well, Monsieur le Curé, in the same way that you have the care of souls, it seems that I have the care of money. I have always thought, 'I wish, above all things, that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune. I wish to be very sure that he will make a good use of it with me while I am here, and after me if I must leave this world first.' I thought of another thing; I thought, 'He who will be my husband must be some one I can love!' And now, Monsieur le Curé, this is where my confession really begins. There is a man who for the last two months has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that this man loves me. . . . You do love me, Jean?"

"Yes," said Jean, in a low voice, and looking like a criminal, "I do love you!"

"I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it; and now, I entreat you, do not utter a single word. Any words of yours would be useless, would disturb me, would prevent me from going straight to my aim, and telling you what I positively intend to say. Promise me to stay there, sitting still, without moving, without speaking. You promise me?"

"I promise you."

Bettina, as she went on speaking, began to lose a little of her confidence; her voice trembled slightly. She continued, however, with a gayety that was a little forced.

"Monsieur le Curé, I do not blame you for what has happened, yet all this is a little your fault."

"My fault!"

"Ah! do not speak, not even you. Yes, I repeat it, your fault. . . . I am certain that you have spoken well of me to Jean, much too well. Perhaps without that he would not have thought — And at the same time, you have spoken very well of him to me. Not too well — no, no — but yet very well! Then I had so much confidence in you that I began to look at him, and examine him with a little more attention. I began to compare him with those who, during the last year, had asked my hand. It seemed to me that he was in every respect superior to them.

"At last it happened on a certain day, or rather on a certain evening — three weeks ago, the evening before you left here, Jean — I discovered that I loved you. . . . Yes, Jean, I love you! . . . I entreat you, do not speak; stay where you are; do not come near me.

"Before I came here I thought I had supplied myself with a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my fine composure of a minute ago. But I have still something to tell you, and the most important of all. Jean, listen to me carefully: I do not wish for a reply torn from you in your emotion; I know that you love me. If you marry me, I do not wish it to be only for love; I wish it to be also for reason. During the fortnight before you left here, you took so much pains to avoid me, to escape any conversation, that I have not been able to show myself to you as I am. Perhaps there are in me certain qualities which you do not suspect. . . .

"Jean, I know what you are, I know to what I should bind myself in marrying you, and I would be for you not only the loving and tender woman, but the courageous and constant wife. I know your entire life; your godfather has related it to me. I know why you became a soldier; I know what duties, what sacrifices, the future may demand from you. Jean, do not suppose that I will turn you from any of these duties, from any of these sacrifices. If I could be disappointed with you for anything, it would be, perhaps, for this thought, — oh! you must have had it, — that I should wish you free, and quite my own, that I should ask you to abandon your career. Never! never! Understand well, I will never ask such a thing of you. . . .

"A young girl whom I know did that when she married, and she did wrong. I love you, and I wish you to be just what you are. It is because you live differently from, and better than, those who have before desired me for a wife, that I desire you for a husband. I should love you less — perhaps I should not love you at all, though that would be very difficult — if you were to begin to live as all those live whom I would not have. When I can follow you, I will follow you; wherever you are will be my duty, wherever you are will be my happiness. And if the day comes when you can not take me, the day when you must go alone, — well, Jean, on that day I promise you to be brave, and not take your courage from you.

"And now, Monsieur le Curé, it is not to him, it is to you that I am speaking: I want *you* to answer me, not him. Tell

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"Took her in his arms, and pressed upon her brow the first kiss"

me, . . . if he loves me, and feels me worthy of his love, would it be just to make me expiate so severely the fortune that I possess? Tell me, should he not agree to be my husband?"

"Jean," said the old priest gravely, "marry her. It is your duty, and it will be your happiness!"

Jean approached Bettina, took her in his arms, and pressed upon her brow the first kiss.

Bettina gently freed herself, and addressing the Abbé said: —

"And now, Monsieur l'Abbé, I have still one thing to ask you. I wish — I wish —"

"You wish?"

"Pray, Monsieur le Curé, kiss me too."

The old priest kissed her paternally on both cheeks, and then Bettina continued: —

"You have often told me, Monsieur le Curé, that Jean was almost like your own son, and I shall be almost like your own daughter, shall I not? So you will have two children, that is all."

. . . . . .

A month after, on the 12th of September, at midday, Bettina, in the simplest of wedding dresses, entered the church of Longueval while, placed behind the altar, the trumpets of the 9th Artillery rang joyously through the arches of the old church.

Nancy Turner had begged for the honor of playing the organ on this solemn occasion, for the poor little harmonium had disappeared; an organ with resplendent pipes rose in the gallery of the church — it was Miss Percival's wedding present to the Abbé Constantin.

The old Curé said mass, Jean and Bettina knelt before him, he pronounced the Benediction, and then remained for some moments in prayer, his arms extended, calling down with his whole soul the blessings of Heaven on his two children.

Then floated from the organ the same revery of Chopin's which Bettina had played the first time that she had entered that village church, where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER (pseudonym "Sam Slick"), a Canadian jurist and humorous writer; born in Nova Scotia in December, 1796; died at Isleworth, near London, England, August 27, 1865. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820; became Chief-Justice of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia in 1829, and Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. In 1856 he took up his residence in England, and in 1859 was returned to Parliament for Launceston, holding the seat until his death. In 1835 he published in a newspaper a series of satirical sketches entitled "The Clockmaker: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," of which subsequent series appeared in 1838 and 1840. He also wrote "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia" (1829); "Bubbles of Canada;" "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony;" "Letter-Bag of the Great Western" (1839); "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England" (1843, second series, 1844); "Rule and Misrule of the English in America" (1851); "Yankee Stories and Traits of American Humor" (1852); and "Nature and Human Nature" (1855).

MR. SAMUEL SLICK.

(From "The Clockmaker.")

I HAD heard of Yankee clock-peddlers, tin-peddlers, and Bible-peddlers, — especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments: a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares at whatever price he pleases, where a Bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

"What a pity it is, Mr. Slick," — for such was his name, — "what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time."

"I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We

reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about 'House of Assembly.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone: —

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you; for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur'*. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down-east here in Nova Scotia, they would n't believe me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike — "

"Seventy," said the deacon, "only seventy."

"Well, seventy: but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it — "

"Interval, we call it," said the deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

"Well, interval, if you please — though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms — is just as good as dike. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or

four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it; the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and —"

"Too old," said the deacon; "too old for all those speculations."

"Old!" repeated the Clockmaker, "not you: why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays; you are young enough to have" — here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear: but whatever it was, the deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

"But your beasts — dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;" saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, "That is what I call 'soft sawder.' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or," said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he 'd trot away if he could. Now I find —" Here his lecture on "soft sawder" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

"Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint."

"What, have you sold all your clocks?"

"Yes, and very low too; for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn — no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he 'd give me fifty dollars for this here one — it has composition wheels and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first-chop, no mistake, genuine superfine — but I guess I 'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder hard that I did not give him the offer."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Flint, "I should like to see it; where is it?"

"It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

"That 's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let 's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties and soon produced the clock, — a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-

looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome one: but the deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

"I guess you 're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon: it ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it."

Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

"It is no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do: but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. — Why, it ain't possible!" said the Clockmaker in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; "why, as I 'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I have n't been two hours here! How on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint; I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I 'll set it a-going, and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night — which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call 'human natur'!' Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to human natur' that they never come out of it."

"What success had you," said I, "in the sale of your clocks

among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? Do you find them as gullible as the Bluenoses?"

"Well," said he, "you have heerd tell that a Yankee never answers one question without axing another, have n't you? Did you ever seen an English stage-driver make a bow? because if you hain't obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin' nod of his head, as much as to say, 'How do you do? but keep clear of my wheels, or I 'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth, as sure as your 're born,' jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose.

"Well, that 's the way I pass them 'ere bare-breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these 'ere Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, would n't they? They 'd set 'em scratchin' thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he 's in search of a lie. Them 'ere fellows cut their eye-teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that 's a fact. They open their pouch and drop it in, and it 's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skinflints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shake, at best; it ain't even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginny corn; but I guess I warn't long in findin' out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin'. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better.

"Now, it 's different with the Irish. They never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They 're always in love or in likker, or else in a row. They are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler — I daresay you 've heerd tell of him — he 's a funny feller, he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, 'the one will set a flame agoin' among my cottons, and t' other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to jine in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to humor them; 'for,' says he, 'they supply us with labor on cheaper terms, by shippin' out the Irish,' says he; 'they work better, and they work

cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on forever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t' other ones.'

"The English are the boys for tradin' with, they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin' floor. But then, they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle as I e'en a'most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull knew what he was about, I tell you: for they are all bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a-pawin' and a-roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths that neither need proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

"There 's no richer sight that I know of," said he, "than to see one on 'em when he fust lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind, a regular walkin' bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron; a great awkward hulk of a feller — for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners — a-smirkin' at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here 's an Englishman; here 's a boy that 's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds — a pocket full of one, and a mouth full of t' other,' bean't he lovely? And then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say boo to a goose, if you dare.'

"No, I believe we may stump the univarse. We improve on everything, and we have improved on our own species. You 'll search one while, I tell you, afore you 'll find a man that, take him by-and-large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He 's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he 's clear grit — ginger to the backbone, you may depend. It 's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that should n't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation; they are actilly equal to cash."

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect. He therefore changed the conversation immediately by pointing to a tree some little distance from the house and remarking that it was the rock-maple, or sugar-tree.

"It 's a pretty tree," said he, "and a profitable one, too, to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, though it gets exhausted at last. This province of Nova Scotia is like that 'ere tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin' flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that 's made here, all the interest that 's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of the rent, too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to the United States to buy bread. It 's drained like a bog; it has open and covered trenches all through it; and then there 's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs. Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take the moisture out to that degree that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a sponge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it."

Sam Slick in the West.

(From "The Clockmaker.")

The next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighborhood. "You had n't out," says he, "to be in a hurry; you should see the *vi*cinity of this location; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere."

While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. "That," said he, "is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it." — "You mean of Halifax," said I; "St. John is in the other province." — "I mean what I say," he replied, "and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country — they would n't take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They 've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I 'll tell you the reason on it. There are a great many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and

nothin' else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the Bluenoses. They have got about as much regard for the country as a peddler has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, 'cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, 'cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, 'cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, 'cause he intends to *move all* at last. It 's actilly overrun with transient paupers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at everything, and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they 're fobbin' your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in anything but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they hain't got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones, that are to be found in every place, why the few smart-spirited ones that 's left are too few to do anything, and so nothin' is done. It appears to me if I was a Bluenose I 'd — But thank fortin' I ain't, so I says nothin' — but there is something that ain't altogether jist right in this country, that 's a fact.

"But what a country this Bay country is, is n't it? Look at that medder, bean't it lovely? The prayer eyes of the Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dikes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that 's sartin. The land in our Far West, it is generally allowed, can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin'. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can't digest it. A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran-new vessels built down in Maine, of the best hackmatack, or what 's better still, of our real American live oak (and that 's allowed to be about the best in the world), send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot through it, you would n't believe what *a bore* they be. Well, that 's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame rickety.

"Besides, we like the smell of the salt water, it seems

kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin' of the seas, than plowin' of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut River to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and na*tive* place, where one was raised, halter-broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States for them are new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin' like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses — lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on 'em. But it 's no use talkin', they are just made critters, that 's a fact, full of health and life and beauty, — now, to change them are splendid white water-lilies of Connecticut and Rhode Island for the yaller crocuses of Illanoy, is what we don't like. It goes most confoundedly agin the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath, their little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that 's not the worst of it neither, for when a woman begins to grow saller it 's all over with her; she 's up a tree then, you may depend, there 's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the color to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It 's gone goose with her, that 's a fact. And that 's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek, too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin' apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there 's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a sign-board, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that don't know this, can't read, I guess. It 's no use to cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it 's easier said than done, that. Womenkind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin' of their roses, and their frettin' only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most everlastin' sweet girl), 'Sally,' he used to say, 'now 's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the

fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The ottar of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.*' Sall wrote it down, she said it warn't a bad idee that; but father larfed, he said he guessed Minister's courtin' days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin' in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West go there, I say.

"This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things — *Industry*, *Enterprise*, *Economy;* these Bluenoses don't know how to valy this location — only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is — the centre of the Province — the nateral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy — the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States — the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstone — the dikes — but it 's no use talkin'; I wish we had it, that 's all. Our folks are like a rock-maple tree — stick 'em in anywhere, butt eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin' fast, that 's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin' of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, ' Oh, we are too poor and too young.' Says I, ' You put me in mind of a great long-legged, long-tail colt father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin' post. He was colt all his days — always young — always poor; and young and poor you 'll be, I guess, to the eend of the chapter.' "

On our return to the Inn, the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, became very tempestuous. It rained for three successive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey was wholly out of the question. I determined, therefore, to take a seat in the coach

for Halifax, and defer until next year the remaining part of my tour. Mr. Slick agreed to meet me here in June, and to provide for me the same conveyance I had used from Amherst. I look forward with much pleasure to our meeting again. His manner and idiom were to me perfectly new and very amusing; while his good sound sense, searching observation, and queer humor rendered his conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjects on which I should like to draw him out; and I promise myself a fund of amusement in his remarks on the state of society and manners at Halifax, and the machinery of the local government, on both of which he appears to entertain many original and some very just opinions.

As he took leave of me in the coach, he whispered, "Inside of your great big cloak you will find wrapped up a box, containin' a thousand rael genuine first-chop Havanas — no mistake — the clear thing. When you smoke 'em, think sometimes of your old companion, 'SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER.'"

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ANNA MARIA (FIELDING) HALL

ANNA MARIA (FIELDING) HALL.

Hall, Anna Maria (Fielding), a popular Irish novelist; born at Dublin, January 6, 1804; died at East Moulsey, Surrey, England, January 30, 1881. At the age of fifteen she went to live in London, and in 1824 married Samuel Carter Hall. Among her numerous works are "Sketches of Irish Character" (1829); "Chronicles of a Schoolroom" (1830); "The Buccaneer, a Novel" (1832); "Tales of a Woman's Trials" (1834); "The Outlaw" and "Uncle Horace" (1837); "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life" (1838); "The Redderbore, an Irish Novel" (1839); "Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes," and "Tales of the Irish Peasantry" (1840); "The White Boy" (1845); "Midsummer Eve, a Fairy Tale of Love" (1848); "Pilgrimages to English Shrines" (1850); "Popular Tales and Sketches" (1856); "A Woman's Story" (1857); "Can Wrong be Right?" (1862); "The Fight of Faith" (1868–69). She was also the author of two successful dramas, "The French Refugee" and "The Groves of Blarney;" joint author with her husband of "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.," and his co-laborer in other works.

Larry Moore.

(From "Sketches of Irish Character.")

"Think of to-morrow!" — that is what few Irish peasants ever do, with a view of providing for it: at least few with whom I have had opportunities of being acquainted. They will think of anything — of everything, but that. There is Larry Moore, for example: — who that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman — the invaluable Larry, who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision? — He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. There he lies, stretched in the sunlight, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise — sometimes on his back — then slowly turning on his side — but his most usual attitude is a

sort of reclining position against that flat gray stone, just at high-water mark; he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words), "the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsal of harm the salt water could do ye on the gray stone, where a living merwoman sat every New Year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who, consequently, trated her sate wid great respict — why not?"

There, then, is Larry — his chest leaning on the mermaid's stone, as we call it — his long, bare legs stretched out behind, kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about what it naturally considers lawful prey: — his lower garments have evidently once been trousers — blue trousers, but as Larry when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great thing, being much rubbed at the elbows — and no wonder; for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and as Larry, of course, rests his elbow on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear; for frieze is not "impenetrable stuff." His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of faded straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished with "delisk" red and green, his cutty-pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy without any trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in this extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low-furrowed brow, very unpromising to the eye of a phrenologist: — in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved at times by the humorous twinkle of his little gray eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumes the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist; from this depends a rough

wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long, narrow knife; pieces of rope of varied length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns at his "vocation."

"Good-morrow, Larry!"

"Good-morrow kindly, my lady! maybe ye 're going across?"

"No, thank ye, Larry, but there 's a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye! — I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the soul o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass: — asy, says I, what trouble ye take! sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by token, the grawls were so plased wid the mate — the craturs! — sorra morsel o' pratee they 'd put in their mouths; — and we 'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry, if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish? Ough! sorra fancy I have for fasting mate — besides, it 's mighty watery, and a dale o' trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up: I thought it would ha' sted while I hollered to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal! — but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit — back to the water — Small loss!"

"But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure, I 'm after telling your ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner, by grate good luck, yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure, you 've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where 's the good of thinking that now?"

"Oh, Larry, I 'm afraid you never think of to-morrow!"

"There 's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it than I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and, to prove it to ye, madam, dear, we 'll have a wet night — I see the sign of it, for all the sun 's so bright, both in the air and the water."

"Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole? — where 's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather 's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can't hinder the rain! and sure it 's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in *dry weather.*"

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day; — and here you stay, doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself, by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma'am, darlint! don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means desarve. My wife turns at me as wicked as a weasel, because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Keogh; and she says they were to come together on account that they had n't enough to pay the priest; and the end of it is, that the girl and a grandchild are come back upon us; and the husband is off — God knows where!"

"I 'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright, and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I did n't care to bother the cratur; and I 'm sorry to say he 's turned out rather obstinate — and even the priest says it 's bekase I never think of *to-morrow.*"

"I 'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion. But, tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing yer pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for eating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tether him by the leg when I 'm going out; but he 's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty? You are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour."

"Is it a sty for the likes of him! cock him up wid a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day."

"But not for the morrow, Larry."

"Now ye 're at me agin! — you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there is n't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye 're in a hurry, are ye? — well, ye must wait till yer hurry is over; I 'm not going to hurry myself, wid sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn the better, Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True for ye, ma'am, dear; though people take a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, whin they've full and plinty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then."

"But do you know the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negres! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland so long alone."

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

HALLAM, ARTHUR HENRY, an English poet, son of Henry Hallam; born at London, February 1, 1811; died at Vienna, September 15, 1833. He distinguished himself at Eton and Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1832. At Trinity College he gained a prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. He was betrothed to a sister of Alfred Tennyson, whose "In Memoriam" is a memorial of the friendship of the two young poets. A collection of his essays and poems was made by his father in 1834.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon. Before me lies
A lawn of English verdure, smooth and bright,
Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,
Whose fragrance, blended with the rose-perfume
From that white flowering bush, invites my sense
To a delicious madness; and faint thoughts
Of childish years are borne into my brain
By unforgotten ardors waking now.

Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade
Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown
Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,
That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves
Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,
And the gay humming things that Summer loves,
Through the warm air, or altering the bound
Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line
Divide dominion with the abundant light.

To an Absent Sweetheart.

O blessing and delight of my young heart,
Maiden, who wast so lovely and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books whence knowledge we did gather —
Not these, but others, now thy fancies move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
Did sanctify my own to peerless good.

Written in Edinburgh.

Even thus, methinks, a city rear'd should be,
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times an hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of Empery,
Might stand compare, highest in arts enroll'd,
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised — with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty;
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty.

HENRY HALLAM.

HALLAM, HENRY, an English historian; born at Windsor, July 9, 1777; died at Penshurst, Kent, January 21, 1859. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, studied law, but did not go into practice. He entered upon literary pursuits in London, and his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" gave him a prominent place among the writers of the day. In 1818 he published his "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages." He had intended to continue the work down to the middle of the last century, but he finally restricted himself to treating "The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II." This was published in 1827. After ten years Mr. Hallam brought out his most important work, "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries" (4 vols., 1837–39). All of these works have been frequently reprinted, and have been translated into many languages. In 1848 he put forth a supplementary volume of the "Middle Ages," which is incorporated with subsequent editions of that work. In 1852 he put forth a volume of "Literary Essays and Characters."

MEDIÆVAL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKS.

(From "Literature of Europe.")

THE trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris and at Boulogne in the twelfth century; the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of a public dealer. But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated *Stationarii*, perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though *statio* is a general word for "shop" in low Latin. They appear by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Boulogne, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the

Librarii, a word which, having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterward applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which with us, though as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of "stationery," and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers; we find at least that there was a profession of copyists in the universities and in large cities; and by means of these before the invention of printing the necessary books of grammar, law, and theology were multiplied to a great extent for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterward.

The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale at a time when learning was by no means general, combined with the great cost of production — paper and other materials being very dear — rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works, which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors they had generally printed 275; of Virgil and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications the usual number of copies had also been 550. The whole number of copies printed was 12,475. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed, as, indeed, the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shows.

The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevillier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted over the book-trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinæus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating, of course, to a later period than the present. The Greek Testa-

ment of Colinæus was sold for twelve sous, the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous; a copy of the Pandects for forty sous; a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek grammar of Clenardus for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines — I know not what editions — for five sous. It would of course be necessary, before we could make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn. The more usual form of books printed in the fifteenth century is folio. But the Psalter of 1547, and the Donatus of the same year, are in quarto: and this size is not uncommon in the early Italian editions of classics. The disputed Oxford book of 1468, "Sancti Jeronymi Expositio," is in octavo, and would, if genuine, be the earliest specimen of that size; which may perhaps furnish an additional presumption against the date. It is at least, however, of 1478, when the octavo form was of the rarest occurrence. Maittaire mentions a book printed in octavo at Milan in 1470; but the existence of this, and of one or two more that follow, seems equivocal; and the first on which we can rely is the Sallust, printed at Valencia in 1475. Another book of that form, at Treviso, occurs in the same year, and an edition of Pliny's Epistles at Florence in 1478. They become from this time gradually more common; but even at the end of the century form a rather small proportion of the editions. I have not observed that the duodecimo division of the sheet was adopted in any instance. The price and convenience of books are evidently not unconnected with their size.

Nothing could be less unreasonable than that the printer should have a better chance of indemnifying himself and the author, if in those days the author, as he probably did, hoped for some lucrative return after his exhausting drudgery, by means of an exclusive privilege. The Senate of Venice granted an exclusive privilege for five years to John of Spire in 1469, for the first book printed in the city — his edition of Cicero's Epistles; but I am not aware that this extended to any other work. And this seems to have escaped the learned Beckmann, who says that the earliest instance of protected copyrights on record appears to be in favor of a book insignificant enough — a missal for the church at Bamberg, printed in 1490. It is probable that other privileges of an older date have not been found. In 1491 one occurs at the end of a book printed at Venice, and five more at the same place within the century; the Aristotle of Aldus being one of the books. These privileges are always recited at the

end of the volume. They are, however, very rare in comparison with the number of books published, and seem not accorded by preference to the most important editions.

Censorship of Books.

(From "Literature of Europe.")

In these exclusive privileges the printer was forced to call in the magistrate for his own benefit. But there was often a different sort of interference by the civil power with the press. The destruction of books, and the prohibition of their sale, had not been unknown to antiquity; instances of it occur in the free republics of Athens and Rome; but it was naturally more frequent under suspicious despotism, especially when to the jealousy of the State was superadded that of the Church, and novelty, even in speculation, became a crime. Ignorance came on with the fall of the Empire, and it was unnecessary to guard against the abuse of an art which very few possessed at all. With the first revival of letters in the eleventh and twelfth centuries sprang up the reviving shoots of heretical freedom; but with Berenger and Abélard came also the jealousy of the Church, and the usual exertion of the right of the strongest. Abélard was censured by the Council of Soissons in 1121, for suffering copies of his book to be taken without the approbation of his superiors, and the delinquent volumes were given to the flames. It does not appear, however, that any regulation on this subject had been made. But when the sale of books became the occupation of a class of traders, it was deemed necessary to place them under restraint. Those of Paris and Boulogne, the cities, doubtless, where the greatest business of the kind was carried on, came altogether into the power of the universities. It is proved by various statutes of the University of Paris, originating, no doubt, in some authority granted by the Crown, and bearing date from the year 1275 to 1403, that booksellers were appointed by the university, and considered as its officers, probably matriculated by entry on her roll; that they took an oath, renewable at her pleasure, to observe her statutes and regulations; that they were admitted upon security, and with testimonials to their moral conduct; that no one could sell books in Paris without this permission; that they could expose no book to sale without communication with the university, and without its approbation; that the university fixed the prices,

according to the tariff of four sworn booksellers, at which books should be sold or lent to scholars; that a fine might be imposed for incorrect copies; that the sellers were bound to fix up in their shops a priced catalogue of their books, besides other regulations of less importance. Books deemed by the university unfit for perusal were sometimes burned by its order.

Cervantes's "Don Quixote."

(From "Literature of Europe.")

"Don Quixote" is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakespeare to England: the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of it in every language bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration; no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and the old in every climate have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning; and in giving the reins to the gayety that his fertile invention and comic humor inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announced, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan. A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic, analysis of works of taste; but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities of this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. According to these writers, "the primary idea is that of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the abused passion for reading old romances."

It has been said by some modern writer — though I cannot remember by whom — that there was a *prose side* in the mind of Cervantes. There was indeed a side of calm, strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. It might naturally occur how absurd

any one must appear who should attempt to realize in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this very happy conception germinated, in a very prolific mind, the whole history of "Don Quixote." Its simplicity is perfect, no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination. But the death of Don Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon lest someone else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as "Don Quixote." And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott, indeed, he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet; born at Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; died there, November 19, 1867. After acting as a clerk in his native town, he entered a banking house in New York. About 1832 he became private secretary to John Jacob Astor, retaining that relation until the death of Mr. Astor, in 1848, when Halleck retired to his native village, being also one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Halleck occasionally wrote verses while quite young. In 1819, in conjunction with Joseph Rodman Drake, he produced the "Croaker" papers, a series of poetical satires on public characters of the period, which were published in the "New York Evening Post." His longest poem, "Fanny," a social satire, was written in 1819. In 1822–23 he visited Europe, and wrote "Alnwick Castle," and the lines on Burns. "Young America," his last lines, appeared in the "New York Ledger," in 1865. A complete edition of his Poems, as also a collection of his Letters, with a "Life," edited by James Grant Wilson, appeared in 1869.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I 've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The Grief is fixed too deep
That mourns a man like thee.

A Poet's Daughter.

(Written in the Album of a daughter of the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

"A lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."
A lady asks? There was a time
When, musical as play-bells' chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway;
Life's first-born fancies first decay;
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young Romance;
There linger here but ruins gray,
And broken lance.

'T is a new world — no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
Men's thoughts resign;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade —
Twin tasks divine.

"'T is youth, 't is beauty asks; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
A violet flower,
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour."

Blind Passion's picture — yet for this
We woo the life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
With hers we love;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove.

Beauty — the fading rainbow's pride;
Youth — 't was the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side
A grandsire stands,
Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin — hush the tale it tells! —
Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith.

"But what if hers are rank and power,
Armies her train, a throne her bower,
A Kingdom's gold her marriage dower,
Broad seas and lands?
What if from bannered hall and tower
A queen commands?"

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set,
Where perished Marie Antoinette!
Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet-
Black Haytian dame?
And Lusitania's coronet?
And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brickbat's range;
Give me in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

"But she who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong
Than these hath brought her —
She is your kinswoman in song,
A Poet's daughter."

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame!
Your blood would glow
Proudly to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter — dearer word
Lip hath not spoken nor listener heard,
Fit theme for song of bee or bird,
From morn till even,
And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

Marco Bozzaris.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band:
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die, mid flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band.
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God — and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible! the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew over the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime —
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth
Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

Alnwick Castle.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!

Still sternly o'er the castle-gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
  As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky,"
  Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
  Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
  Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
  While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
  A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
  Does not the succoring ivy keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
  As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
  Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
  The Percy's proudest border story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch;
  Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
  The music of the trump and drum;
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
  Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
  Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
  A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, his sword in his mailèd hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessèd Land,
  Where the Cross was damped with his dying breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
  Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here!
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high, heroic name;
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons. . . .

That last half stanza — it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup:
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world — is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market-town,
And this, alas! its market-day,
And beasts and burdens throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy:
Ours are the days of fact, not fable;
Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
Has called the "era of good feeling:"

The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing:
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings. . . .

You 'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state? —
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving men,
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

From Robert Burns.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak;
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours.

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourner's weep, where lovers woo,
From throng to cottage hearth!

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee —
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived — died — in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal —
Tortures, the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel —

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave —

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind. . . . .

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

BURNS'S HOME

(*Ayr*)

55.12

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

Halpine, Charles Graham, an Irish-American journalist and poet born at Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, November 20, 1829; died in New York, August 3, 1868. He was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and began the study of medicine, but soon turned to journalism; contributed to Irish and English papers, and at length emigrated to the United States. He was connected with the "Boston Post," the "New York Times," and "Leader," and lastly became proprietor and editor of "The Citizen," which he conducted until his death. When the civil war broke out he enlisted as lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York Volunteers, was rapidly promoted, and at length attained the brevet rank of brigadier-general. In 1867 he was elected to the office of Recorder of the City of New York. In 1862 he assumed the *nom de plume* of "Miles O'Reilly," under which he wrote many amusing lyrics and fancy sketches in prose, published in the "New York Herald" and other papers, under the titles of "Miles O'Reilly, his Book; the Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly;" "Baked Meats of the Funeral," etc. A collection of his poems, with a sketch of the author's life, was published in 1868. It is entitled "The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine."

Irish Astronomy.

O'Ryan was a man of might
  Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
  And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
  And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
  And would n't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
  O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the Saint felt wake and dhry,
  He thought he 'd enther bould in.

"O'Ryan," says the Saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I 'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here 's a jug of mountain dew,
And there 's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And, when you 're in your windin' sheet,
It 's up to heaven I 'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff —
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There 's any kind of sportin' ?"
St Patrick said, "A Lion 's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer — "
Bedad," says Mike, "the huntin 's rare;
St. Pathrick, I 'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I 'd tire your patience,
You 'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous really,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

My Broken Meerschaum.

Old pipe, now battered, bruised, and brown,
With silver spliced and linked together,
With hopes high up and spirits down,
I 've puffed thee in all kinds of weather;
And still upon thy glowing lid,
'Mid carving quaint and curious tracing,
Beneath the dust of years half hid,
The giver's name mine eye is tracing.

When thou wert given we were as one,
Who now are two, and widely sundered:
Our feud the worst beneath the sun,
Where each behind the other blundered.

No public squall of anger burst
The moorings of our choice relation —
'Tis the dumb quarrel that is worst,
Where pride forbids an explanation.

Old pipe! had then thy smoky bowl
A tongue that could to life have started —
Knowing the secrets of my soul,
In many a midnight hour imparted —
Thy speech, perchance, had then re-knit
The ties of friendship rudely sundered,
And healed the feud of little wit,
In which each thinks the other blundered.

Janette's Hair.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulder white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'T was a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'T was a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed —
'T was the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress —
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet. . . . .

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette;
'T was a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years, I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT, an English artist and art critic, born at Laneside, Lancashire, September 10, 1834; died at Boulogne-sur-Seine, November 6, 1894. He received his education at Oxford, studied art in England and in Rome, and on his return to England devoted himself to painting and literature. He was the art-critic of the "Saturday Review" for three years, and edited "The Portfolio." Among his works are "The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems" (1855); "Thoughts about Art," and "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," his most characteristic work (1862); "Etching and Etchers" (1868); "Wenderholme: a Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire" (1869); "The Sylvan Year" (1876); "The Unknown River" (1870); "Chapters on Animals," and "The Intellectual Life" (1873); "Round My House" (1876); "Marmorne, a Novel," "Modern Frenchmen" (1878); "Life of J. M. W. Turner" (1879); "The Graphic Arts" (1882); "Landscape" (1885); "The Painter's Imagination" (1887); "Man in Art" (1892); "Present State of Art in France" (1892); "Drawing and Engraving" (1892); "Contemporary French Painting" (1895); "Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism" (1895).

THAT CERTAIN ARTISTS SHOULD WRITE ON ART.

(From "Thoughts about Art.")

THE public use of literature may be comprehensively defined in a single word. All literature is a record. The important service it renders to mankind is *the perpetual registering of the experience of the race.* Without literature it is inconceivable that any race of men could reach a degree of culture comparable to ours, because, without a literature to record it, the experience of dead generations could never be fully available for the living one. Oral and practical tradition no doubt have their use, as we see to this day in many trades and professions; but this tradition is in our time nearly always aided by, or based upon, written records. And nothing is more characteristic of our age than its constantly increasing tendency to commit everything to

writing. The most ordinary professions and trades have their literatures, — trades which not long since were merely traditional. The experience of the race is now registered by literature in all its departments. Our novelists paint the manners of their time.

How precious such verbal paintings will be in a thousand years! Thackeray and Balzac will make it possible for our descendants to live over again in the England and France of to-day. Seen in this light, the novelist has a higher office than merely to amuse his contemporaries; he hands them down all living and talking together to the remotest ages. When the new Houses of Parliament and the new Louvre shall be as antique to others as the Colosseum is to us, *they* shall know what manner of men and women first walked under the freshly carved arcades of the new palace on the banks of the Seine, and saw the tall towers grow year after year like young trees at Westminster.

This view of all literature as a register of human experience may be demurred to with regard to some of its departments. It may be objected, for example, that our contemporary poetry is not a record of our experience. But it is a record of our *feelings*, and these are a part, and a very important part, of the experience of all cultivated persons. A poem which has been greatly popular in its own time, even though it may bear no very obvious relation to it, must nevertheless have been in close unison with much contemporary sentiment.

I mentioned fiction and poetry first because they seemed the weakest point of my argument; but when I come to periodical literature no one will for a moment dispute that it is strictly a register of all the thoughts and acts of humanity, day by day, week by week, and month by month. In the files of the newspapers our descendants will possess a full and detailed record, not only of our acts, but of our most transient opinions and hopes. A number of the "Times" has not done its work when you or I have read it. Other eyes will read it after a thousand years with all the advantages of that immense experience behind them! They will see us timidly delaying, or earnestly advocating, changes whose vast results shall to them be matter of history.

Such history as that of Macaulay and Motley is a register of the retrospective kind. It is like the early chapters of an autobiography. In an autobiography we have an accurate type of mankind's ways of placing itself on record. Such records or

memories of their life as childhood and youth preserve to maturity are afterwards sifted, judged, arranged, and re-written by the grown man in the full light of his experience. Yet the past is continually slipping away from us, and, though we keep its results, we forget its circumstances. So all that we call history is no better than the early or introductory chapter of Humanity's autobiography. Its best history is its *diary;* that is, its daily newspapers. For histories, though they may preserve facts, which is not always to be said of them, inevitably lose impressions, whereas journalists write down the most transient impressions of the intelligent class in their time. We may therefore look upon the newspaper not merely as a register of facts, but a record of thoughts.

The technical literature which has taken such a vast development of late is, however, the strongest basis of the argument I wish to enforce. The immense quantity of books published within the last twenty years for the especial use of particular trades and professions is one of the best results of the increase of population, and the consequent increase of professional readers. It is, perhaps, in law and medicine that this development is most remarkable; but it extends to all trades, for almost every mechanic can read, and cheap technical literature is brought within the reach of all purses. Mr. Weale, of Holborn, has published a very valuable series of cheap technical works at a shilling a volume. M. Roret, of Paris, has issued an immense encyclopædia, including every conceivable trade, from common blacksmith's work up to religious architecture.

In reviewing all these technical works, the first fact that strikes one with regard to their authors is, that they are none of them what we call literary men. They are not men who live by literature as a profession; they live by other trades or professions, and resort to literature only as a means of communicating to others their professional observations.

It therefore appears that literature is not an exclusive profession, but a common magazine to which intelligent men of all classes, and of every occupation, contribute the results of their particular experience. This is the point which I desire the reader to concede. If he maintains, as some literary men do, that literature is a profession which no one can enter without an exclusively literary training, if he believes that no one ought to write who does anything else, it will be necessary for me to argue my point more elaborately.

There is no proof that literature is an exclusive profession; if it is one, it presents the singular peculiarity that its professors are often surpassed by amateurs. It is not at all on the same footing with painting in this respect. The art of pictorial expression is quite technical, and peculiar to a certain limited class of students; the art of verbal expression is common to all men who can talk, and the art of literary expression to all who can write a letter.

It is not too much to say that, of the great writers of the world, at least one-half have been amateurs. Chaucer and Milton were; and even in the case of Shakespeare, though his plays made money, his authorship was secondary to his business of theatrical manager. Scott and Talfourd were both lawyers, not bred especially to literature; Kingsley is a clergyman, Ricardo was a banker, so was Grote; and John Stuart Mill was a hard-working servant of the East India Company. Sidney Dobell was a wine-merchant, and followed that business assiduously fifteen years. Samuel Warren is an industrious lawyer, Mr. Trollope a clerk in the Civil Service, and the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" a barrister, whom I have heard solicitors speak highly of in his professional capacity. These are names which occur to me whilst writing rapidly. If I took time to reflect, I should find a host of other instances of amateurs who have succeeded in literature; but this is needless. It is enough to suggest a truth so obvious. It can require no accumulation of evidence to show, what all men's experience proves, that the faculty of expressing oneself well in written language is by no means peculiar to those who earn their living by it. The contributors to our best reviews are not invariably writers by profession, and their editors are only too happy to receive good articles written by intelligent men in the intervals of quite different avocations. The last phrase reminds me of a book called "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," which has passed through many editions, — a fact which of itself proves that a man of business may successfully occupy himself with literature.

No merely literary man can, as such, be expected to write any one of those very useful and even necessary books which treat of subjects that require great special experience. Literary men never do write such books unless prepared for them, as Lewes was for his "Essays on Physiology," by a distinct professional education, quite apart from purely literary culture.

If by accident a man who has been intended by his parents for a lawyer, and educated for the law, and who has practised for some years as a lawyer, afterwards abandons the law for general literature, he may compose a legal treatise; but a magazine writer by profession, who had never received any legal education, could not.

There is no subject in the world of which the mere writer-of-all-work is less competent to treat than art. It is eminently a subject requiring practical experience and especial study. It cannot be grasped in its large relations by minds habitually occupied with other matters, and whose only claim to treat of it is their faculty of verbal expression. It demands great personal devotion, and untiring enthusiasm. It requires also much technical knowledge. The devotion and the enthusiasm are occasionally found in men who are not practically artists, the technical experience never.

This is the reason why our art criticism is for the most part so unprofitable. Even the best of it generally deals with works of art in their intellectual aspect only, with a slight admixture of technical jargon, but no intelligent reference to the facts of nature.

I do not, however, argue that artists should write criticism. It may be undesirable that painters should spend any of their time or energy in what would in their case be too likely to degenerate into personal recrimination. It is true that literary men attack each other's works from behind the shelter of the anonymous, and a few of the best art criticisms are contributed to the periodicals by artists. But this is not a desirable direction for the talents of an artist who writes. His especial office with the pen is to contribute to the general enlightenment on the subject of art in its relation to nature, in ways which need not involve attacks on his living rivals.

I was present on one occasion when a distinguished painter was asked by a young author how it happened that artists so rarely wrote upon their own art. "Because," said the painter, "they are so generally deficient in the first rudiments of a literary education." I believe that answer, however unfavorable to artists, to have been much nearer to the truth than the common theory that there is something essentially incompatible between the literary and artistic intellects. Certainly Ary Scheffer recognized no such incompatibility when he said, that "pour être artiste, il faut avoir en soi un sentiment élevé,

ou une conviction puissante, digne d'être exprimé par une langue qui peut être indifféremment la prose, la poésie, la musique, la sculpture, ou la peinture.". . . .

Persons to whom the mere act of writing is the most arduous of all exertion are not likely to spend more time upon it than they are absolutely compelled so to spend. This simple consideration is sufficient to account for the fact that artists, in general, are not communicative by means of the pen. If they were all educated in literature before they began to paint, as clergymen and lawyers are before they begin to preach and to practise, artist writers would, probably, bear as great a proportion to the numbers employed in their art as legal and clerical authors to the other members of their professions. And if painters were so educated, perhaps they would not paint worse for it. It does not follow that Turner would have painted less skilfully if he had had such a degree of education as every schoolboy of twelve years old ought to possess. If he had been able to write good English, and even spell such French words as he required as titles to his drawings, he might, nevertheless, in spite of these attainments, have reached his present rank as a landscape painter. . . . .

In the case of artists who can write and do not, there may be two reasons for their silence. The first is, that when a successful painter lays down the brush to take up a pen, he is sacrificing, for each hour that he writes, a certain calculable sum of money; another reason is a strong conviction, common to most artists, that if they were to say anything about their art it would be of no use, because the public could not understand it.

This feeling has hitherto been well founded, but there can be no doubt that a certain portion of the public is advancing towards such a knowledge of art as may enable it to receive the teaching even of artists themselves. The consequence of this, and its inevitable result in creating a demand for a kind of literature relating to the fine arts, will be, that unless artists are themselves prepared to supply such a literature, they will be supplanted by dilettantes, who thus acquire an influence over public opinion on matters connected with art, to which they have no natural right. On the other hand, the public itself must be retarded in its art culture by the dissemination of crude and imperfect theories. And since it has not time to investigate such matters for itself, and must always take them on trust from some one in temporary authority, society will

set up its favorite writers as rulers, against whose verdict there will be no appeal. It appears therefore desirable that a few artists in each generation should themselves contribute to the literature of art, in order to maintain the influence which their knowledge entitles them to. For as the priesthood in every religion takes into its own hands the production of a theological literature based on its especial tenets, so, it appears, ought painters to lead the literature of their own art, though I would not discourage intelligent amateurs from freely contributing to it.

Painting from Nature.

(From "Thoughts about Art.")

The first secret of the painter from nature is to select his subject wisely.

None but foreground subjects can be really painted from nature in a climate so changeable as ours; but there is a kind of intermediate art, a combination of the two arts of painting from nature and painting from memoranda, which is competent to deal with mountains.

To illustrate this, let us take a single instance of no extraordinary difficulty. The painter wants a faithful picture of Ben Cruachan. So he plants his easel as near to the mountain as he can get it, if he wishes to see it at all, which of course must be a few miles off. He sits down conscientiously to paint a portrait of Ben Cruachan from nature.

The first day is the 10th of July. A good, plain daylight effect is on the hill — not a difficult evanescent effect, but such plain daylight as an unimaginative copyist likes best.

The picture cannot possibly be finished before the 10th of August.

On the 10th of July, the water is a deep blue, the mountain a pale but rich olive-green, with a peculiar velvety texture, anything but easy to imitate.

The next day the water is cold gray, almost white, and the mountain full of various new grays and deep purples, with an entirely new texture not at all velvety.

Now, the question is, whether the painter, in continuing to paint the effect of the 10th of July on the 11th, is painting from nature or from memory.

He is painting from *memory*. It is self-deception on his

part to fancy that he is painting from nature merely because he is working out of doors.

And day after day there is a new and brilliant effect; inconceivably more brilliant in its imposing presence than the painter's fast-fading recollection of what he saw on the 10th of July. If he is determined to finish the picture from nature, in the sense of direct copyism of the hues before him, there are only two ways of doing it. Either he may paint from nature day by day, and so make his picture intensely unnatural, by mixing together a hundred incompatible and contradictory effects, or he may paint whenever the chosen effect shall recur, which may be five or six times in a twelvemonth.

It might be objected that in working from nature he would at least get the *form* of the mountain; *that*, at least, might be expected to remain stationary.

No; the form of a mountain under changing light is the most unstable thing in the world, except that of a sea-wave. *The perception of mountain form is entirely dependent on effect.* A great, rough boss on the side of a mountain is its principal feature one minute, and the next you cannot find it, — seek as you will, you cannot find it any more than if the thing had been fairly chiselled away by the hand of a mighty sculptor. Rocks alter in apparent shape as the light changes. A wreath of mist creeps stealthily, and shows you a chasm you never suspected yesterday; a sunbeam falls, and a great crag leaps out to bask in it like an eagle from the copse. And after a certain practical apprenticeship, the student at last discovers that the *only* truth of landscape-painting is temporary effect, and that *real form belongs to sculpture alone.*

It is unnecessary to explain that clouds can never be painted from nature. Even the slowest of them are full of rapid and continual change, which, however little seen by unobservant people, is only too evident as soon as one attempts to draw them. The utmost that can really be got from nature of a complete *sky* is a rude pencil memorandum of the arrangement of its principal masses, not pretending to form in any part of it, still less to color. A rapid draughtsman may, however, get a tolerable pencil outline of a single cloud, if he tries for that only. But all attempts to paint skies from nature are futile. Constable's way of sketching them in oil may have served occasionally for a rude memorandum of the relations of color in a common lowland sky, but he had to sacrifice the forms.

Trees may be painted from nature if they are near to us, and on condition that we work only for two hours at a time on the same picture, and in lowland scenery where there is much sameness of effect.

Rocks admit of careful and accurate painting from nature; so of course does a great precipice, if we are near to it. A great deal of good material for artists who paint from nature is to be had along our own coasts. The cliffs on the southern coast are excellent subjects, and the climate not unfavorable.

Water may occasionally, as for instance in rapidly running streams, be painted from nature, because there the same forms are continually reproduced by the effect of the submerged stones on the surface of the water; but great expanses of broad rivers and lakes cannot be painted from nature at all, because they change incessantly. It is needless to add that the sea cannot be copied in the strict sense, though it may, no doubt, under certain circumstances, be wise to paint it from memoranda in the presence of nature.

In the selection of climate, a painter who works from nature on pre-Raphaelite principles ought to permit himself to be guided by his practical convenience, and not by the splendor of the scenery.

Of all climates that are classed as "temperate," that of the Highlands of Scotland is the very worst for painting from nature. The continual prevalence of rainy weather, the incessant changes of effect, the intense brilliance of the color, subject everywhere to sudden and violent revloution, the frequent occurrence of low rain-clouds which hide the hills much more effectually than a cloak hides the human form, — all these objections are in the aggregate insuperable, and not to be lightly laughed away as small evils which a little resolution would overcome. The Highlands of Scotland are a noble field for painters from memoranda; but artists who wish to work from nature ought not to think of going there.

On the other hand, lowland France is a perfect climate for painting from nature. On the borders of Burgundy and Champagne, on the banks of the river Yonne, it is possible to work from nature as many days in one year as you would get in seven years in the Highlands. And those French subjects, if not so grand as the Highland scenery, are infinitely *prettier*, infinitely easier to deal with, and, I should imagine, could be worked up into more popular pictures.

Painters who are not much accustomed to paint mountains from nature are invariably defeated by the subtlety of the natural lines; the extreme refinement of form, so different from the vulgar exaggerations of many popular artists, the infinity of detail, and the impenetrable mystery which veils it all as with enchantment. Add to these difficulties the tremendous one of Nature's *changefulness*. Every day she offers some new effect to the student; some days she offers two or three hundred, any one of which, in its glorious and august presence, seems to him more noble and more worthy to be painted than the one he has already selected. The temptations of the new effects are to beginners quite irresistible. They alter their work to suit some effect seen more recently, and so ruin it. As for the recent effect being grander than the one first chosen, it is generally a mere delusion, for the comparison instituted by the painter cannot really be *between the two effects*, as they occurred in nature, but between his strong and vivid recollection of the effect of to-day, and his worn-out impression of the effect he saw a fortnight ago; and no wonder, if, after a comparison of this kind, the most recent effect should appear the more noble and beautiful. An experienced workman makes his choice of effect carefully, but once chosen he abides by it, and relies upon it, nor can all the enchantments of subsequent splendor turn him one instant from his purpose. A good way to guard oneself against this besetting temptation of recent effects is, to make memoranda of them all as they occur, even though it may interrupt the progress of the picture. These memoranda will always be valuable, and they serve to allay the instinctive desire to represent everything that moves and excites us.

The impenetrable mystery of nature is a great cause of defeat to young artists who, even when they have skill enough to draw firmly and accurately, can so rarely attain that wonderful evanescence of execution which represents just so much of objects as we see of them in nature *and no more*. No object is ever well drawn that is completely drawn, nor can any picture ever have the look of reality, in which details, however numerous, are all brought out with perfect definition. It does not signify how much work there may be in a picture; where every detail is thoroughly defined, it will always look poor; and a rapid sketch by a real artist, if only mysterious enough, will have more power over the mind, and recall more mightily the

infinity of nature, than any quantity of perfectly definite labor. Now the difficulty of rendering the mystery of Nature is intimately associated with the other difficulty occasioned by her changefulness. She generally defines *something;* some fragment of the outline of an object comes out clearly for a moment, whilst a great part of the same outline lies in various degrees of semi-definition, and the rest of it is untraceable altogether. This for perhaps two seconds, but the third second the very part of the outline which was untraceable may have become the clearest and most definite, the part that was definite at first being now quite vague or perhaps entirely invisible. Such changes occur incessantly in every detail of a great mountain's front, even in the serenest weather. Any attempt to paint such a detail by mere ocular copyism must therefore be futile, for a touch cannot be laid before it will become falsified by these minute changes; changes by ordinary eyes unnoticed and uncared for, but which cannot long be ignored by any practical student.

Mountains in nature are full of exquisite and refined *form*, needing most masterly skill in drawing for even an approximate rendering, such skill as only three or four men now alive possess, — such skill as the rest of us may humbly labor for and aspire to. How shall we follow the lines of their innumerable streams? — how render the roundings of their infinitely various surfaces, the delicate moulding of the swelling forms between the streams, the projections of the descending slopes throwing all the sculpture of the great mountain front into intricate foreshortening, full of difficult perspective? The very best of us can but give a sort of abstract of mountain. No man ever really drew a mountain front in its infinite fulness, and no man ever will draw one, for such work is beyond all human power. The most masterly mountain painting in the world is nothing but a well-selected abstract and abridgment, choosing the most expressive lines, but not rendering one line out of ten. And in those lines that we do render, how are we to approach the ineffable tenderness and subtlety of nature? What the coarseness of our faculties exaggerates into strong curves are often so slightly different from straight lines that nothing but the photograph can render them without either omitting the curve altogether or destroying its perfect delicacy by exaggeration. And is not the habit of exaggeration just as often a sign of mere bluntness and coarseness as of noble emotion? We may exag-

gerate because we feel strongly, but we far oftener exaggerate because we do *not* feel delicately. Perfect drawing, like perfect cookery, or perfect rowing, or riding, or sailing, or indeed anything else that men do, becomes in its latest advance an exceedingly delicate business, dealing with subtle distinctions which the untrained faculties cannot perceive at all. For the perfectly trained man, however strong he may be, is also much refined by his training, and in his strongest exercise of power is full of grace and gentleness and self-restraint, only untrained and inexperienced hands using violence. And the more refined the skill of the draughtsman the less he will need exaggeration, owing to his habitual self-government and moderation, from which the slightest departure is at once recognized as the sign of overpowering emotion. It is like the writing of a great master in words, who will express himself strongly rather by the exact and *adhesive* fitness of his words to the occasion than by their violence; or like the hostility of a perfectly refined lady, who will inflict acute torture in the gentlest phrases, whereas her sisters in Billingsgate, coarser but not so cruel, are obliged to seek the most sounding epithets.

Of all exaggeration in landscape-painting the commonest is exaggeration of height in high objects, and consequently of steepness in their sloping lines. This is universal with all landscape-painters, and I believe the landscape-painter never lived who did not habitually exaggerate height and steepness. But no one ever exaggerates the length of a horizontal line. If, for instance, a mountain to be true ought to be two feet high and six feet long in a large picture, the chances are that a painter will make it about three feet high and five feet long. Turner exaggerated in this way habitually; but there is no instance in which he exaggerated the proportionate length of a horizontal line. Our most rigid topographical painters may ultimately, if they work in entire submission to photography, and with its continual guidance, come to produce unexaggerated work; but if ever such work shall be exhibited nobody will believe it to be true, because it will fail to give the *impression* of steepness and height that Nature produces on her own scale, with exactly the same lines. I have occasionally, for an especial purpose, made rigidly unexaggerated topographical drawings; but they always look so flat and tame that people intimately acquainted with the scenery never know what they are intended for, and I have always to *prove* their truth by a

comparison with photographs of the same places. Now, it is evident that as a painter cannot always be at hand with a portfolio of photographs to defend, in hours of reasoning, the literal exactness of accurate work, such work, in his absence, must continually be slighted as feeble, and even condemned as unfaithful.

If landscape-painters painted on thin sheets of vulcanized india-rubber, instead of canvas, their pictures might be made tolerably true by a simple process. It would then only be necessary to stretch the india-rubber sheet horizontally, and the drawing would come, in a rude way, nearly right. Some painters would need more stretching than others, but even Mr. Newton, the truest painter of Highland landscape who ever lived, would need a little stretching. His noble "mountain gloom in Glen Coe" shortens the horizontal length of the rocky mass in the middle distance, and so exaggerates its vertical height.

You will, however, constantly find that there is a notable difference between the exaggerations of true men and false. When a true artist exaggerates, it is not from coarseness of perception, but strength of enthusiasm, whereas the false one exaggerates one fact merely because he is blind to all the rest. In mountain drawing, in addition to the exaggeration of height and steepness already mentioned, bad painters always exaggerate ruggedness, and always curvature; whereas good ones, though they usually exaggerate *height*, because they are forced to do so, in order to produce the impression they desire, rarely exaggerate curves and projections with anything like violence, because they perceive and relish the reserve and delicacy of nature. The reader would understand this at once if he had the opportunity of comparing one of Turner's mountains with any specimen of mountain drawing by our third-rate water-color men.

The supreme difficulty in painting from nature is to know what to take and what to leave, how far to follow nature, how to select the most essential and mutually helpful truths. We *cannot* have all the truths, do what we will.

How far are we to be slaves to the subject, and when are we to act in something like independence of it?

All painting from nature includes a great deal of painting from memory, and this is even rendered more difficult out of doors than in the studio, by the presence of other and embar-

rassing facts which it costs us a great effort to reject. It is true, for example, that in painting our mountain from nature we have to color from nature, but in quite a peculiar sense, not in the way of simple imitation, and matching of particular tints. The color of the mountain never continuing the same for a single hour, how is it possible to match its hues? If you match them for a few square inches of your picture to-day, and match the other hues for a few square inches to-morrow, what good will come of it? Will not the harmony of your picture be utterly and irretrievably ruined, and the whole work be quite false and monstrous? Then why are you to color from nature at all, if you may not match the natural tints you see? Why not paint such pictures entirely in the studio? The answer is, that you are to paint from nature in order to avoid falsity, and that you may have the opportunity of always referring to nature for any fact you find it necessary to ascertain. Now, many facts of local color may be ascertained through and in spite of the intervening veil of transient color. For instance, in painting a Highland hill in late autumn you may always ascertain (when the weather will allow of you seeing it at all) where the patches of red fern are, and what is their shape, a thing not easy to invent rightly in a studio; and, of the trees in the forest on the mountain's flank, you may see with great precision how far they are reddened by the death of their leaves. But if you merely try to imitate the mountain as you see it, not taking the trouble to use your intellect as well as your eyes, your picture, though painted from nature, will be as false and discordant as if it had been painted in the dingiest studio in Newman Street.

So that self-reliance is one of the first lessons a young artist has to learn, in working directly from nature. He is to get all he can from the natural scene, but to be thoroughly independent of it, and only submit to its guidance just so far as may assist the truth of his work. All slavish, Chinese imitation of separate bits is death and destruction to the whole picture. Nor must any reader misunderstand the reason for this most essential of all principles. The object of every artist who takes his canvas out of doors is to get more truth, yet always harmonious truth. We are not to mix together discordant and contradictory truths, and mere ocular imitation is sure to do so. What there is of simple imitation in good painting from nature is really very slight, for it is modified first by

constant obedience to the memory, *often in direct opposition to the facts immediately before our eyes;* and farther, it is overruled by the necessity for compromise in all translation of nature into art, a necessity occasioned by the difference in point of light between flake white and the sun, and the difference in point of depth between ivory black in broad daylight and the intense vacuity of natural darkness. Only the uninformed imagine that the most accurate work from nature is to be accomplished without very great reliance on the memory and considerable effort of the intellect. It requires, no doubt, both delicacy of hand and clearness of vision; but it requires, in addition to these, much of that strength of memory, and all that knowledge of the resources of art, which are essential to the painter who works exclusively in the studio. Hence, the very curious and interesting truth that a painter who can produce a good picture in a studio from slight memoranda is more likely to paint well from nature than one who has never done anything else, because he has acquired the habit of self-reliance, and can hold straight on his own path without being allured away from it by the attractions of the ever-changing subject.

The artist who paints from nature must be content to produce little, if he cares for accuracy. Watch a careful painter at work, and you will find his time incessantly divided between two distinct acts, — looking at nature, and putting down what he has seen. First, the retina must receive a strong impression, and then, whilst this remains quite vivid in the memory, it must be got into color. *But this looking at nature occupies as much time as the actual work of painting.* An artist, therefore, who works directly from nature in the pre-Raphaelite manner, must spend twice as much time on his picture as if he did it from memory and invention in the Turnerian manner. When we take the nature of the two procedures into consideration, there is nothing surprising in this difference.

A curious result in popular criticism of the difference between active and passive looking is, that the critic who looks passively, finds fault with the painter who looks actively. I have heard such critics declare that no detail was to be seen in nature, and thence deduce the conclusion that painters ought not to paint detail. But the true painter does not paint what an unobservant spectator sees, but *what he sees himself*, which is a different matter. It may be readily believed that to people who never really look at nature, no details are visible: it is

also probable that the broadest effects of light, and the most obvious facts of form, are never seen by them; but let us repudiate the doctrine that a painter is to regulate his expression of natural truth by a reference to the degree of information on the subject possessed by people who have not yet learned the use of their eyes. When the function of the painter shall be rather better understood, let us hope that this imbecile doctrine, that he has no right to see deeper and know more than other people, will die like its sister doctrines, that have so long retarded the advance of science; let us even hope that the world will ultimately perceive how the especial duty and function of the artist is precisely to see farther than the rest of mankind, and to lead the eyes of all men to the deepest truths of nature.

It is needless to observe that no landscape can be painted from nature on such a scale, or with such a degree of finish, as would demand more than a very few weeks for its completion. The changes in local color produced by the continual advance or decline of vegetation are so incessant and so great, that to paint longer than three or four weeks on one canvas, would generally involve the registering of inconsistent and contradictory facts, and consequently destroy the truth of the work. In the depth of winter, however, a longer time may be given; and with a tent it is as easy to paint from nature in winter as in summer, except that the days are shorter.

Before quitting the subject of painting from nature, I desire to add a few observations on the advantages and dangers of the practice.

The advantages are twofold; some of them belong to the picture, and others to the artist.

A picture which is painted from nature, if well done, is sure to contain many truths which would have escaped the strongest memory in the studio, unless aided by memoranda as copious in detail as the very picture itself. Such works have, therefore, a peculiar value for their authenticity, independently of their intellectual or artistic value. When strictly topographical, as Seddon's Jerusalem, in the National Gallery, or Brett's Val d'Aosta, they considerably exceed the most perfect photograph in interest and value as records of the scene they represent. The details cannot be quite so accurately drawn as in the photograph, nor so minute, but *there are more of them in the picture;* and, in addition to this, we have the facts of

color and atmosphere, which have a great deal to do with our impression of any natural scene, and which it is consequently very desirable to preserve in a record of it.

The advantages of painting from nature are, however, still more striking as they concern the artist himself.

It is not for what he *does*, but for what he *learns*, that the practice is so useful. Whilst he is painting a scene under one effect, he sees it under a thousand, and is incessantly occupied in comparing them. He is always learning something which he did not intend to learn; knowledge of all kinds being brought before him as he sits at work by the inevitable changes of the natural scene. He intends to paint Ben Cruachan in clear weather, and he has not been two days at work before the whole mountain is veiled in a half-transparent mist. If the painter has the true temper of the student, instead of being angry at the mist, he will set to work and study it, and learn the laws of evanescence. Round about his tent, in the intervals of painful labor, he will find a thousand objects of interest — beautiful plants and mosses, delightful studies of rock and tree forms — which he may as well sketch while he has the opportunity, and about which he consequently learns a great many truths which have nothing to do with the particular picture he is engaged upon, but which will be of the greatest use to his education.

The dangers of painting from nature are more obvious. It undoubtedly weakens the memory and deadens the inventive faculty, and that to such an extent, that if persisted in without frequent alternation with studio work, or unless counteracted by the continual practice of drawing from the memory with the express object of preserving its power, the habit of painting from nature may deprive the artist of that faculty altogether. The simple imitation of nature must precede, but ought by no means to preclude, the exercise of the memory and the practice of painting *as a fine art*, which is absolutely impossible so long as we are held down to the strictly accurate copyism of natural detail. It is an inexpressible relief to eyes and hands jaded with the wearing toil of mechanical imitation to revel in the happy elysium of the memory, and realize the day-dreams of invention; and again, it is often a salutary and refreshing change to turn from this exciting poetry of the art to the brave scientific prose of the most determined imitation. This action and reaction of all large intellects between the real and the

THE SACRED WOOD DEAR TO THE ARTS

From a Painting by Puvis de Chavannes

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ideal, the fact and the dream, is so universally necessary to their healthful life, that they always *will* have it somehow, either in their art or out of it. James Watt refreshed himself with fiction, and Shelley braced himself with mathematics. The painter may find the two elements in the practice of his own all-embracing art, and alternate between the labors of observation and the pleasures of memory, to the perplexity of his critics, but with substantial benefit to his own nature, because in obedience to its profoundest laws.

The Artistic Spirit.

(From "Thoughts about Art.")

Between the spirit of art and the spirit of aristocracy there is coolness, and that coolness neither writing nor lecturing is likely to overcome.

But then, on the other hand, art is not particularly democratic. Artists, if they find little to appeal to in the richest class, find still less in those poorer classes whose entire energy is absorbed in the struggle for daily bread. It is true that the French republicans have usually, even in the midst of the utmost national excitement, found leisure to care for the protection and encouragement of art; but this is less a republican than a national sentiment. It is an accepted creed in the minds of all Frenchmen that their country has conquered, and must maintain, the first place in two things — war and art; nor could any popular government altogether refuse to employ artists and keep up picture galleries. Even Louis Philippe, who shared and represented the bourgeois feeling, spent money on pictures for Versailles, though these were generally bad ones; and the present Government cherishes art as much as its predecessors did.

Yet, though art be neither aristocratic nor democratic, it is worthy of remark that whenever the artistic spirit develops itself, it effaces, between the persons possessing it, the distinctions of rank. A man of rank, endowed with artistic perceptions, is drawn towards all true artists by a feeling of confraternity. It has been observed even of photography, that it affords a common ground on which men of all classes fraternize. This is still more true of painting, probably because painting cultivates the feelings so much more, and therefore awakens subtler sympathies. Much has been written by

Thackeray and other novelists about the narrow contempt with which society regards art and artists. The truth is, that so long as people of station are ignorant of art, they do undoubtedly hold its professors in slight esteem, because the Fine Arts can only influence by sympathy, never by force. But on the other hand, it is equally true that when rich men are endowed with the faculties which apprehend art, they always respect good artists, and show that they value their friendship.

As to the Bourgeois Spirit. — The state of mind in which our middle classes and the French bourgeois live, is unfavorable to art in many ways. Competence and comfort and cleanliness are very good and pleasant and desirable, and it is wonderful with how little money a managing couple in the middle classes will procure those blessings; but when they are made the only aims of life, they bring on an incredible pettiness of soul. I never met with any thoroughly bourgeois mind which had the least understanding of art. If, for example, a mayor and common council, composed of this class of people, have to deliberate about the destruction of some grand relic of the Middle Ages, you may *perhaps* find some one man amongst them who is superior enough to think that the object ought to be preserved for its historical or antiquarian interest, but you would not be likely to find any one to suggest its preservation on purely artistic grounds; and if you tried to explain its artistic value to such people, you would waste your explanation. The cardinal bourgeois virtues of tidiness and decency and order are always likely to be offended by the grandeur of the high artistic spirit. For example, a mutilated antique is not exactly what the bourgeois mind would care to have in its parlor.

Much of the Bohemianism we find amongst artists is due to their instinctive revolt from middle-class narrowness. The artists lose a great deal, no doubt, by yielding so far to this repulsion, because there are virtues conspicuous in the middle class which all men ought to strive for, and which, when faithfully practised, add very greatly to human happiness in every condition of life. The bourgeois often has his revenge and triumph in the ruin and wretchedness consequent on the careless, irregular ways of Bohemianism; but the narrow prudence which hates ideas, scorns beauty, and regulates everything with reference to the lowest standard of utility, is quite incompatible with artistic achievement; and not only that, but it even incapacitates men for comprehending such achievement.

As to Religion. — The Fine Arts illustrate religion willingly, because it affords good subjects, and there is nothing in the artistic spirit in any way incompatible with the purest spirit of devotion; indeed, art draws us continually towards a state of mind akin to the devotional, by requiring us to spend our time in the conscious contemplation of the work of the Supreme Artist. Still, it is quite certain that there exists an opposition between art, which takes *pleasure* in God's work, and all those various forms of religious fanaticism which condemn pleasure as sinful. The healthiest temper of art is to rejoice in the sight of all visible beauty, fully, heartily, and exquisitely; the temper of religious fanaticism is to turn away from all earthly loveliness, and to mortify the desire of the eyes. Roman Catholic piety appears to find a certain utility in art, for it buys much; but it seems to like bad art just as well as good, and even to have a decided taste for certain kinds of foppery — as in the curling of saints' hair; or tawdriness — as in the tinsel on their garments — which true art disdains. Our own most earnest Protestants care very little for art; if they buy an engraving now and then, it is not for any artistic quality, but for the subject, as connected with their faith; or if it be secular, for its interest as a portraiture of some great man they admire, — some Cromwell, or Wellington, or Havelock. The reason seems to be that religious enthusiasm is always so ready to be kindled, so ready to illuminate and exalt everything it loves with its own internal light, that it does not care whether the work of art be good if it only have the religious spirit, or some plausible manufactured imitation of it; and it is surprising what a very poor mockery of it suffices. The customs of society in matters of outward observance, to which many sceptics find it expedient to conform, make it difficult to ascertain with precision what are or have been the real convictions of great artists, but amongst recent ones we may note that Haydon was an extremely religious man, who prayed almost literally without ceasing, whilst Turner was a sceptic. Thomas Seddon, on the other hand, was eminently pious, at least during his labors in the East, but then the artistic spirit is just what is absent from his works. Love of the sacred ground, reverence for the fact, earnestness, patient industry, keenness of sight, delicate skill of hand, all these he had, and exercised most conscientiously, most bravely, but the spirit of *art* he had *not.* Of living men it is better not to speak; it is

useless to mention those who are religious without naming others who are not, and it would be wrong to expose these latter to public odium on account of opinions which can only be known privately, and which in no wise injuriously affect their pictures.

As to Morality. — The general opinion about the morality of figure-painters is this: Common sense argues that it is not probable that men can pass a great portion of their time in the study of the female form, without undergoing temptations which human nature is seldom insensible enough, or resolute enough, to resist. It may, however, be observed, without claiming immaculate purity of life for all these artists, that the naked figure loses, when seen habitually, and for purposes of serious study, much of that disturbing influence over the senses which a beautiful woman, unclothed, would, in other circumstances, generally exercise. And it is only fair to say that artists, as a class, are not more immoral than other men. Young officers, young attorneys, young cotton manufacturers, have, as a general rule, little right to reproach young painters with licentiousness.

But it is not so much with morality of life that we are here concerned, as with the morality of the artistic spirit itself. The truth is that art, as such, has nothing to do with either morality or immorality; it illustrates both with equal artistic satisfaction, provided that the quality of the material be to its mind. The leaning towards sensual subjects evinced by Gérôme, for instance, is, we are convinced, due far more to artistic predilections for certain qualities of line and modelling, best found in such subjects, than to prurience of feeling. When the artistic spirit is powerful, and has predilections of this kind, it is apt to overrule all other considerations. The spectator who does not share this spirit sees immorality where none was intended, and, as he sees nothing else, imagines that the work was produced only for immoral purposes. On the other hand, the artist, who was aiming at some purely artistic triumph, some masterly feat of drawing and arrangement of forms, and who selected the immoral subject because it so precisely furnished the excuse for, and called for the display of, those subtleties of his craft, thinks no more about the immoral conduct of his figures than a girl thinks of the sensual behavior of the flowers she gathers in her garden. There have been examples, no doubt, of artists endowed with the true fac-

ulty, who had, notwithstanding, religious convictions powerful enough to enable them to withstand these artistic temptations, but such men are rare, and they are not the greatest painters. It is the nature of art to give to artistic considerations such importance that they gradually come to outweigh all others. I remember taking part in a discussion in a French *atelier*, as to the merits of a certain modern picture. The subject was most immoral, but the work had valuable artistic qualities, and it was on these qualities alone that the discussion turned. The disputants were insensible to the *apparent* subject, which, as they all knew, was only a pretext; their entire attention was occupied by the more or less successful artistic achievement which was the real purpose of the painter.

As to the Military Spirit. — Artists like soldiers, as they like priests, for their costume and action. But the military and ecclesiastical costumes have both grievously declined in artistic interest since the Middle Ages. Golden cope and jewelled mitre were nobler to look upon than wig and lawn sleeves; armor of steel inlaid with silver and gold was better worth painting than padded coatee or strapped pantaloons. Horace Vernet loved modern military tailoring, however, and knew the craft down to every braid and button. But are the pictures of Vernet due to the artistic or the military spirit? Is he not rather a soldier using paint for military purposes than a painter using soldiers for artistic ends? He had a wonderful memory, but of the kind which distinguishes good generals; he remembered men, and uniforms, and military combinations. He drew very cleverly, and colored brightly and plausibly; yet who goes to Vernet's works for their artistic qualities?

When greater artists have painted battles, it has usually been either for the action of the naked figure, to display which they purposely stripped the combatants, or for the costume of some more picturesque time or nation; not from any definitely military spirit. A good many artists, too, have painted battles from a love of horror and slaughter, which it would be grievous injustice to all noble soldiers to call *their* spirit. A high-minded soldier walks through blood whither duty commands him, but he does not wallow in it.

As to the Commercial Spirit. — What first strikes us here is the obvious reflection that commerce is the best and kindest helper and friend of the Fine Arts, and yet that the spirit of commerce is directly opposed to the spirit of art.

In recognizing this opposition, we by no means intend to detract from the utility of the commercial spirit, or to imply any wish to substitute for it the artistic feeling generally. It is the object of commerce to increase wealth, and the result of the general spread of the commercial spirit in a country is the augmentation of the national power and resources. If it were to become the general custom of all persons having capital enough to afford them perfect leisure, to devote their whole time to the study of the Fine Arts, not only would the country become so enfeebled both in money and population as to be incapable of maintaining its independence, but even the Fine Arts themselves would be ruined by the diminution of that wealth, a great abundance of which is absolutely necessary to their support.

Men of business, whose primary object is gain, have usually some difficulty in appreciating the truest artists, with whom gain is the secondary and art the first object. Either they look upon the Fine Arts as a trade, or else, perceiving that artists are often indifferent to their pecuniary interests, they consider them foolish children, who cannot discern what is best to be done. No doubt a commercial man who sets aside his pecuniary interest for an idea, disobeys and sets aside, in so doing, the commercial principle. Some tradesmen do this knowingly from time to time, as for instance, it now and then happens that a publisher issues a book by which he is aware that he is likely to be a loser, merely because he thinks that the work ought not to be stifled. Or, again, a manufacturer occasionally tries a new invention less in the hope that it will pay than from a desire to give ingenuity a fair chance. Men who do these things often render great services to humanity, but they are not likely to get much reputation for wisdom in any society which recognizes profit as the measure of intelligence.

Now, the true artist outrages the commercial spirit habitually. To begin with, his choice of art at all as a means of living is in itself contrary to the commercial principle, because art is as a profession too precarious to be embraced by any one not prepared to endure poverty contentedly, and contentment with poverty is an idea foreign to the commercial mind, which is accustomed to consider it as the proof of incapacity. In nine cases out of ten art is a bad investment of ability, and people who make bad investments seldom enjoy high credit for practical sense. But not only in the selection of his profession does an artist outrage the commercial spirit; he often outrages it still

more in the way he follows his art. Instead of carefully studying the market and providing what the public best likes, original artists are apt to make themselves martyrs to their artistic predilections. A successful tradesman said to me one day, "In business we provide what sells best; that is our affair. Whether a pattern is artistic or not does not concern us; we encourage bad art if our customers prefer it; and the shopkeeper who proceeds on any other principle is pretty sure to ruin himself." When you buy a carpet or a wall paper and the shopman tells you that the design is beautiful, what he means is that it is in fashion; and a thing gets into fashion as soon as everybody thinks everybody else approves of it. The temper of a real artist is not this shopman's pliant mood; it is more like the temper of William Wordsworth. He offers what he believes to be the worthiest thing that he is capable of doing, whether anybody likes it or not; and he will not condescend to offer anything less worthy because the people like it better. This Wordsworthian condition of mind looks self-opinionated, conceited; would it not be more graceful to yield the point, conform to precedent, defer to the general opinion? And artists, so far as they approach to this state, are liable to be accused of vanity, which is the only explanation that the world can find for such strange, unaccountable ways.

A better explanation, however, does not seem unattainable. Original men appear to be endowed with an almost ungovernable desire to find an outlet for their originality; and it would be as well if, instead of setting down originality as folly, we were to give Heaven credit for understanding the best interests of humanity when it accompanied every good gift with the condition that the possessor should be uneasy till he had set it forth. All artists, poets, inventors, thinkers, are compelled to set forth their gifts. And this is the condition of genuineness in art-work. Original art is not only the best, it is the only art which has any interest. The simple expression of a real gift, however humble, is better than the most learned imitation of other men's labor. Nor is it vanity which makes men try to express lesser talents; vanity would rather suggest the more ambitious notion of rivalling great men on their own ground. William Hunt, not being a vain man, became what we all know; had nature added vanity to his composition, he would never have painted such simple subjects. His life was a bright triumph of that combination of humility with self-reliance which distinguishes the true artist.

It follows that since a painter cannot without danger pay much attention to the question of profit, he is obliged, if he would be happy, to learn the philosophy preached by so many ancient sages, and enforced by the authority of no less a teacher than the Head of Christianity, that poverty has its own blessings and compensations, and that it is, in some important respects, a better condition than wealth. This philosophy, wild as it may seem to the worldly, has an immense attraction for noble minds; the more so that it allows of a more cheerful view of human life generally. If happiness is attainable by the poor, we may hope that a good many more or less completely attain to it. But if on the other hand happiness cannot possibly be procured for less than two thousand pounds a year, many human beings are for ever debarred from it. It seems so glorious for a human being to bear bravely the suffering and contempt which poverty brings, so enviable to have found the secret of an inward happiness strong enough to dwell serenely in the midst of privation, that heroic spirits are one and all in love with this lofty creed. A true artist will eat bread and drink water for his art; and this temper, able to be happy almost without money, often makes him careless of it when it comes: if he gets any, he is apt to be foolishly generous with it, especially to brother artists who are in want. This characteristic of artists tends, however, to diminish as their place in general society is better recognized. Living more in the world than they used to do and less in solitude or in Bohemia, they are learning a new virtue and a new vice — provident habits and polite selfishness. And as the Philistines only practise Christianity so far as it is consistent with a very high degree of physical comfort, the artist who, having two coats, was always ready to give one of them, if not *both*, to his less fortunate brother, is now to be sought rather in the taverns of disreputable Bohemia than in the pillared streets of the West End.

As to the Industrial Spirit. — The industrial principle is to find out, first, how to make a thing, and then to produce that identical thing in the utmost possible quantities and at the lowest possible rate for ever and ever.

The artistic principle is that when once a thing has been perfectly well done, there is little or no use in trying to do it again. If, for instance, a water-color painter felt inclined to paint birds' nests, he would very likely be deterred from attempting them by the reflection that Hunt had done them so

well. An industrial mind would endeavor to find out means of producing unlimited copies of Hunt's nests in color.

This is one reason the more why good artists are almost always new. If a man has the artistic spirit, he will either seek unusual material in nature; or if he appears to accept the old material, he will make it new by finding unthought-of elements and suggestions in it.

Artists, however, occasionally share the industrial spirit to a certain extent; but when they do, it degrades them exactly in proportion to its degree. It would be easy to mention painters, who, to save time and earn money, have got more or less into habits of manufacture, producing many works which are in reality only modifications of one. This gives great apparent manual facility, because such works are, in consequence of their frequent repetition, produced with great certainty, whereas in art of a higher order every new work is an untried and somewhat hazardous experiment.

Of course the industrial principle is right in industrial business, where indeed it is the only safe or possible principle. Nothing can be more remote from my intention than to express anything but the most respectful admiration for the wise maxims which commerce and industry must ever apply if they would prosper. The magnificent results achieved by faithful obedience to these principles prove that they are sound and in harmony with natural law. All I say is, that commercial and industrial wisdom is not applicable to the Fine Arts, nor can the Fine Arts be either effectively advanced or heartily enjoyed by a people which has *only* that wisdom.

In the ways of labor in an artist's life, violations of industrial principles are frequent. Good artists are always laborious, but they are seldom steadily and regularly laborious. "When you begin to tire of your work," said Leslie, "leave off; otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself." Leslie was quite right in speaking so to young artists; but only fancy a cotton manufacturer saying to his hands, "When you begin to tire of your work, leave off!" The hard industrial law requires the steadiness of a steam-engine from its servants; but then it only requires the *same sort of work* that steam-engines may do — incessant repetition of identically similar acts. The exigencies of Fine Art are far heavier, not merely because it requires to some extent the use of the mind, but still more because it demands the un-

flagging expenditure of *feeling;* and the feelings, more than any other of our faculties, are subject to sudden and unaccountable exhaustion. Fine Art work is useless unless you are in the vein, and neither picture nor poem can go on with the unrelaxing steadiness displayed in the weaving of a piece of cotton cloth. But a prudent artist, knowing this, will contrive to have easier artistic work at hand for his more torpid hours. If he cannot paint passionately to-day, he may yet be able to study accurately, and the picture may be laid aside for some careful drawing done from nature for information alone. The wise rule is never to force yourself to work you are momentarily unfit for, only do *something*, if it be but to make a note in your memorandum book.

As to the Intellectual Spirit. — It is a tendency of the present age to exalt the intellectual at the expense of the perceptive and imaginative faculties. For example, if, in speaking of artists, I happen to say that A. was intellectual and B. not, nine readers out of ten would conclude that I was praising A. and putting B. down; whereas I might say that with perfect truth and all the time reverence B. as a man of the rarest order of soul, whilst I considered A. no better than a good many of us. An attorney is generally more intellectual than a saint, an average artillery officer is likely to be more intellectual than Garibaldi, any tolerably good critic may be more intellectual than the immortal colorists. The art of painting does not proceed so much by intelligence as by sight, and feeling, and invention. Painters are often curiously feeble in their reasonings about art, and the best painters are commonly the worst reasoners. Not that their theories of art are without value; on the contrary, no art-theories are so valuable as theirs if only we translate them into more philosophical language, which may be easily done by taking into account their special points of view. The unfeigned contempt which almost all artists feel for critics — even for the best of them — is partly explicable by the fact that the artistic spirit can neither appreciate nor follow intellectual methods.

The elevation of *scholarship*, or quantity of traditional acquisition, above *faculty* or mental flexibility and force, which has always hitherto been prevalent in society, is one of those inevitable pieces of injustice which it is useless to combat directly, but which, we may reasonably hope, will yield in due time to the gradual influences of culture. The more serious

attention given in these days to the Fine Arts, and the fact that pedantry is now considered bad taste, are hopeful indications. True art, which requires free and healthy faculties, is opposed to pedantry, which crushes the soul under a burden.

The Principle of Art for Art. — A pernicious principle in one way, that it tends to deprive painting of much of its influence over the public by directing its efforts to aims in which the public cannot possibly take any interest, and yet a principle which has always had great weight with artists, which regulates the admission of pictures to exhibitions, and has more influence than any other consideration in determining the rank which an artist's name must ultimately hold in the catalogue of masters. Here is a recent example. Many readers will remember a picture by Mr. Whistler, called "The Woman in White." The work was unpleasant, and, to those who did not see the technical problem which it attempted to solve, most uninteresting; nevertheless it did Mr. Whistler's name good amongst persons conversant with art, because it proved, on his part, at least an intelligent interest in his profession. The difficulty he proposed to wrestle with was that of relieving white upon white; there was some presumption in the essay, but it is quite in the artistic spirit to make such attempts. The difficulty of painting white objects may be to some extent understood by the unprofessional reader in this way. Nature always lets us see that a white object is white, even when, from its situation, it is darker than some colored objects. Nature can paint *dark whites;* but when painters try to paint dark whites, they generally end by producing light grays, or dirty, pale, yellowish browns. The difficulty is to paint a dark color which shall obviously stand for white *and look perfectly pure;* and this difficulty is quite infinite, because to find one tint is not enough. Nature has not only one dark white, she has millions of various hues, produced by reflected color, which all in their own place, and under their own peculiar conditions, stand for white.

It will often be found that pictures by good painters which seem to have no subject worth representing, are serious endeavors to master some peculiar artistic difficulty; and, when successful, these solutions of technical problems are often highly valuable and interesting in a certain sense. The Lorrain's great problem evidently was to produce something which, by careful management, might be made to look rather like

the sun; and it is generally understood that he resolved that problem so far as its immense difficulty admits of a solution. The great interest of painting as a practical pursuit is, that its difficulties are so infinite, that every new artist may find some untried one to grapple with, and reasonably indulge the hope that, if he succeeds, that conquest will give him a place in the history of art development. No age has been more fertile in triumphs of this kind than our own, and there is no surer sign of the vigor of a school than the healthy disposition to seek for new conquests. So long as painters are content to do what has only been done before, they *always* do less than their predecessors.

And this principle, of art for art, makes all things which deserve to be painted interesting; the question is less whether the thing is of the rarest and noblest order of beauty than what we can make of it. For instance, in landscape the grand and rare effects are, considered as natural effects, by far the most interesting; but looking at nature with strict reference to art, it must be admitted that the problem of the right management of a few delicate grays in some simple every-day effect, is quite as deep and curious. I know a very intelligent amateur who has devoted years to the study of common sunshine. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that any artist or critic who has mastered the facts of appearance in any common object under common effects, knows much.

Many painters, from an insufficient apprehension of the importance of merely artistic qualities, have deceived themselves in the hope that by painting more learned and thoughtful pictures, or pictures of rarer and more wonderful subjects, or pictures of more accurate veracity than their contemporaries, they might thereby achieve high artistic rank. For example, we find many historical painters, especially in Germany, who are thoughtful and philosophical to such a degree, that they lose the healthy sensuous relish for beautiful color and fair form which is absolutely indispensable to a good painter; and we have landscape-painters, of whom the well-known traveller, Mr. Atkinson, is an instance, who endeavor to acquire artistic renown by seeking some remote ground hitherto unoccupied; and we have young artists who spare no pains to secure veracity. Now, all these things are good things, and there lies the danger, for if they were evidently valueless, no sensible man would aim at them. Thought is good, novelty is good, veracity is

good; but, alas! they cannot of themselves produce *art.* I could easily name fine pictures, priceless treasures, in which there is no thought, in which there never was any novelty, and whose veracity, both as to facts of history and facts of science, is so unreliable, that any well-informed critic could point out falsities and impossibilities by the dozen. Why, then, are such works treasures? Because, with all their faults, they have *quality.* The men who painted them may not have been either thinkers, or travellers, or historians, or men of science, but they were *artists.* You or I may know more, think more, observe more, but somehow, with all our efforts, we cannot paint so.

The world, notwithstanding its ignorance of art, sees this better than some critics and connoisseurs do, but, seeing it, draws conclusions of its own. The world sees that painting is a pursuit in which thought, scholarship, information, go for little; whereas a strange, unaccountable talent, working in obscure ways (a special talent as it seems to outsiders, though in reality it results from a high harmony of physical and mental endowments), achieves the only results worth having. And the world wisely hesitates before entering the arena of art. Here is a field in which neither birth nor condition is of any use, and wealth itself of exceedingly little; here faculty alone avails, and a kind of faculty so subtle and peculiar, so difficult to estimate before years have been spent in developing it, or wasted in the vain attempt to develop it where it does not exist, that men having already any solid advantages in life may well pause before they stake them on such a hazard.

It remains only to consider whether, in a national sense, it is wise to assist in the spread of the artistic spirit. The general opinion has concluded that it *is.* Our schools of design, our art-exhibitions, the great quantity of our printed art-criticism, all urge the country towards an art epoch, which promises ultimately to be brilliant, for we have both the wealth and the talent necessary for such a time. But it may be doubted whether the national mind has turned to art from the pure love for it. We discovered that, for want of artistic counsel and help, we were spending our money badly every time we tried either to build a public building, or weave a carpet, or color a ribbon. We found out that the French managed these things better, and with less outlay got handsomer results, and it appeared that this superiority was due to their artistic

education. So we said, Let us study Raphael that we may sell ribbons. This was not a very promising temper to start with; we were laughed at for our awkwardness, and we did not like to be laughed at, so we resolved to silence derision by the acquisition of art skill. Nevertheless, in spite of the commercial spirit of this beginning, we are generally tending artwards, and the problem before us is whether this artistic infusion will not injuriously affect the traditional character of Englishmen. It will modify it very considerably, rely upon that. There is a difference between minds which are artistic and minds which are not, so strong and decided, that nobody can question the influence of art upon character. Not that art always influences in the same way; various itself, it produces varied effects. But it always alters our habitual estimates of things and men; it alters our ways of valuing things. A child in a library values those books most which have gilt edges; a book collector prizes the rarest editions; but a lover of reading for its own sake neither cares for gilt edges nor rare editions, only for the excellence of the matter and the accuracy of the text. So is our value for men and nature affected by the artistic spirit. To it, vulgar show is the gilt-edged book; the extraordinary is the rare edition; what it values is often very humble and poor to eyes that cannot read it. It can see majesty and dignity in many a poor laborer; it can detect meanness under the mantle of an emperor; it can recognize grandeur in a narrow house, and pettiness in the palace of a thousand chambers.

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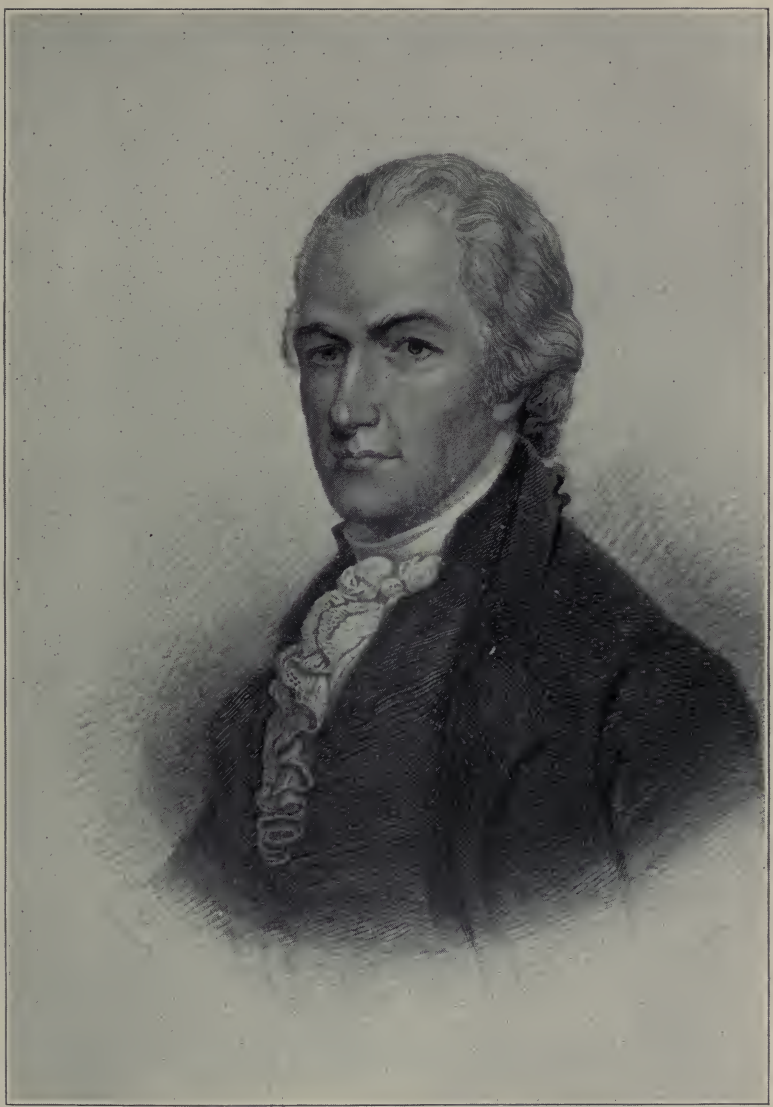

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

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HAMILTON, ALEXANDER, an American statesman; born on the island of St. Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died at New York, July 12, 1804. He was sent to New York to be educated. He entered King's (now Columbia) College just before the breaking out of the American Revolution. Hamilton joined the army and attracted the notice of Washington, by whom, in March, 1777, he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he took a prominent part in the military operations which ensued, commanding a battalion at the siege of Yorktown. Near the close of the war Hamilton studied law, and was licensed to practise in 1782; and a few days after he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. To bring about the adoption of the Constitution, Hamilton, in conjunction with Jay and Madison, undertook the writing of a series of essays, known as "The Federalist." When the new government went into operation in 1789, Hamilton was selected by Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, and he bore a leading part in establishing the financial system of the country. In 1795 he resigned the secretaryship, and resumed the practice of law at New York; but he remained an earnest supporter of the administration of Washington. He was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, July 11, 1804, at Weehawken, N. J., just across the Hudson River from New York. The "Works of Alexander Hamilton" have been edited by his son, John C. Hamilton (7 vols., 1851), who also wrote a "Life" of his father (2 vols., 1834, 1840), and a voluminous "History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries" (1850).

FROM "THE FEDERALIST."

DEFENCE OF HIS VIEWS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THUS have I, fellow-citizens, executed the task I had assigned to myself; with what success, your conduct must determine. I trust at least you will admit that I have not failed, in the assurance I gave you respecting the spirit with which my en-

deavors should be conducted. I have addressed myself purely to your judgments, and have studiously avoided those asperities which are too apt to disgrace political disputants of all parties, and which have been not a little provoked by the language and conduct of the opponents of the Constitution. The charge of a conspiracy against the liberties of the people, which has been indiscriminately brought against the advocates of the plan, has something in it too wanton and too malignant not to excite the indignation of every man who feels in his own bosom a refutation of the calumny. The perpetual changes which have been rung upon the wealthy, the well-born, and the great, have been such as to inspire the disgust of all sensible men; and the unwarrantable concealments and misrepresentations which have been in various ways practised to keep the truth from the public eye have been of a nature to demand the reprobation of all honest men. It is not impossible that these circumstances may have occasionally betrayed me into intemperances of expression which I did not intend: it is certain that I have frequently felt a struggle between sensibility and moderation; and if the former has in some instances prevailed, it must be my excuse that it has been neither often nor much.

THE WISDOM OF BRIEF PRESIDENTIAL TERMS OF OFFICE.

It may perhaps be asked, how the shortness of the duration in office can affect the independence of the executive on the legislature, unless the one were possessed of the power of appointing or displacing the other. One answer to this inquiry may be drawn from the principle already remarked; that is, from the slender interest a man is apt to take in a short-lived advantage, and the little inducement it affords him to expose himself, on account of it, to any considerable inconvenience or hazard. Another answer, perhaps more obvious though not more conclusive, will result from the consideration of the influence of the legislative body over the people; which might be employed to prevent the re-election of a man who, by an upright resistance to any sinister project of that body, should have made himself obnoxious to its resentment.

It may be asked also whether a duration of four years would answer the end proposed; and if it would not, whether a less period, which would at least be recommended by greater security against ambitious designs, would not for that reason be prefera-

ble to a longer period, which was at the same time too short for the purpose of inspiring the desired firmness and independence of the magistrate.

It cannot be affirmed that a duration of four years, or any other limited duration, would completely answer the end proposed; but it would contribute toward it in a degree which would have a material influence upon the spirit and character of the government. Between the commencement and termination of such a period there would always be a considerable interval, in which the prospect of annihilation would be sufficiently remote not to have an improper effect upon the conduct of a man indued with a tolerable portion of fortitude; and in which he might reasonably promise himself that there would be time enough before it arrived, to make the community sensible of the propriety of the measures he might incline to pursue. Though it be probable that — as he approached the moment when the public were by a new election to signify their sense of his conduct — his confidence, and with it his firmness, would decline; yet both the one and the other would derive support from the opportunities which his previous continuance in the station had afforded him, of establishing himself in the esteem and good-will of his constituents. He might then hazard with safety, in proportion to the proofs he had given of his wisdom and integrity, and to the title he had acquired to the respect and attachment of his fellow-citizens. As, on the one hand, a duration of four years will contribute to the firmness of the executive in a sufficient degree to render it a very valuable ingredient in the composition; so, on the other, it is not enough to justify any alarm for the public liberty. If a British House of Commons, from the most feeble beginnings, *from the mere power of assenting or disagreeing to the imposition of a new tax*, have by rapid strides reduced the prerogatives of the Crown and the privileges of the nobility within the limits they conceived to be compatible with the principles of a free government, while they raised themselves to the rank and consequence of a coequal branch of the legislature; if they have been able in one instance to abolish both the royalty and the aristocracy, and to overturn all the ancient establishments, as well in the Church as State; if they have been able on a recent occasion to make the monarch tremble at the prospect of an innovation attempted by them, — what would be to be feared from an elective magistrate of four year's duration, with the confined authorities of a President of the

United States? What, but that he might be unequal to the task which the Constitution assigns him?

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A PRESIDENT AND A SOVEREIGN.

And it appears yet more unequivocally, that there is no pretence for the parallel which has been attempted between him and the King of Great Britain. But to render the contrast in this respect still more striking, it may be of use to throw the principal circumstances of dissimilitude into a closer group.

The President of the United States would be an officer elected by the people for *four* years; the king of Great Britain is a perpetual and *hereditary* prince. The one would be amenable to personal punishment and disgrace; the person of the other is sacred and inviolable. The one would have a *qualified* negative upon the acts of the legislative body; the other has an *absolute* negative. The one would have a right to command the military and naval forces of the nation; the other, in addition to this right, possesses that of *declaring* war, and of *raising* and *regulating* fleets and armies by his own authority. The one would have a concurrent power with a branch of the legislature in the formation of treaties; the other is the *sole possessor* of the power of making treaties. The one would have a like concurrent authority in appointing to offices; the other is the sole author of all appointments. The one can confer no privileges whatever; the other can make denizens of aliens, noblemen of commoners, can erect corporations with all the rights incident to corporate bodies. The one can prescribe no rules concerning the commerce or currency of the nation; the other is in several respects the arbiter of commerce, and in this capacity can establish markets and fairs, can regulate weights and measures, can lay embargoes for a limited time, can coin money, can authorize or prohibit the circulation of foreign coin. The one has no particle of spiritual jurisdiction; the other is the supreme head and governor of the national Church! What answer shall we give to those who would persuade us that things so unlike resemble each other? The same that ought to be given to those who tell us that a government, the whole power of which would be in the hands of the elective and periodical servants of the people, is an aristocracy, a monarchy, and a despotism.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM AS DISTINGUISHED FROM A STANDING ARMY.

Were I to deliver my sentiments to a member of the federal legislature from this State on the subject of a militia establishment, I should hold to him in substance the following discourse : —

"The project of disciplining all the militia of the United States is as futile as it would be injurious, if it were capable of being carried into execution. A tolerable expertness in military movements is a business that requires time and practice. It is not a day, or even a week, that will suffice for the attainment of it. To oblige the great body of the yeomanry and of the other classes of the citizens to be under arms for the purpose of going through military exercises and evolutions, as often as might be necessary to acquire the degree of perfection which would entitle them to the character of a well-regulated militia, would be a real grievance to the people, and a serious public inconvenience and loss. It would form an annual deduction from the productive labor of the country, to an amount which, calculating upon the present numbers of the people, would not fall far short of the whole expense of the civil establishments of all the States. To attempt a thing which would abridge the mass of labor and industry to so considerable an extent, would be unwise: and the experiment, if made, could not succeed, because it would not long be endured. Little more can reasonably be aimed at, with respect to the people at large, than to have them properly armed and equipped ; and in order to see that this be not neglected, it will be necessary to assemble them once or twice in the course of a year.

"But though the scheme of disciplining the whole nation must be abandoned as mischievous or impracticable, yet it is a matter of the utmost importance that a well-digested plan should as soon as possible be adopted for the proper establishment of the militia. The attention of the government ought particularly to be directed to the formation of a select corps of moderate extent, upon such principles as will really fit them for service in case of need. By thus circumscribing the plan, it will be possible to have an excellent body of well-trained militia, ready to take the field whenever the defence of the State shall require it. This will not only lessen the call for military establishments, but if

circumstances should at any time oblige the government to form an army of any magnitude, that army can never be formidable to the liberties of the people, while there is a large body of citizens little if at all inferior to them in discipline and the use of arms, who stand ready to defend their own rights and those of their fellow-citizens. This appears to me the only substitute that can be devised for a standing army, and the best possible security against it if it should exist.

CONFEDERACY AS EXPRESSED IN THE FEDERAL SYSTEM.

Though the ancient feudal systems were not, strictly speaking, confederacies, yet they partook of the nature of that species of association. There was a common head, chieftain, or sovereign, whose authority extended over the whole nation; and a number of subordinate vassals or feudatories, who had large portions of land allotted to them, and numerous trains of inferior vassals or retainers, who occupied and cultivated that land upon the tenure of fealty or obedience to the persons of whom they held it. Each principal vassal was a kind of sovereign within his particular demesnes. The consequences of this situation were a continual opposition to the authority of the sovereign, and frequent wars between the great barons or chief feudatories themselves. The power of the head of the nation was commonly too weak either to preserve the public peace, or to protect the people against the oppressions of their immediate lords. This period of European affairs is emphatically styled by historians the times of feudal anarchy.

When the sovereign happened to be a man of vigorous and warlike temper and of superior abilities, he would acquire a personal weight and influence which answered for the time the purposes of a more regular authority. But in general the power of the barons triumphed over that of the prince, and in many instances his dominion was entirely thrown off, and the great fiefs were erected into independent principalities or States. In those instances in which the monarch finally prevailed over his vassals, his success was chiefly owing to the tyranny of those vassals over their dependents. The barons or nobles, equally the enemies of the sovereign and the oppressors of the common people, were dreaded and detested by both; till mutual danger and mutual interest effected a union between them fatal to the power of the aristocracy. Had the nobles by a conduct of clem-

ency and justice preserved the fidelity and devotion of their retainers and followers, the contests between them and the prince must almost always have ended in their favor, and in the abridgment or subversion of the royal authority.

This is not an assertion founded merely in speculation or conjecture. Among other illustrations of its truth which might be cited, Scotland will furnish a cogent example. The spirit of clanship which was at an early day introduced into that kingdom, uniting the nobles and their dependents by ties equivalent to those of kindred, rendered the aristocracy a constant overmatch for the power of the monarch, till the incorporation with England subdued its fierce and ungovernable spirit, and reduced it within those rules of subordination which a more rational and more energetic system of civil polity had previously established in the latter kingdom.

The separate governments in a confederacy may aptly be compared with the feudal baronies; with this advantage in their favor, that from the reasons already explained, they will generally possess the confidence and good-will of the people, and with so important a support, will be able effectually to oppose all encroachments of the national government.

OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES AS RELATED TO ITS COMMERCE.

The relative situation of these States; the number of rivers with which they are intersected, and of bays that wash their shores; the facility of communication in every direction; the affinity of language and manners; the familiar habits of intercourse, — all these are circumstances that would conspire to render an illicit trade between them a matter of little difficulty, and would insure frequent evasions of the commercial regulations of each other. The separate States or confederacies would be necessitated by mutual jealousy to avoid the temptations to that kind of trade by the lowness of their duties. The temper of our governments, for a long time to come, would not permit those rigorous precautions by which the European nations guard the avenues into their respective countries, as well by land as by water; and which even there are found insufficient obstacles to the adventurous stratagems of avarice.

In France there is an army of patrols (as they are called) constantly employed to secure their fiscal regulations against the

inroads of the dealers in contraband trade. Mr. Necker computes the number of these patrols at upwards of twenty thousand. This shows the immense difficulty in preventing that species of traffic where there is an inland communication, and places in a strong light the disadvantages with which the collection of duties in this country would be incumbered, if by disunion the States should be placed in a situation with respect to each other resembling that of France with respect to her neighbors. The arbitrary and vexatious powers with which the patrols are necessarily armed would be intolerable in a free country.

If on the contrary there be but one government pervading all the States, there will be as to the principal part of our commerce but *one side* to guard, — the *Atlantic coast.* Vessels arriving directly from foreign countries, laden with valuable cargoes, would rarely choose to hazard themselves to the complicated and critical perils which would attend attempts to unlade prior to their coming into port. They would have to dread both the dangers of the coast and of detection, as well after as before their arrival at the places of their final destination. An ordinary degree of vigilance would be competent to the prevention of any material infractions upon the rights of the revenue. A few armed vessels, judiciously stationed at the entrances of our ports, might at a small expense be made useful sentinels of the laws. And the government having the same interest to provide against violations everywhere, the co-operation of its measures in each State would have a powerful tendency to render them effectual. Here also we should preserve, by union, an advantage which nature holds out to us and which would be relinquished by separation. The United States lie at a great distance from Europe, and at a considerable distance from all other places with which they would have extensive connections of foreign trade. The passage from them to us in a few hours, or in a single night, as between the coasts of France and Britain, and of other neighboring nations, would be impracticable. This is a prodigious security against a direct contraband with foreign countries; but a circuitous contraband to one State through the medium of another would be both easy and safe. The difference between a direct importation from abroad and an indirect importation through the channel of a neighboring State, in small parcels, according to time and opportunity, with the additional facilities of inland communication, must be palpable to every man of discernment.

It is therefore evident that one national government would

be able, at much less expense, to extend the duties on imports beyond comparison further than would be practicable to the States separately, or to any partial confederacies.

THE STANDING ARMY AS A PERIL TO A REPUBLIC.

The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the Continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have notwithstanding been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede and finally to frustrate the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned, but of towns taken and retaken; of battles that decide nothing; of retreats more beneficial than victories; of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous States would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War therefore would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought, though I confess it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will after a time give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to

war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort, for repose and security, to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to are *standing armies* and the correspondent appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new Constitution; and it is therefore inferred that they may exist under it. Their existence, however, from the very terms of the proposition, is at most problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the Confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker States or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would at the same time be necessitated to strengthen the executive arm of government, in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the States or confederacies that made use of them a superiority over their neighbors. Small States, or States of less natural strength, under vigorous governments and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large States, or States of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the more important States or confederacies would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost preëminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the Old World. This at least would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be the more likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

The Character of Nathanael Greene.

As a man, the virtues of Nathanael Greene are admitted; as a patriot he holds a place in the foremost ranks; as a statesman he is praised; as a soldier he is admired. But in the two last characters — especially in the last but one — his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit in full day the vast — I had almost said the enormous powers of his mind. The termination of the American war — not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory — put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. . . .

General Greene, descended from respectable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must in all probability have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen — or at most with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind — had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more complete theatre. Happily for America he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by the enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude — in a cause which was worthy of the toils and the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington, as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision. He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object

of his confidence. His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the counsels of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the chequered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day which afterward broke with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity; in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

Personal Influence in National Politics.

The causes of hostility among nations are innumerable. There are some which have a general and almost constant operation upon the collective bodies of society. Of this description are the love of power or the desire of pre-eminence and dominion, — the jealousy of power, or the desire of equality and safety. There are others which have a more circumscribed though an equally operative influence within their spheres. Such are the rivalships and competitions of commerce between commercial nations. And there are others, not less numerous than either of the former, which take their origin entirely in private passions; in the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes, and fears of leading individuals in the communities of which they are members. Men of this class, whether the favorites of a king or of a people, have in too many instances abused the confidence they possessed; and assuming the pretext of some public motive, have not scrupled to sacrifice the national tranquillity to personal advantage or personal gratification.

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Anthony, Count, French classical writer; born at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646, died at St. Germain-en-Laye, France, August 6, 1720. From the age of four till he was fourteen he was brought up in France. He became one of a band of brilliant courtiers whom he has entertainingly described in his "Mémoires du Comte de Gramont." On the accession of James I. he was given a regiment and appointed Governor of Limerick. After the battle of the Boyne he became an exile to France. His sister had married the Comte de Gramont, and the first edition of the "Mémoires" was published anonymously at Cologne in 1713. Many editions have since appeared. In imitation of the satiric style of parody of the romantic tales, Hamilton wrote "Le Bélier," "Fleur d'Épine," "Zénéyde," and "Les Quatre Facardins," which are marked by an ease and grace of style excelled by few native Frenchmen. Hamilton's "Contes de Féerie," published at Paris in 1805, furnish perhaps the best specimens of the genius of this witty and talented writer.

Faustus and Queen Elizabeth.

(From "L'Enchanteur Faustus," in "Contes de Féerie.")

Faustus had heard that the queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," observed the doctor craftily; "for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge — let us judge," replied the queen, hastily; "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sidney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the

door her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress; and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendors of the day, at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if aware of the command the queen had given, she turned especially toward Sidney, looking at him with an expressive smile. But she must go at last. And when she was gone, "My Lord," said the queen, "What a pretty creature! I never saw anything so charming in my life. What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you?" My Lord thought, Would to Heaven you did; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, "Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest —— of your three kindgoms."

During all this flattery with which the favorite charmed the ears of the good queen, the poet Sidney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light, we think it but justice to the celebrated author not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not, which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond. The enchanter, still of opinion that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury — who gave rise to the institution of the Garter. The idea was approved of by the queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the cause were worthy of the effect — *i. e.*, the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to

impracticable in the order of conjuration — the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it the more the queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last, to submit, with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was; and the two courtiers were now a little reassured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions — neither pretty nor polite — he flung his books into the middle of the gallery, went three times around it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells — what that was must remain forever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning, with a sonorous voice, "Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!" At the last of these magic cries the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the queen, who thought her visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, "My dear likeness!" No sooner was the word out than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapor filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpentined to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar — his cap here, his wig there; in short, by no means an example of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear*, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sidney lost the left moustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villanously of the sulphur, and her

hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honor to come, against curiosity.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have.

(From "Gramont's Memoirs.")

[De Gramont and his friend M. Matta being much pressed for money, the Count relates an incident of his early youth, and suggests acting on its hint, to raise the sum they require.]

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day when the chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy-chair; and being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having for a short time observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons who had never before held their tongues for a moment when together, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him.

"A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the chevalier: "what is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?"

"Faith, chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître-d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved for the remainder of the campaign to live upon others as others have lived upon us: this was my dream. Now tell me, chevalier, on what were you musing?"

"Poor fellow!" said the chevalier, shrugging his shoulders; "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair, at some silly stories which the maître-d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money? Have you no sentiments of honor? Where is the dignity of France?"

"And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say the Devil may take them if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week

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DE GRAMONT AND HIS FRIEND MATTA

since I have seen you pull out your purse or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity."

"I own all this," said the chevalier; "but yet I will force you to confess that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story. . . .

"When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite; and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being perhaps the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarrelled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign; I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy: however, it was with the greatest reluctance and the most poignant anguish that he found himself obliged to yield; one would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he on the contrary appeared so overwhelmed with grief that it seemed as if I had lain four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away those four hundred louis. He went on so heavily that I was forced to whip his horse myself,

and turning to me now and then, 'Ah! sir,' said me, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half a crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead; his name Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair in order to go downstairs, 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.'

"The moment he mentioned cards and dice I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-

looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought that I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country boobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one at a moderate distance would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning while supper is getting ready: but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves: we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey. Never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots: God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up, and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. M. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having travelled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive

as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon: and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir. May the Devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I: 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no designs upon his money; and that if he pleased I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections, but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game: fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him; he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he like a true gamester took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my

getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune without being able to find any remedy: in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip which he held in his hand, 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains? Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has perhaps a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the Devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he. 'Five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is perhaps but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my

head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' and after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he: 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes; I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap: Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children: my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty — as well for some little repairs in the abbey as to pay for praying for me! Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for since my arrival I have had at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors. Fortune is now again become unfavorable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must therefore endeavor to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta; "it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to? Mind what I say: I will go to-morrow to

the headquarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper."

"Where?" said Matta.

"Here," said the chevalier.

"You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and to re-establish our circumstances you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the chevalier: "is it possible that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I: we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with: I will bespeak a splendid supper; he shall pay for it. Send your maître-d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions which it is necessary to take on such an occasion."

"What are they?" said Matta.

"I will tell you," said the chevalier; "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noonday. You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground between this place and the headquarters."

"What the devil!" cried Matta; "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to do with it."

"Poor devil!" said the chevalier: "the matter is this: it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

"Embrace me, my dear chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides and laughing: "embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking

precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot; I must indeed confess that you are already a great soldier."

The next day everything happened as the Chevalier Gramont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible; Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Gramont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play; — that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, thet he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being done, the serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade and the Chevalier de Gramont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise and the high crowned hat were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy-chair in order to fall asleep, while the chevalier was stripping the poor count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta. As his head was heavy with sleep and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor count," said he, "if I was in your place, I would play no more."

"Why so?" said the other.

"I don't know," said he; "but my heart tells me that your ill luck will continue."

"I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards.

"Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed.

"Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep:

"All your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the Devil take me if it is possible for you to win."

"Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient.

"Do you wish to know?" said Matta: "why, faith, it is because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Gramont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth: "M. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man who plays with such ill-luck as the count to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester than such a threat; and the count in a softened tone told the chevalier that M. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Gramont gave the count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons, for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated without informing him of it. "Besides," said he, "it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favored them the remainder of the campaign; and the Chevalier de Gramont, to prove that he had only seized upon the count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them: officers who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence, but his manner of conferring a favor exceeded even the favor itself.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Elizabeth, an Irish miscellaneous writer; born at Belfast, 1758; died at Harrogate, England, 1816. Her first serious work, "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah" (2 vols.), appeared in 1796. "The Modern Philosophers" (1800) was followed by "Memoirs of Agrippina" and "Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman." The best of her works, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," was published in 1808.

My Ain Fireside.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's
Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I 've been,
When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
O cheery 's the blink o' my ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there 's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I 'm merry, and sigh when I 'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
Ther 's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
O there 's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

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